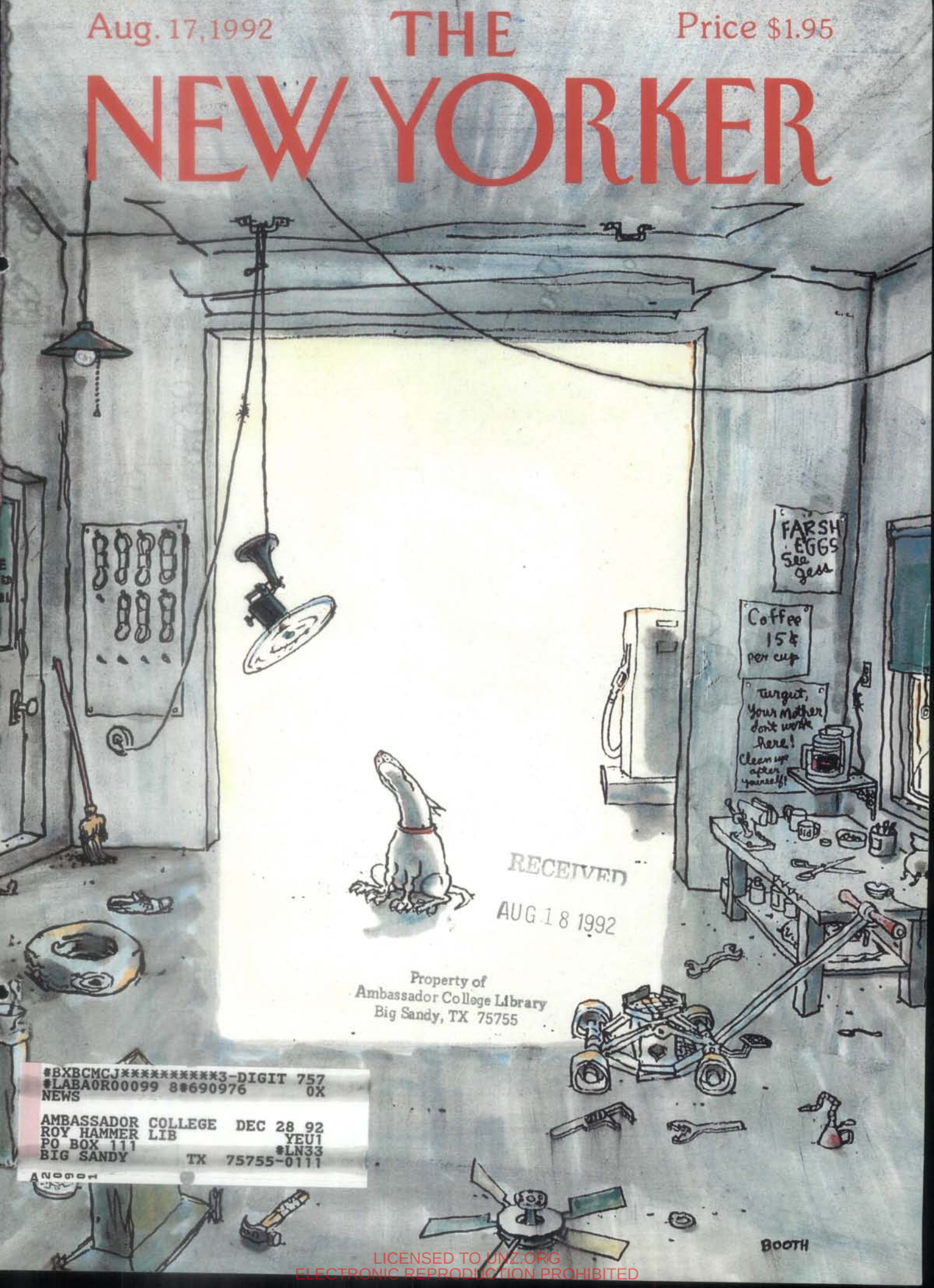
Aug. 17, 1992

THE NEW YORKER

Price $1.95



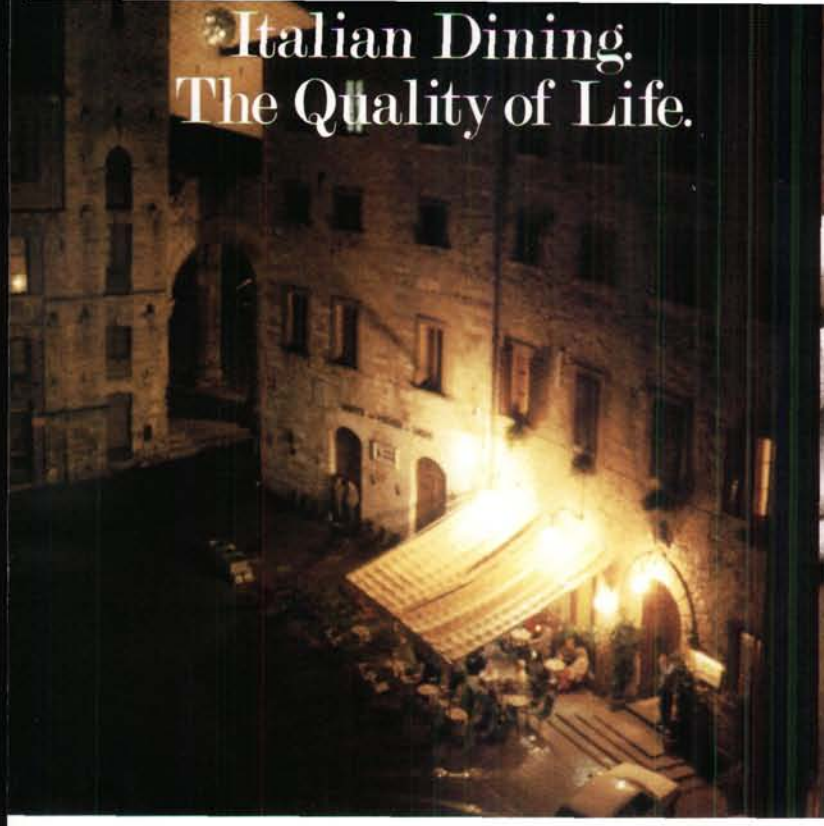
RECEIVED
AUG 18 1992

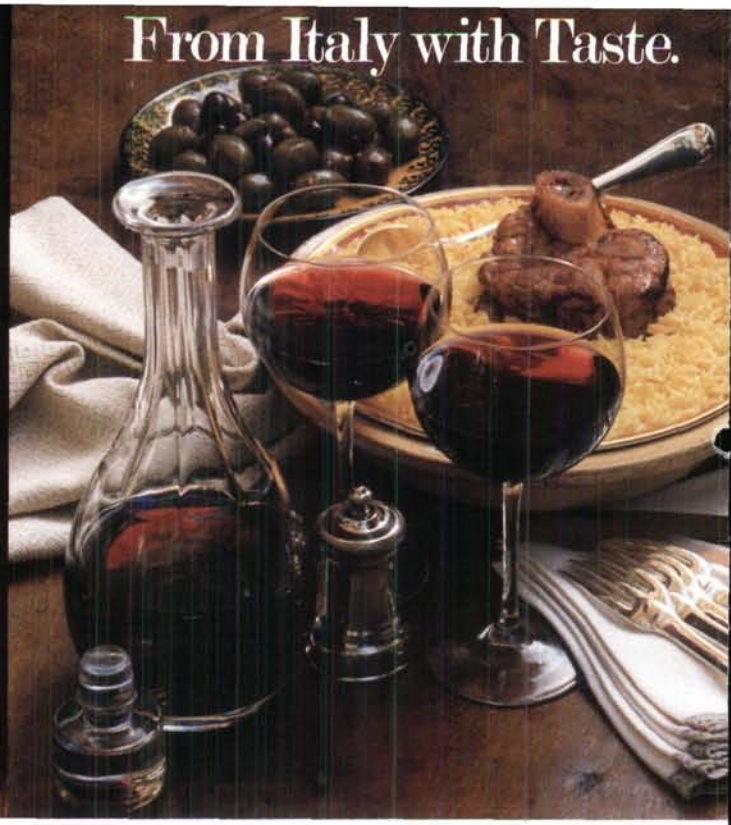
Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755

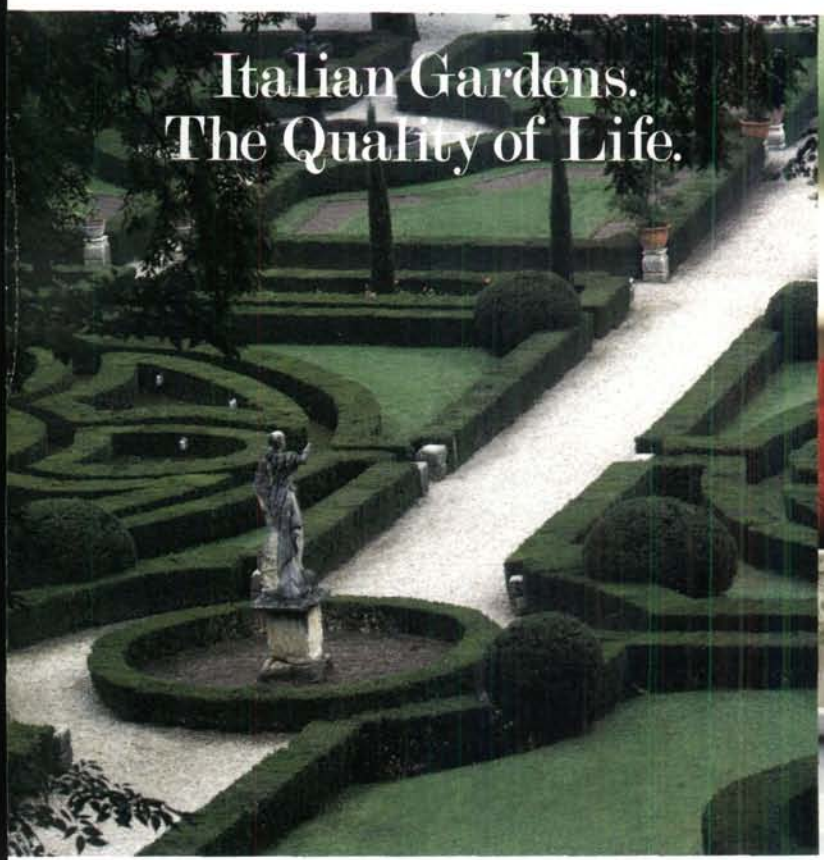
#BXBCMCJ**********3-DIGIT 757
#LABA0R00099 8#690976 0X
NEWS

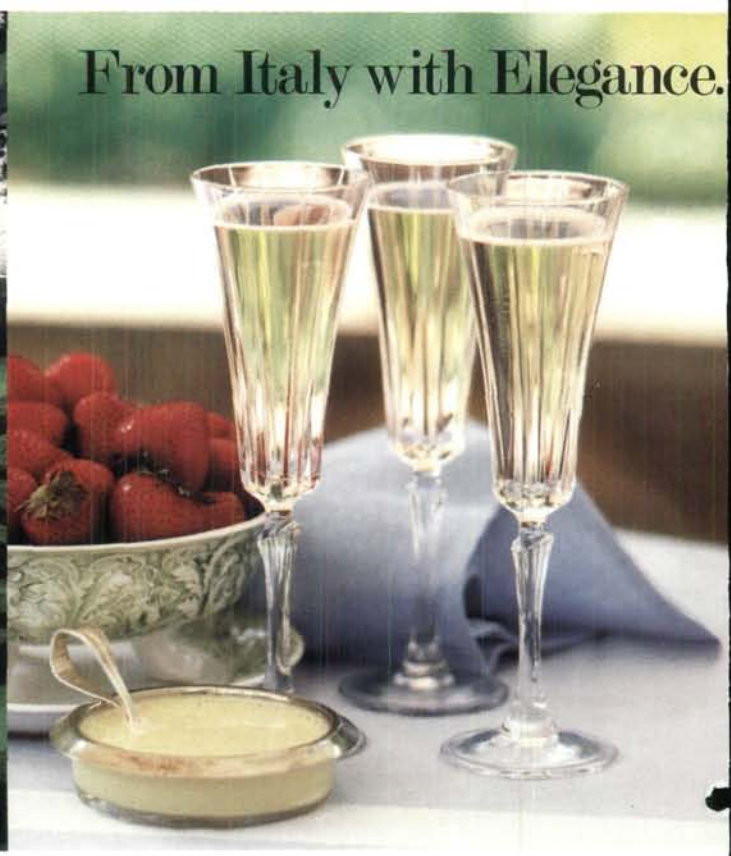
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE DEC 28 92
ROY HAMMER LIB YEU1
PO BOX 111 #LN33
BIG SANDY TX 75755-0111

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED









The 20 regions of Italy produce more varieties of fine wine than any other country. That is why elegant reds like Chianti Classico from Tuscany and Torgiano from Umbria are each appropriate with *osso buco* and sparkling whites like Asti Spumante from Piedmont and the sweet Marsala from Sicily are equally right with strawberries and *zabaglione*.

VINO

Italian Wines. The Quality of Life.

© 1992 ITALIAN INSTITUTE FOR FOREIGN TRADE/ICE, ITALIAN TRADE COMMISSION, WINE CENTER 499 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK, NY 10022

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AT YOUR SERVICE
212/705-3135

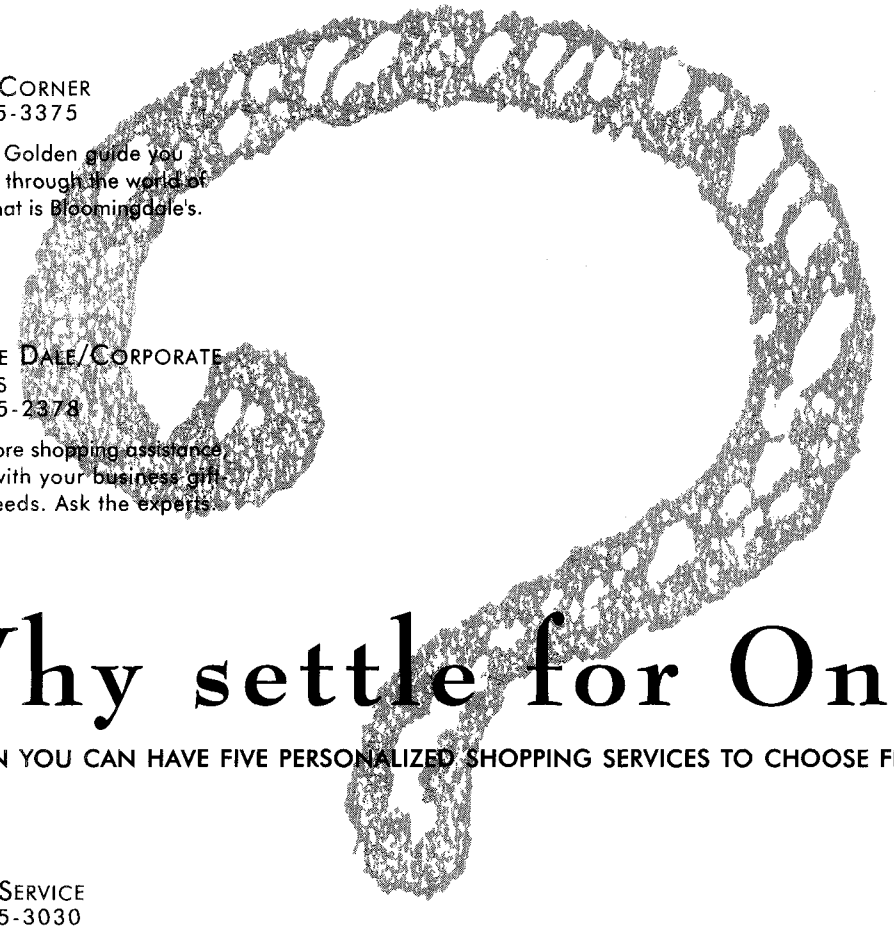
For expert advice on how to find the perfect wardrobe, the essential accessory or a great gift.

HOPE'S CORNER
212/705-3375

Let Hope Golden guide you flawlessly through the world of fashion that is Bloomingdale's.

BEATRICE DALE/CORPORATE SERVICES
212/705-2378

For all-store shopping assistance, or help with your business gift-giving needs. Ask the experts.

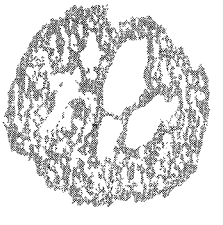


Why settle for One

WHEN YOU CAN HAVE FIVE PERSONALIZED SHOPPING SERVICES TO CHOOSE FROM

AT HIS SERVICE
212/705-3030

Especially for men--or the men in your life. From suits to socks to gifts, we'll offer you our best.



THE REGISTRY
212/705-2800

We specialize in weddings, but our Registry is perfect for all the special occasions in your life.

bloomingdale's

Of course all our personal shopping services are complimentary.
59th Street, New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YOUR TICKET TO BROADWAY NIGHT AFTER NIGHT

48606

THE WILL ROGERS FOLLIES

Keith Carradine stars as America's best-loved cowboy.
Music by Cy Coleman.
WINNER OF 6 TONY AWARDS INCLUDING BEST MUSICAL!

48817

THE SECRET GARDEN

The original cast recording of
Broadway's new hit musical.
WINNER OF 3 TONY AND DRAMA DESK AWARDS.

46067

CITY OF ANGELS

Original Broadway Cast. Written by Cy Coleman with lyrics by David Zippel and Book by Larry Gelbart.
WINNER OF 6 TONY AWARDS INCLUDING BEST MUSICAL AND BEST SCORE!

ALSO AVAILABLE:
"GYPSY"32607, "A CHORUS LINE"33561, "WEST SIDE STORY"32603, AND "JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE & WELL"40817.

"Columbia" Reg. U.S. Pat. & Tm. Off. Marca Registrada./
© 1992 Sony Music Entertainment Inc.

J&R MUSIC WORLD COLUMBIA

To Order Pre-Recorded Cassettes and Compact Discs 24 Hours a Day,
7 Days a Week, Call Toll Free 1-800-551-7200
Plus Shipping and Handling

THE NEW YORKER

TABLE OF CONTENTS

AUGUST 17, 1992

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN		4
THE TALK OF THE TOWN		21
"BLOWN AWAY"	*Lisa Walker*	26
"DISAPPEARED"	*Enid Shomer*	28
"LITTLE WHALEY, PAWLING, N.Y." (POEM)	*Marianne Burke*	30
A REPORTER AT LARGE (INSECT LOVE)	*Diane Ackerman*	34
"PRESENT" (POEM)	*W. S. Merwin*	36
"IN THE WOODS" (POEM)	*Leonard Nathan*	48
POPULAR MUSIC	*Elizabeth Wurtzel*	55
LETTER FROM PANAMA	*Alma Guillermoprieto*	60
MUSICAL EVENTS	*Paul Griffiths*	72
THE SPORTING SCENE (BASEBALL)	*Roger Angell*	75
BOOKS (BRIEFLY NOTED)		87

COVER: *George Booth*

DRAWINGS: *Donald Reilly, J. B. Handelsman, Warren Miller, Sam Gross, Bruce Eric Kaplan, Robert Mankoff, William Steig, Gahan Wilson, Kent Barton, Victoria Roberts, Mike Twohy, Robert Weber, Richard Cline, Danny Shanahan, Lee Lorenz, Dana Fradon, Charles Barsotti, Michael Crawford, Glen Baxter*

THE NEW YORKER
20 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
(212) 840-3800

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE

To inquire about a subscription or to change an address, please write to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322, or telephone 1-800 825-2510 (in Colorado 303 447-9330). For a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 20 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Steven T. Florio, president and chief executive officer; Lynn Guthrie Heiler, vice-president and publisher; Ruth A. Diem, vice-president and human resources director; Matthew D. Roberts, vice-president and marketing director; Pamela H. Older, vice-president and director of manufacturing; Martha Kaplan, vice-president; Peter Armour, vice-president and circulation director. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 41 Osgood Place, San Francisco, Calif. 94133; Suite 1460, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; 1-11 Hay Hill, London W1X7LF, England; Penn Brown & Associates, Inc., 175 Derby St., No. 36, Hingham, Mass. 02043; Metropolitan Publishers Representatives: 3017 Piedmont Road, N.E., Atlanta, Ga. 30305; 2500 So. Dixie Highway, Miami, Fla. 33133; 3016 Mason Place, Tampa, Fla. 33629; 3 Church St., Suite 503, Toronto, Canada M5E 1M2; Carol Orr & Co., 3500 Maple Ave., Suite 1060, Dallas, Tx. 75219; Catherine Billups & Co., Via Pinamonte Da Vimercate, No. 6, 20121 Milan, Italy. Vol. LXVIII, No. 26, August 17, 1992. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. Canadian goods and services tax registration number R123242885.

© 1992 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. THE MAGAZINE'S NAME AND LOGO, AND THE VARIOUS TITLES AND HEADINGS HEREIN ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF ADVANCE MAGAZINE PUBLISHERS, INC., WHICH PUBLISHES THEM THROUGH ITS DIVISION THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC.
Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $32.00; two years, $52.00. In Canada, one year, $65.27 (includes G.S.T.). Other foreign, one year, $66.00, payable in advance.
POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IWC watches available at these fine jewelers:

Austin, TX
Donald Wilson Jewelers, 5010 Burnet Road
78756-2697 (512) 451-2105

Bala Cynwyd, PA
Albert Govberg & Sons, 292 Montgomery Avenue 19004 (215) 664-1715

Bal Harbour, FL
Tourneau Inc., 9700 Collins Avenue 33154
(305) 866-4312

Beaver, PA
Orr's Jewelers, 690 Third Street 15009-2116
(412) 728-3800

Beverly Hills, CA
Princess Jewels Collection, 9876 Wilshire Blvd. 90210 (213) 276-5556

Boston, MA
Dorfman Jewelers, 24 Newbury Street 02116
(617) 536-2022

Carmel, CA
Hesselbein's, Inc., 202 Crossroad Blvd. 93923
(408) 625-2522

Chicago, IL
Henry Kay Jewelers, Water Tower Plaza, 3rd level
835 North Michigan, 60611 (312) 467-6515

Cincinnati, OH
Swiss Time Ltd., 9393 Montgomery Road
45242 (513) 793-4330

Denver, CO
Hyde Park Jewelers, 7777 E. Hampden Avenue 80231 (303) 755-3541

Fargo, ND
Royal Jewelers, 73 Broadway 58102
(701) 232-2491

Glastonbury, CT
Baribault Jewelers, 361 New London Turnpike
06033 (203)633-1727

Great Neck, NY
Jewels by Viggi Ltd., 26 Middleneck Road
11021 (516) 829-6161

Greenwich, CT
Manfredi Jewelers, 121 Greenwich Avenue
06830 (203) 622-1414

Honolulu, HI
Royal Hawaiian Gems, 2301 Kalakaua Avenue
#C105 96815 (808) 926-2722

Ketchum, ID
Jensen & Stern, 351 Leadville Avenue 83340
(208) 726-2361

Lincolnwood, IL
Smart Jewelers, 3350 Devon Avenue 60659
(708) 673-6000

Los Angeles, CA
Chong Hing Goldsmith, 956 North Hill Street
90012 (818) 289-6992

Miami, FL
Moray's Jewelers, 224 SE 1st Street 33131
(305) 374-0739

Monterey Park, CA
Chong Hing Goldsmith, 410-D S. Atlantic Blvd. 90012 (213) 623-3645

New Orleans, LA
Adler's, 722 Canal Street 70130-2310
(504) 523-5292

Newport Beach, CA
Traditional Jewelers, 203 Newport Drive, Fashion Island 92660 (714) 721-9010

New York, NY
American Wemne Corp., 700 Fifth Avenue
10019 (212) 397-9000
Cellini Jewelers, 509 Madison Avenue 10022
(212) 888-0505
Cellini Jewelers, Waldorf Astoria Hotel, 301 Park Avenue 10022 (212) 751-9824
Tourneau Inc., 500 Madison Avenue 10022
(212) 758-3265
Tourneau Inc., 635 Madison Avenue 10022
(212) 563-6880

Palm Beach, FL
Embassy Palm Beach, 337 Worth Avenue
33480 (407) 655-4844
Tourneau Inc., 175 Worth Avenue 33480
(407) 832-8812

Raleigh, NC
Haydon & Company Inc., 1803 Oberlin Road
27622 (919) 781-1293

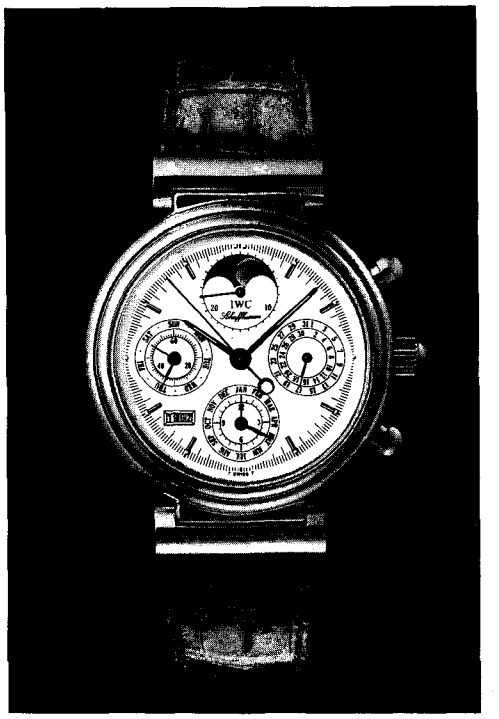
Richmond, VA
Carreras, Ltd., 150 Sovran Plaza 23277
(804) 780-9191

San Antonio, TX
Moretti's Fine Jewelry, 174 North Star Mall
78279 (512) 340-4074

San Francisco, CA
Shapur, 245 Post Street 94108
(415) 392-1200

Salt Lake City, UT
O.C. Tanner, 20 E. South Temple 84101
(801) 532-3222

The automatic Da Vinci® chronograph by IWC. With perpetual calendar and moon phase display. We won't need to change a word of this ad until 2100.



*$ 19,995 * /18 carat yellow gold*
**Manufacturers suggested retail price*

A thousand years from now, we will still no doubt be measuring and planning our time with the same down-to-the-second precision we know today. But it seems unlikely that we will be able to slow time down, let alone stop it completely. We believe a watch should take factors such as these into consideration and move with the times. Which effectively means an eternity. These relatively high aspirations led us to create one of the most complex mechanical wristwatches the world has ever seen: the Da Vinci automatic chronograph with perpetual calendar and moon phase display.
The Da Vinci shows the exact time in seconds, minutes and hours, and has a chronograph accurate to $^{1}/_{8}$ of a second. Various windows and displays show the current phase of the moon, the date, the day-of-the-week, the month, the year and the century. It "knows" precisely whether a month has 28, 29, 30 or 31 days and displays the correct date even in leap years. This timepiece will continue to do so unerringly until the year 2100. For then, according to the calendar devised by Pope Gregory XIII, a leap year will be omitted. Which is why Da Vinci owners should make an appointment with their watchmakers, to make the tiny adjustment necessary. With the best will in the world, there is absolutely nothing we can do to change that.

IWC

International Watch Co., Schaffhausen . Switzerland

Since 1868

For further information and a complete catalogue on all IWC masterpieces please call 1-800-432-9330

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

AUDEN once commented that "The Boys from Syracuse" and "Kiss Me, Kate" were superior to their Shakespearean sources—the kind of remark that rankles bluenosed critics. That Verdi in some ways improved upon "Othello" and "Merry Wives" can be granted, but that American musical-comedy writers, even those as dexterous as Rodgers & Hart and Cole Porter, have bettered "The Comedy of Errors" and "The Taming of the Shrew," however apprentice-like those plays may be? Nevertheless, Auden was right. And while he would probably approve in theory of yet another production of "The Comedy of Errors"—Shakespeare in the Park's version opens this week—he might also join us in wishing for a full-scale revival of the delightful, infrequently produced "Boys from Syracuse." To make the case for the latter isn't to argue against producing Shakespeare; it's to ask whether the American theatre wouldn't be as well served by the systematic revival of our own riches (great musicals) as by continued rep-theatre stagings of a handful of popular plays by the Bard.

For "The Comedy of Errors," the Public has enlisted the Brazilian director Cacá Rosset. Mr. Rosset is familiar to Park audiences from last year's "Midsummer Night's Dream," whose bare figures were in conformity with the season's taste for Shakespeare in modern undress. For this outing, his actors will keep their clothes on, an approach more or less required by the play, which centers on pairs of identical twins. Costumes and makeup can make two actors look similar; it's much harder to equalize differences in intimate anatomy.

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

ANNA KARENINA—A musical by Peter Kellogg (book and lyrics) and Daniel Levine (score), which is based on Tolstoy's novel. Ann Crumb, Melissa Errico, Gregg Edelman, Scott Wentworth, John Cunningham, and Jerry Lanning lead the cast. In previews. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.)

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS—Shakespeare in the Park continues with this production, which was staged by Cacá Rosset. Previews through Aug. 15. Opens Aug. 16 at 8. (Delacorte, Central Park near W. 81st St. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 861-7277.)

THE REAL INSPECTOR HOUND and THE FIFTEEN MINUTE HAMLET—The Roundabout presents a double bill of comedies by Tom Stoppard. Simon Jones and David Healy star in both. Previews Aug. 11-12. Opens Aug. 13 at 8. (Criterion Center, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400.)

OPENED RECENTLY

THE BEST OF FORBIDDEN BROADWAY—This tenth-anniversary edition of Gerard Alessandrini's long-running, ever-fluctuating musical revue is, as one might expect, a treat. There is some new material, but our favorite sequences are still the spoof of "M. Butterfly" and the "Speed-the-Plow" number, "Madonna's Brain," in which David Mamet and Ron Silver try

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19			

to teach Madonna to act and she ends up tearing off most of her clothes. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/4/92.) (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.)

CATSKILLS ON BROADWAY—A festival of ethnicity and all but unbroken laughter. Freddie Roman and Mal Z. Lawrence are the Jewish comedians; Dick Capri handles the Italians; and Louise DuArt does impressions. The jokes explode around us, and there isn't a dud in the lot. (12/23/91) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 307-4100.)

CONVERSATIONS WITH MY FATHER—If you're looking for a totally satisfying theatrical experience, try the new Herb Gardner, a bittersweet memory play about a Lower East Side barkeep, his two sons, and the patrons of his tavern. As staged by Daniel Sullivan, with an ace cast led by the wonderful Judd Hirsch, the play does what "Jake's Women" and "Dancing at Lughnasa" would probably do if their authors were, respectively, more sophisticated and less sentimental. Grab this one. (4/13/92) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

CRAZY FOR YOU—Loosely based on "Girl Crazy," which opened in 1930, this glorious show is actually a celebration of the music of George Gershwin and the lyrics of his brother Ira—nineteen songs in all—and also of the witty, imaginative choreography of Susan Stroman. Ken Ludwig wrote the lively book. Harry Groener and Jodi Benson are the lead actor/dancers. The scenery is by Robin Wagner; the costumes are by William Ivey Long; and the masterly direction is by Mike Ockrent. Bless 'em all. (3/2/92) (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

FALSETTOS—This back-to-back revival of "March of the Falsettos" and "Falsettoland," two of William Finn's three one-act musicals about a childish, self-absorbed man who leaves his wife and son for his not very nice male lover, is strictly for those who care. We've never understood the appeal of Mr. Finn's trilogy. It has a chronology as complicated as the Oedipus cycle and a dramatic sensibility akin to that of the Oresteia. To us, though, it has always seemed like banality set to music: shallow, unlikable people expressing themselves in shallow, unlikable songs. (5/11/92) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

(Clockwise, from top left) John Michael Higgins, Boyd Gaines, Peter Jacobson, Howard Samuelsohn, and Marisa Tomei in "The Comedy of Errors"

FIRES IN THE MIRROR: CROWN HEIGHTS, BROOKLYN AND OTHER IDENTITIES—Anna Deavere Smith is a wily mimic and verbal caricaturist, with a sharp, discerning ear and a tongue to match. The program, which she wrote as well as performs, takes as its point of departure the aftermath of the accident last summer, in Crown Heights, Brooklyn, in which a car carrying members of a Hasidic sect went out of control and killed a black child, Gavin Cato. Miss Smith impersonates more than twenty-five people who were either directly or indirectly concerned. Her net is far-flung, and, not surprisingly, she is often strongest when funniest. All the material in the show was based on actual interviews. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Closes Aug. 16.)

FIVE GUYS NAMED MOE—The guys are black dancers and singers of ability and spirit, who perform the songs (either lyrics or music or both) of the late Louis Jordan, among them "Don't Let the Sun Catch You Crying," "Ain't Nobody Here but Us Chickens," and "Is You Is or Is You Ain't My Baby?" This London import makes a merry evening. (4/20/92) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 239-6200.)

GUYS AND DOLLS—A lively production of Frank Loesser's perfect musical, under the direction of Jerry Zaks. Nathan Lane and Faith Prince are the leading guy and doll, and Tony Walton designed the stunning scenery. (4/27/92) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

JAKE'S WOMEN—Alan Alda is at his genial best in the new Neil Simon. The play, about an aging writer trying to come to terms with the women in his life, past and present, is pretty much what you'd expect: some funny lines and a lot of phony dialogue. It's predictable, banal, and contrived, but at least it showcases a fine cast of actresses that includes Kate Burton and Joyce Van Patten. (4/6/92) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 307-4100.)

JELLY'S LAST JAM—The music of Jelly Roll Morton, self-proclaimed inventor of jazz, and, at the same time, an unsparing delineation of Morton himself. The show, an original if ever there was one, was written and directed by George C. Wolfe. In the starring role, Gregory Hines combines his astonishing talents as tap dancer and actor; Savion Glover, who plays the character as a young man, is worthy of him, which is saying a lot. Also present are Keith David, Tonya Pinkins, Wayne Mathis, and Mary Bond Davis. Luther Henderson has adapted Morton's music and offered some music of his own; the lyrics were written by Susan Birkenhead; and Hope Clark was the choreographer. (5/11/92) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200.)

LOTTO (EXPERIENCE THE DREAM)—A comedy by Cliff Roquemore about a family who wins the lottery. (Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. 505-9251.)

MARVIN'S ROOM—A play about dying, suffering, and sacrifice in one family, written in a style so frisky as to set the teeth permanently on edge. There is a fine performance by Mark Rosenthal as a smoldering adolescent. Also with Alice Drummond, Laura Esterman, and Tim Monsion. Scott McPherson is the dramatist. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.)

THE MOST HAPPY FELLA—This is one musical we think the world could be without and feel no sorrow. The story of a girl forced to content herself with some old duffer because some other old duffer wanted to teach everyone a lesson about making do with what life has to offer, it's pseudo opera superimposed on pseudo Americana. As for Gerald Gutierrez's Goodspeed Opera production, it's your basic slightly-better-than-average dinner-theatre revival. What's the rumpus? (2/24/92) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Closes Aug. 30.)

THE NIGHT LARRY KRAMER KISSED ME—A play written and performed by David Drake. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 564-8038.)

RUTHLESS!—This camp musical about a monster child star is harmless and amusing enough—assuming you can stomach the little girl. She gave us the pip. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SIGHT UNSEEN—Donald Margulies' engrossing new play, which is about an Eric Fischl-type painter who decides to look up an old girlfriend he once treated badly, takes the contemporary art scene to task. Technically, it also plays around with time a good deal, though never sloppily or gratuitously. You end up being affected by a curious kind of resonance—it's earned, not something you've brought with you into the theatre. (2/3/92) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477.)

THE TEMPEST—The group called A Matinée Idyll presents free performances of Shakespeare's play in three outdoor locations. (Thursdays and Sundays at the Soldiers and Sailors Monument, Riverside Park at W. 89th St; Fridays at Belvedere Castle, Central Park; and Saturdays in Carl Schurz Park, East End Ave. and 86th St. Performances start at 6.)

TWO TRAINS RUNNING—August Wilson's latest, set in a Pittsburgh luncheonette in 1969, is one of those plays in which all the performances seem to be groping hotly after award nominations and everything is freighted with Meaning. (4/27/92) (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Closes Aug. 30.)

LONG RUNS

BEAU JEST: A comedy by James Sherman. (Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)... **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.)... **DANCING AT LUGHNASA:** How you respond to Brian Friel's wistful autobiographical play depends a good deal on your personality and preoccupations. Either you will find it lovely and lyrical or it will strike you as the memory play from Hell. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** The longest-running long run recently celebrated its thirty-second birthday. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.)... **FOREVER PLAID:** Stuart Ross's loving tongue-in-cheek salute to the "guy groups" of the fifties is a real treat. Bring your mom. Hell, bring the whole family. (Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400.)... **LOST IN YONKERS:** This family melodrama by Neil Simon, set in Yonkers during the Second World War, is about what happens when a cowering, pathetic man has to leave his two adolescent sons with his intimidating mother for the better part of a year. With Anne Jackson and Lucie Arnaz. (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211.)... **LES MISÉRABLES:** The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)... **MISS SAIGON:** Oh, the horror! The horror! (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.)... **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.)... **PERFECT CRIME:** A murder mystery by Warren Manzi. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 695-3401.)... **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** This much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets, everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)... **THE SECRET GARDEN:** This lovely musical adaptation of the classic children's story by Frances Hodgson Burnett isn't just a kiddie show. Subtle, charming, intelligent, and wholly literary in its approach to adaptation, it manages both to be faithful to the spirit of the book and to comment on the particular moment in time that produced it. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)... **TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING:** The never-ending nuptials of Anthony Angelo Nunzio and Valentina Lynne Vitale. With audience participation, as you probably know. (St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 279-4200.)... **TUBES:** A performance work by Blue Man Group about art and other matters. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370.)... **THE WILL ROGERS FOLLIES:** The sets by Tony Walton, the direction and choreography by Tommy Tune, the costumes by Willa Kim, and the row upon row of Ziegfeld girls make a feast for the eyes, but the funny bone and heart are neglected. Mac Davis plays Rogers, and Marla Maples recently joined the cast as Ziegfeld's Favorite. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 730-8200.)

DANCE

"MY goal in this ballet is to make an antique." That's Peter Anastos speaking about "The Awakening of Flora," the 1893 Petipa-Ivanov work he's restaging this week, at Jacob's Pillow, for a new chamber-sized classical company named Ballet De Ville. As we discovered at a recent rehearsal, the challenge for Mr. Anastos is to make an antique in contemporary terms—which, in this case, means without access to the czar's treasury or to the resources of the Imperial Ballet, and with dancers whose bodies and minds represent another century altogether. So he's compromising: instead of trying to reconstruct the steps of the first production, or of later versions produced by Anna Pavlova, he's putting together his own step combinations to the original Drigo score. "I have a negative opinion of people who attempt to revive ballets over sixty years of age from photographs and notebooks and claim to do the steps exactly as they were," he said. "That's not really what ballet is about; the art would never have survived if things hadn't changed over the years, sometimes radically. I decided that the better route was to use my imagination."

For Mr. Anastos, that seems to mean keeping his mind on beauty and whimsy as well as on the bottom line. For instance, he's been thinking about the fact that the Imperial Ballet used to give command performances for the court on the grounds of a summer palace. "There was a famous performance of 'Swan Lake' that took place in the middle of a real lake, on a barge, with the orchestra on another barge positioned behind a blind of reeds," Mr. Anastos said. "That kind of glamorous alfresco idea is responsible for my ideas about this production." If he has his way, Pillow audiences will find the back of the Ted Shawn Theatre open to the surrounding glade, where they will see in the deepening twilight some dancing on outdoor platforms, as well as Flora flying up into one of the trees. Even if Ballet De Ville eventually tours, only the audiences at the Pillow will get to watch Flora wake in just this fashion.

Among the performers is a group of exchange students from Russia. Mr. Anastos is keen to the irony of Russian ballet dancers learning "The Awakening of Flora" in the U.S.A. in 1992. "The Russian girls can't believe they came all that way to do this old-fashioned stuff," he said.

IN TOWN

PILOBOLUS—Final performances of the engagement. Aug. 10 at 8 and Aug. 15 at 2: "Ciona," "Moonblind," "Shizen," "Walklyndon," "Ocellus," "Pseudopodia," and "Untitled."... ¶ Aug. 11 and Aug. 13 at 8: "The Particle Zoo," "Axons," "Clandestiny," "Pseudopodia," and "Sweet Purgatory."... ¶ Aug. 12 and Aug. 14 at 8: "The Particle Zoo," an untitled duet, "Televisitation," and "Début C."... ¶ Aug. 15 at 8: "Land's Edge," an untitled solo, "Alraune," "Walklyndon," and "Day Two." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. For information about tickets, call 242-0800.)

TRISHA BROWN COMPANY—Presenting three dances, "Foray-Forêt," "Lateral Pass," and "Opal Loop," as part of the Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors festival. (Damrosch Park. Aug. 11-12 at 8:15. No tickets necessary.)

OUT OF TOWN

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—The début of Ballet De Ville, a company directed by Peter Anastos, Aug. 11-13 at 8, Aug. 14 at 8:30, and Aug. 15 at 2 and 8:30. The program includes Petipa and Ivanov's 1893 "The Awakening of Flora" and Anastos's "Table Manners" and "Footage."... ¶ Seattle's Pat Graney Company, Aug. 14 at 8, Aug. 15 at 5, and Aug. 16 at 7. Presenting "Faith."... ¶ Garth Fagan Dance, Aug. 18-19 at 8. In "Griot New York" and other works. Through Aug. 22. (Becket, Mass. For information about tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

NIGHT LIFE

IN his quest for new material, Charles DeForest has sat through a lot of bad movies. "The West Point Story," for instance, which starred Doris Day, may have been, in Mr. DeForest's words, "a not too terribly good movie," but it did yield the Jule Styne–Sammy Cahn tune "You Love Me." Likewise, "That Lady in Ermine," starring Betty Grable, wasn't a high point in cinematic history, but from it came the fine number "This Is the Moment." "Old movies were an embarrassment of riches when it came to wonderful songs," says Mr. DeForest, a pianist-singer-songwriter, who is currently residing in the romantically appointed Blue Room, at the Supper Club. Often, he adds, "the songs were performed by bad people and were never promoted, but they were written by top writers—some superb stuff." Mr. DeForest not only dusts off these nuggets but also puts them in context. He's two parts performer, one part movie (and musical) reviewer.

Mr. DeForest has an alert, aristocratic face that has earned him the sobriquet "the Fred Astaire of the keys." At times, particularly on ballads, his voice is permeated by a stately sadness—you feel as if you were sitting on a bed in one of those Edward Hopper hotel rooms. But his dry, self-deprecating wit acts as a counterbalance. Like much of his material, he's something of a hidden treasure, though there's nothing inaccessible about his presentation: anyone interested in how to put over a lyric would do well to spend an evening with him. He's been quietly working the city's piano bars since the early fifties, when he migrated here from upstate New York. He had some early success as a songwriter, supplying compositions for George Shearing and Sylvia Syms, among others. But then, he says, popular tastes changed, "and record companies just didn't want to touch any of this."

Mr. DeForest kept writing anyway, and eventually fortune, in the person of Tony Bennett, paid him another visit: three years ago, Mr. Bennett heard Mr. DeForest perform his song "When Do the Bells Ring for Me?" at a Village club and liked it so much that he ended up singing it, along with two other DeForest originals, on his most recent album. Now it's Mr. DeForest's phone that's ringing.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NIGHT LIFE–Cont'd

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out some of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ARTHUR'S TAVERN, 57 Grove St. (675-6879)—A quirky, endearing Village watering hole, perpetually decorated for the holidays—all of them. The musicians work in the back of the room, in a well ringed by a bar—a setup that seems to bring out the latent show-biz tendencies in some of the bar's patrons. Mondays belong to the Grove Street Stompers, Tuesdays through Thursdays to Al Bundy, Fridays and Saturdays to Mabel Godwin, and Sundays to Lee Lorenz and the Creole Cookin' Jazz Band. Music from nine-thirty.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A tony cabaret attained by passing through an opulent tapas restaurant; if you haven't had dinner, you may never make it to the show. The vocal group **ALL FOUR FUN,** whose credits include stints with Natalie Cole and the Four Tops, will be running down thirty-three Duke Ellington numbers in a show called "The Elegance of Duke Ellington," through Aug. 13. **LYPSINKA** begins an engagement on Aug. 14. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine, Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven-fifteen. **BLOSSOM DEARIE** sings and plays Fridays and Saturdays at six-thirty, and, for the brunch crowd, on Sundays at three.

BIRDLAND, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—This northern restaurant-bar, an airy, two-tiered space with pastel walls and potted greenery, is a shade too slick for Columbia students but just right for post-collegiate jazz fans. The name is taken from the long-gone midtown pleasure dome that featured Bird himself. **CARLA WHITE'S** trio holds forth on Aug. 13; **HOUSTON PERSON** and **ETTA JONES** work out Aug. 14-15. Music from nine. Dining.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Jazz, mirrors, a gift shop, and, of course, those incredible shrinking aisles that turn a mid-set dash to the rest room into something of a steeplechase. **JOÃO BOSCO** is here Aug. 11-16, and **GATO BARBIERI** begins a week-long gig on Aug. 18. First set at nine.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A big, pleasant room where they pack them in until someone says uncle. The walls and columns are basic black with some rainbow detailing here and there—the place looks a little like the outside of a van. If you end up without a seat, you can stand at the bar—finally a club where they don't force you to drink—and mull over photographs from great shows you've missed. **BETTY BUCKLEY** performs Aug. 14-15, and guitarist **STEVE HACKETT** comes in on Aug. 18. Hackett has always been an inventive player—he's adept with both electric and acoustic guitars—though his work hasn't always had much in the way of emotional content. He came to prominence in the seventies with the original incarnation of Genesis. But while Peter Gabriel and Phil Collins went on to take over the English-speaking world, Hackett never really found a vehicle for himself. A few years back, he and former Yes guitarist Steve Howe played in an unfortunate outfit called GTR. It'll be interesting to see what Hackett is up to here. Shows at eight and eleven. Burgers, fries, and other things to make your heart beat faster.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar in the heart of N.Y.U. country. It's advisable to get all your talking done between sets, because, once the first chord is struck, the audience here—with a little help from the management—becomes as quiet as a church congregation. Pianist **BARRY HARRIS** performs with **BILLY HIGGINS** and **RAY DRUMMOND** through Aug. 15; the **ROBIN EUBANKS** quartet performs on Aug. 16; and pianist **JOHN HICKS** works with **CHICO FREEMAN** and **WALTER BOOKER** as of Aug. 17. Music from ten. Dining.

CAFÉ SIN-É, 122 St. Marks Pl. (982-0370)—Don't be misled by the sleepy, hole-in-the-wall atmosphere of this little bohemian Irish café, or by the fact that the place has no stage and no music schedule. While patrons have been writing in journals, rolling cigarettes, or lingering over their Rolling Rocks, some pretty fine musicians have been known to turn up and tune up: Sinéad O'Connor, Marianne Faithfull, and Luka Bloom, to name a heady few. Music generally begins at about eight-thirty.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Across the hall from the dormant Café Carlyle, in Bemelmans Bar, **KURT WIETING** presides at the piano from nine-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays.

CLUB 53, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (261-5853)—A new cabaret in the New York Hilton. It's a pleasantly lulling spot, where you can sink into deep sofas and eat off of big plates. **PEGGY LEE** will be here through the end of the month. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-forty-five, Fridays and Saturdays at eight-forty-five and ten-thirty.

CONDON'S, 117 E. 15th St. (254-0960)—A candlelit basement restaurant within ticket-scalping distance of the Palladium. Perhaps because of its out-of-the-loop location, Condon's is one of the city's more low-key jazz clubs, a place where the seating arrangement doesn't seem intended as some kind of punishment. The **WINARD HARPER** quartet, which features **CRAIG HANDY,** is here Aug. 11-16. Music at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Tuesdays through Sundays, with late sets at one on Fridays and Saturdays.

EAGLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St. (924-0275)—Where swordfish leap on almost every wall. Where a cat with black and white spots sometimes walks the length of the bar. Where barbirds stare at football on the tube. And where, between the Sinatra and Streisand songs that emanate from the jukebox, one can often hear snatches of live bluegrass and Irish music floating in from the bright back room. **JERRY O'SULLIVAN** is here on Aug. 14. Sets at nine and ten-thirty on Fridays. Hibernian sounds are in the air on Mondays, too, beginning at nine, when the ensemble consists of whomever shows up.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—The seating arrangements in this long, narrow, red-velvet-and-mirror-walled basement make flying coach seem roomy; nevertheless, it's one of the city's top jazz spots—thanks largely to the club's talent bookers. But watch your head. Aug. 11-16 belongs to the **RITZ,** and **HELEN MERRILL** gets started on Aug. 18. Ms. Merrill, a jazz star in the fifties, dropped out of sight for a few decades, resurfacing a few years back. She's a singer with great control: she can make her cool, smoky, vibratoless voice do whatever she wants it to do. She can swing out when she feels like it, but ballads are her strong suit, and she seems to know it, to judge from her set lists. In this reflective mode, her singing has a quality of airy solitude that brings to mind Miles Davis and Chet Baker. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL** leads a trio. Music from eight. Dining.

JUDYS', 49 W. 44th St. (764-8930)—An intimate, burgundy-walled *boîte* attached to the Iroquois Hotel. In the front room, which is decorated with photos of famous Judys—and of the famous daughter of a famous Judy—a pianist keeps the happy-hour barbirds occupied. In the dining room, vocalists work out from nine Mondays through Thursdays, and at nine and eleven on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

KNICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Brass rails, vintage posters, Hirschfeld drawings, a menu full of items like bangers and mash, and a piano. Knickerbocker is an airy, good-spirited place and, while music often takes a back seat to conversation, some able piano-and-bass teams turn up regularly. Pianist **JOANNE BRACKEEN** is in action Aug. 12-15, joined by bassist **SANTI DEBRIANO** Aug. 14-15. **RONNY WHYTE** and **LINC MILLMAN** get started on Aug. 19. Music from nine-forty-five.

LAUTERBACH'S BROOKLYN BEAT, 335 Prospect Ave., at Sixth Ave., Brooklyn. (1-718 788-9140)—A grungy but well-intentioned watering hole devoted to homegrown Brooklyn bands. The emphasis here is on exposed cement, although one wall is decorated with Polaroids—"St. Patty's 1986" (people in green hats and leis), "New Year's 1988-89" (people in red hats and leis). Lauterbach's microwave menu includes shepherd's pie and chicken parmigiana, but the musical menu is almost always a better bet.

LONE STAR ROADHOUSE, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—It's named for its Texas décor, but perhaps a more apt name would be the Second Chance, since so many lost, forgotten, or faded rockers turn up here. Did somebody say the **MARSHALL TUCKER BAND?** They'll be here on Aug. 11. A younger, more vibrant outfit, **WEBB WILDER,** will be in on Aug. 13. **SPYRO GYRA** performs on Aug. 16, with David Broza, and **HOLLY DUNN** appears on Aug. 17. Show times vary. Dining.

LUDLOW STREET CAFÉ, 165 Ludlow St. (353-0536)—Up until a few years ago, this stretch of the Lower East Side was only for the bold. But now that the artists have moved in, if you want to get any more bohemian, you'll have to go to Williamsburg. The Ludlow Street Café, which was one of the first places to stake a claim in the new frontier, is an unassuming basement restaurant-bar, where you can eat cheap, drink cheap, and catch live music nightly. Mondays belong to **BEAT RODEO,** a straight-shooting bar band that plays a mix of country, blues, Dylan, Byrds, the Velvets, and various pop curiosities.

MANNY'S CAR WASH, 1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369-2583)—This blues bar stands apart from the Upper East Side's usual array of singles bars, and has become a big draw for the neighborhood's army of post-collegiates. The neon beer signs, Manny's caps, and funky drink concoctions lend the place a frat-house aura, but don't let that put you off: this long, dark room is a good spot to catch blues artists both major and minor. Sets from nine-fifteen, except Sundays, when they begin at eight-forty-five.

PAST LIVES

When Michael Teresko travelled to New York this summer from his home in Oakland, California, he visited the Lower East Side in search of "good, authentic Jewish food." This he found, at Katz's Delicatessen; but his real discovery lay three blocks to the south, where he stumbled upon the Lower East Side Tenement Museum (97 Orchard Street), an 1863 building that is currently being restored. Parts of it are already open to the public, and they offer a glimpse of early immigrant life. Leafing through a list of the building's tenants from years ago, Mr. Teresko was astonished to spot his own father's name.

His curiosity aroused, Mr. Teresko returned that evening for the unveiling of a new museum display: a five-foot-high scale model of the building, with doll-house-style glass walls that allow visitors to peer in at meticulously wrought miniatures of the inhabitants and furnishings of twelve of the building's units. The north-facing rooms depict life in the building on April 1, 1870, when the ground floor was a saloon, and when some of the German, English, and Irish tenants in the apartments above lived in comparative comfort. The south side affords views into six apartments—all occupied by recently arrived immigrants from Italy and Eastern Europe—on March 29, 1915, the year before Mr. Teresko's father was born. Sure enough, there, in a rear three-room apartment on the third floor, were diminutive representations of immigrants from Minsk (identified from census records under the variant spelling of Chereska) who were destined to become Mr. Teresko's grandfather, grandmother, and great-aunt.

Was it a chance encounter, or destiny? "I don't know," says Mr. Teresko, "but it sure is the closest I've ever come to a miracle."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Maxwell's, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—A plain blue back room whose far wall is decorated with round things: a Frisbee, some singles, a drum head, and the woofer from a speaker cabinet, to name a few. The beer of choice here is Rolling Rock—by a landslide—and the crowd may make you feel as if you have a midterm to study for, but many of the bands that play here today will be playing somewhere more expensive tomorrow. Shows are usually at ten on Thursdays, at eleven on Fridays and Saturdays, and at nine other nights.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A midtown restaurant and jazz lair for the tasselled-loafers set. The dark, sombre bar (carved-wood lions, iron grillwork) looks like a place you'd find in London's financial district; the dining room—putting-green green carpet, lime-green leather banquettes—has more of a country-club feel. **Queen Esther Marrow** is here through Aug. 15, singing the hits of Sarah Vaughan. Singer-and-pianist Jo Thompson takes over beginning on Aug. 18. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Mondays belong to Woody Allen and his Dixieland colleagues. Closed Sundays.

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—Not to be confused with its richer cousin, the Rainbow Room, which is just down the hall. There, you'll find expansive Art Deco glitter; here, intimate nineties glitter. The performers, with their backs to the window, have to compete with a view of the Hudson, the George Washington Bridge, and beyond. An Irving Berlin revue, titled "Say It with Music," is currently under way. Shows from nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Red Blazer Too, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—A place where a fella and a gal can put on the feedbag, get a little tight, and cut a rug. Mondays belong to the Smith Street Jazz Society, Tuesdays and Fridays to **Vince Giordano and the Nighthawks,** Thursdays to Stan Rubin's big band, and Saturdays to Bob Cantwell and His Stompers. The Wednesday lineup is always changing; Frank Fighera and his group, Slam, take over the stage on Aug. 12. Show times vary.

Ritz, 254 W. 54th St. (541-8900)—This decaying theatre, once the home of Studio 54, is now the site of one of the city's biggest, oldest, and loudest rock clubs, which was formerly located in the East Village. The club features a broad stage, mobile-home-size speakers, plenty of room to shimmy, and, for the sedentary, a giant Big Brother video screen. Show times vary.

Rodeo Bar, 375 Third Ave., at 27th St. (683-6500)—A Western theme bar, attached to a Mexican restaurant. Here's what you'll get: walls designed to simulate a log cabin; a buffalo head that blows smoke through its nostrils; a horse trailer that's been converted into a bar; peanuts for eating and, occasionally, throwing. But wait, there's more: a TV that plays tapes of rodeos, New Mexico memorabilia, and live music nightly—country, blues, folk, rock, hillbilly. Shows from ten-thirty.

Song of Singapore Theatre, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St.—The New York Swing Dance Society, a group of Lindy Hop enthusiasts, hosts Sunday-night dance parties here. Swing music at a mock forties Singapore night club—the musical "Song of Singapore" was put on here—may sound like an odd juxtaposition, but who cares? Strike up the band. The **Harlem Blues and Jazz Band** performs on Aug. 16. Sets begin at eight. For information on the Society, call 696-9737.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great grass hut decorated with a fruit-and-bamboo motif and dedicated to such things as calypso, reggae, and bossa nova. S.O.B.'s dance floor is always jumping with Rastas and N.Y.U. students, and there's always someone onstage shouting "Put your hands in the air!" Closed Sundays. Dining.

Space at Chase, 98 Third Ave., at 12th St. (475-1407)—One of those East Village joints where, for a few bucks, you can hear a handful of local rock bands. As is usually the case at these establishments, some of the bands will make you want to cower under the pinball machine while others will make you want to dance and shout and start your own independent label. As for décor, there's a bar, some chairs, some tables, some walls, a ceiling, and two dart boards. Music from nine-thirty, except on Tuesdays, when it starts at seven.

Supper Club, 240 W. 47th St. (921-1940)—Upstairs at this gilt-railinged, lamé-curtained club is a plush little nook called the Blue Room, which boasts celestial-motif wallpaper and a profusion of deep-sea blue. The racket of midtown can't find you here. Pianist **Charles de Forest** makes music here Tuesdays through Saturdays, beginning at ten.

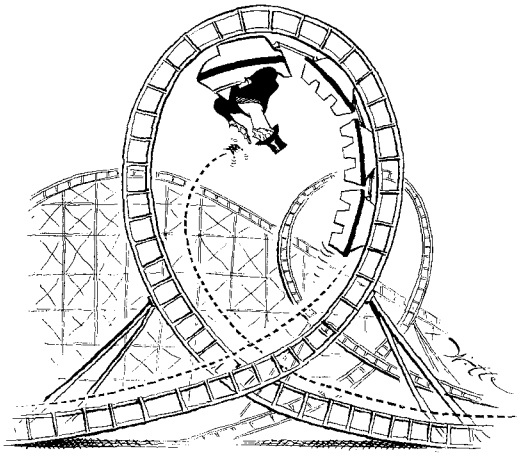
Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—An itinerary stop for the international jazz groupies who, on any given night, can be seen roaming the streets of the Village. Up front, there's a glass-enclosed sidewalk café; in back is a larger room, with a pressed-tin ceiling, red brick, and more pinewood than a ski lodge. Aug. 11-16, **Richard Davis** performs with a few able friends: Roland Hanna, Ricky Ford, Cecil Bridgewater, and Ronnie Burrage. An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter **Miles Evans** is in action on Mondays. Tee-off time is ten. Dining.

Sweet Jane's, 113 Jane St. (924-5263)—A rock club out at the edge of town, that strange, mythical place where Springsteen has been known to set a song or two and where it can be pretty hard to get a cab. Inside, Sweet Jane's is a midsize, comfortable space, with oil paintings, cool lighting fixtures, and a couple of bars. Like many night clubs—the Marquee, the Palladium, and the Tunnel come to mind—Sweet Jane's has lots of little corners and alcoves to cater to your ever-changing mood.

Sweetwaters, 170 Amsterdam Ave., at 67th St. (873-4100)—Pink carnations on the tables, shrimp creole on the menu, and a sunken dance floor with a circa-1975 mirrored disco ball. The stage, dominated by a white grand piano, is usually given over to soul and R. & B. acts. Shows at nine and eleven.

Time Café, 380 Lafayette St., entrance on Great Jones St. (533-7000)—This subterranean jazz haunt—located on a chunk of real estate that's temporarily safe from the encroachment of Tower industries—is an airy, convivial place with some comfy, diner-style booths. Wednesdays are given over to the Mingus Big Band, a fifteen-piece ensemble dedicated to carrying on the legacy of the late, great bassist. Sets at nine and eleven.

Tramps, 45 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—A broad, spacious, and agreeable club, located near what was once called the Ladies' Mile but might now be termed the pool-hall district. The pillared, loftlike room is decorated in a hodgepodge, vaguely Bourbon Street manner, and sight lines are above average. **Terrance Simien and the Mallet Playboys** claim Aug. 12. **King Sunny Adé** and **Poi Dog Pondering** share a bill on Aug. 15. Mr. Adé, a Nigerian guitarist, singer, and bandleader, plays a long-established style of Nigerian music called juju, but he has updated it; his band, which usually numbers in the high teens, includes several electric guitars, a pedal-steel guitar, and a mesmerizing percussion section. Wearing traditional African dress, King Sunny and his band sing a-cappella harmonies, horse around, and put on a high-spirited dance party. Poi Dog Pondering, which started out as a street band in Hawaii, is currently based in Austin, Texas. "Poi dog" is Hawaiian slang for a mongrel, and, indeed, this eight-piece group, which recently released a new album, "Volo Volo," has an odd pedigree: a crossbreeding of pop, folk, rock, and other styles collected from around the globe. Show times vary.



Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Located on a beery strip of the Village where every day is spring break, this club offers three floors of fun. Since this makes for rather confusing traffic patterns, you might want to use the buddy system. In the downstairs room, which is as big and plain as a mess hall, salsa bands are on board Mondays after nine. . . .¶One flight up, in the Terrace Bar, the Jiro Rantalaa quartet holds forth Aug. 12-16, and the Tommy Campbell trio commences work on Aug. 19. Music from ten.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The late Max Gordon, who opened this holiest of jazz shrines in 1935, once described the club's early patrons as a mix of "poets, W.P.A. writers, hustlers, broads on the make, and moochers." The **Bill Frisell** band, which also features **Don Byron,** will perform through Aug. 16; the **Clark Terry** quintet starts up on Aug. 18. The **Vanguard Jazz Orchestra** holds sway on Mondays. Music after nine-thirty.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—One of those snazzy, awninged eateries you've seen nestled amid brownstones in the Village and always wondered about. The food is Italian, the atmosphere is pastels and soft lights, and the musicians, who set up in a room between the bar and the dining room, are first-rate. This week and next belong to **Gene Bertoncini** and **Michael Moore.** Music from eight every night but Sundays, when sets begin at seven-thirty.

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

THERE are plans to honor Peter Allen later this year at Radio City Music Hall, where he ruled for years as an unofficial Rockette. But last week Ellen Greene, in an evening devoted to her late songwriting friend, evoked a different time and a different place. Singing as if she could single-handedly will Allen's ascent into Heaven, Greene took the scattered dozens sitting in the ramshackle barn called the Bottom Line (the event had been poorly publicized) and pulled them in closer. The dimensions of the room seemed to shrink. Even the seats seemed more comfortable, though that was probably because people were leaning on one another's shoulders.

That she'd returned us to the buoyantly tacky, Martinis-taste-better-with-a-teardrop-in-them cabaret charm of Reno Sweeney attested to the talent of a singer with happy memories of the equally large talent that wrote the songs she sang. Of course, the audience cried out loud, but they also revelled in the chance to get close enough to a performer to sense her heart quicken and sigh. At most concerts these days, Vari-Lites and fog machines may give you your money's worth, but musical highs have never really been negotiable. Greene gave; we gave. Sorry you missed her here. Sorrier still, we miss him.

(Greene will perform her Allen tribute again at Tatou—151 East 50th Street—on August 11 at 10:30.)

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

Penny Arcade—In a reprise of "Bitch! Dyke! Faghag! Whore!," a performance piece that employs video and erotic dancing. (P. S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288. Aug. 13-16 at 9. Through Aug. 23.)

Stephanie Urdang—In "Drink Me," a performance piece about food and sex. (Dixon Place, 258 Bowery, near Houston St. 219-3088. Aug. 11-13 at 8.)

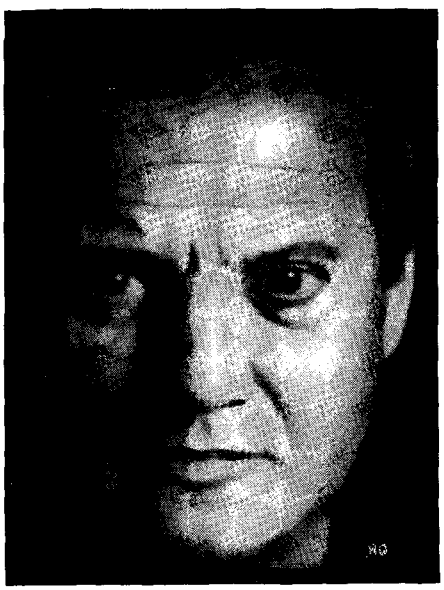
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ART

AS the New York art world settles into its traditional month of indolence, ten paintings of leonine vigor have somehow appeared at the Salander-O'Reilly gallery: the Paul Georges show should not be missed (20 East 79th Street; through August 28). Georges, who was born in 1923 and lives in New York and in Normandy, is known as a champion of the figure in art, and has often been called a neo-baroque painter because he thinks big and paints allegories. But this sort of talk makes Georges sound academic, when even a glance at his work produces a jolt of pure optical energy that rivals any to have come out of Action painting.

For several years, Georges has been engrossed by Ovid's tale of Diana and Actaeon, which tells of the virgin goddess's anger at a young hunter who accidentally sees her bathing naked in the woods. Diana takes her vengeance by shooting the interloper with an arrow that turns him into a stag. It seems a particularly resonant story for today and one rich in scenic possibilities for a painter of Georges' imagination and mature technique. A 1988 show at the now defunct Anne Plumb gallery, in SoHo, included "The Red Diane and Acteon," a big painting in which the pivotal moment of transformation occurs in a pastoral setting whose untempered blues and greens recall Poussin, and "His Dogs Turn Against Him," a blood-red work depicting the story's heartrending dénouement. Now at Salander-O'Reilly there's a bracingly fresh "Study for 'The Red Diane and Acteon'" (1987-88), as well as two recent narrative variations, the jazzy and near-monochromatic "(Blue) Diane at the Bath" and the kooky, lurid "She Turns Him Into a Stag," whose vengeful goddess suggests a hard-bitten cabaret singer.

Among other paintings on view are a cheerful, heroic "Aurora," in which the goddess is borne aloft by a dove and holds a crescent moon, and an Amazonian nude on horseback, titled "Hello Calvados," which has some of the unbridled oomph of a Rosa Bonheur. In addition to these lion-like paintings, Georges' work has a bit of Dumbo to it—a buoyant silliness. But the really wonderful thing about Georges is his directness. He paints in a flat, broad, bright style and, no matter how highfalutin his subject, without fussy falseness of any kind.



David Rabinowitch

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Al-Andalus: The Art of Islamic Spain" includes more than a hundred works of art, from a wood ceiling to a mosaic dado to an ivory coffin. Through Sept. 27. . . . ¶ The recent donation of the Perls collection—a hundred and sixty-three objects from the kingdom of Benin—has substantially redefined the museum's African holdings. This exhibition of the collection is a welcome relief from the rigid theatre of many of the museum's blockbusters: it enables viewers to make their own discoveries. Through Sept. 13. . . . ¶ "Modern Design: 1890-1990" shows off the museum's holdings in twentieth-century furniture, architectural and design drawings, glass, ceramics, and other objects. Through Oct. 25. . . . **NOTE:** The museum's roof garden, planted with eight sculptures by Rodin, is open when the weather permits. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"The Young Rebel in American Photography, 1950-1970" presents work by, among others, Diane Arbus, Larry Clark, Bruce Davidson, Robert Frank, and Lee Friedlander. Through Oct. 13. (See Photography listing.). . . ¶ In an effort that is not without its ironies, Erika Rothenberg has lately been struggling to find a resonant way of combining her illustrational style with a political agenda favored by the small, already converted art world she has chosen to address. A recent gallery show gave evidence of a breakthrough of sorts; her series of sardonic "greeting cards," which took on such subjects as racism, child abuse, and political exploitation, was chillingly unfunny. Now she has carried this tack even further, by transforming the museum's "Projects" space into a card shop à la Hallmark; unfortunately, all this display accomplishes is to show how easily surfeit can destroy a good idea. Rothenberg treats the space as if it were an extension of the museum's gift shop, and this may explain why her show always seems to be crowded. But once she captures her audience, she seems incapable of doing anything with it—the work elicits neither laughter nor outrage. Through Aug. 25. . . . ¶ "Louis I. Kahn: In the Realm of Architecture." The unspoken question that this retrospective seems to be grappling with is, What was it that transformed Kahn's middling-good modern-architecture practice into a remarkable mission? Until about 1950, when Kahn was middle-aged (he died in 1974), all he had produced were decent buildings, mostly in a skimpy-looking modernist vein. Kahn's extraordinary transition from the correct to the transcendent is first apparent in the plain but definitely classy Yale University Art Gallery (1951-53). He obtained this commission while on sabbatical at the American Academy in Rome, during which he travelled and made sketches of classical buildings and statuary. Soon afterward, even his scale models assumed an ancient glow. Kahn's late works, from the sixties and early seventies—including institutional buildings in India and Bangladesh; the Salk Institute, in La Jolla, California; the Kimbell Art Museum, in Fort Worth, Texas; and the library at Phillips Exeter Academy, in New Hampshire—are glorious edifices that radiate a sense of passionate purpose. Through Aug. 18. . . . ¶ A small, pleasant exhibition of the Finnish designer Kaj Franck's gloriously spare designs. Particularly impressive is his Kilta tableware, which was in production from 1953 to 1975 and still looks contemporary. Its finely tuned colors, in such contrasting shades as deep aqua green and chartreuse, seem like refined versions of our own Fiestaware. Through Oct. 12. . . . **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, at 14 W. 54th St., is open, free, on Fridays and Saturdays from 6 to 10, with musicians from the Juilliard School performing at 7:30. This summer's program is dedicated to the music of John Cage. (The museum is open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Dan Flavin's huge pink neon Maypole, with its surrounding neon rigging—an enlarged version of a 1971 piece—is for the moment the lone occupant of Frank Lloyd Wright's restored Fifth Avenue snail. The Flavin has clout, especially at night, when it conjures the honky-tonk Art Deco motifs of South Miami Beach. Meanwhile, the permanent collection, in the new annex, looks, on the whole, forlorn: crowded, badly lit, and compressed by two museum shops at the top and bottom of the mini-rotunda. Through Aug. 27. (Open daily, except Thursdays, 10 to 8.)

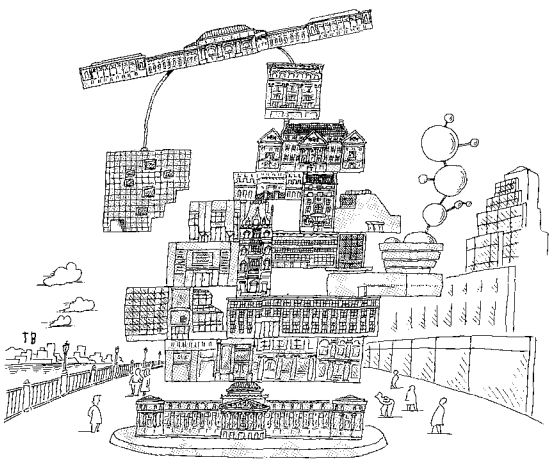
Guggenheim Museum SoHo, 575 Broadway—The new branch, in a loft building whose floors have been transformed by Arata Isozaki, is sleek, with large paintings by Andy Warhol, Antoni Tàpies, Joan Mitchell, and Roy Lichtenstein decorating the reception area. But the inaugural show, grandiosely titled "From Brancusi to Bourgeois," is shameless. It includes, on the ground floor, a group of work by Joseph Beuys and Louise Bourgeois. While her enclosures and display cases are sensationally potent, his installations look as if they had been plunked down in an automobile showroom. On the vast, bisected floor upstairs, the situation is even worse. On one side, white-on-white paintings by Robert Ryman seem to have been hung as backdrops to a group of Brancusi sculptures, while, on the other side several floor pieces by Carl Andre undermine a vast assortment of extraordinary paintings and drawings by Kandinsky, who, as ever, is at once this museum's bulwark and its sacrificial lamb. Through Aug. 27. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings until 10.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—"Homecoming: William H. Johnson and Afro-America, 1938-46" includes eighty paintings made after Johnson returned to the United States from Europe and developed his simplified brilliant-color style. Through Oct. 25. . . . ¶ An auxiliary exhibition, "Parallel Visions," draws on the museum's permanent collection to provide a context for viewing the works of Johnson. Among the artists represented here are Philip Evergood, Edward Hopper, Jacob Lawrence, Ben Shahn, and Alice Trumbull Mason. Through Oct. 25. (Another complementary show, a survey of Johnson's career, can be seen at the Studio Museum in Harlem, through Sept. 20.). . . ¶ An exhibition of landscapes, seascapes, portraits, and boxing scenes by painter and lithographer George Bellows (1882-1925). Through Aug. 30. . . . ¶ The second part of a show of recent additions to the museum's collection; more than seventy paintings and sculptures are included. Through Aug. 23. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Painters of a New Century: The Eight & American Art," an exhibition devoted to the work of the turn-of-the-century painters known as the Eight: Arthur B. Davies, William Glackens, Robert Henri, Ernest Lawson, George Luks, Maurice Prendergast, Everett Shinn, and John Sloan. Sept. 21. . . . ¶ Complementing the "Eight" show is a smaller display of prints, drawings, watercolors, and pastels by these same artists, as well as by George Bellows, Jerome Myers, and Walt Kuhn. Sept. 21. . . . ¶ "Tacit Transit," a new installation, by Korean-born artist Jin Soo Kim, that consists of wire-mesh modules and found objects. Through Sept. 6. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"The Prehistoric Mammals of Charles R. Knight" features thirty paintings and sculptural re-creations by the artist, who, in preparation for his work, painstakingly studied both fossils and living animals. Through Nov. 1. . . . ¶ A large exhibition titled "Global Warming—Understanding the Forecast," which was developed by the museum and the Environmental Defense Fund. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Cross Section" sculpture show

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Since its founding, in 1897, by the three Hewitt sisters, whose goal was to elevate taste in America, the Cooper-Hewitt has accumulated a marvellous albeit rarely displayed library of the decorative arts. "A Design Resource" is a rotating sampler of nearly a thousand objects drawn from the museum's collection. "Animals in Design" and "Designs for Seating" are among the new sections. Through Aug. 30. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 5 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—"An Album of Interiors" consists of more than sixty nineteenth-century watercolors, from two private family collections—one American and one European. Through Aug. 23. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"The Making of America" consists of twenty-nine letters and official documents by such figures as Julia Ward Howe, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and Benjamin Franklin. Through Aug. 30. . . . ¶ Pierpont Morgan's librarian, Belle da Costa Greene (she was also the first director of the Library when it became a public institution), is the subject of a small show of photographs, letters, and memorabilia. Through Aug. 30. . . . ¶ Selections from the permanent collection are on view. Through Aug. 30. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5, Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, Columbus Ave. at 65th St.—"The Art of Embellishment" features fifty painted and stencilled objects—doors, pieces of furniture, tinware, and textiles—from eighteenth- and nineteenth-century American homes. Through Sept. 6. . . . ¶ The American hand-carved walking stick (more varieties than you can shake one at) is the subject of "Step Lively: The Art of the Folk Cane." Through Sept. 13. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11:30 to 7:30.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"St. Petersburg as It Was Leningrad" features forty lithographs by the Russian graphic artist Anatoly Kaplan (1902-1980). Through Aug. 30. . . . ¶ "Walt Whitman and New York." The Long Island-born Brooklynite is celebrated in a show that juxtaposes prose and poetry with nineteenth-century paintings, prints, and photographs. Through Aug. 30. . . . ¶ Two shows of New York images. "Empire City," an exhibition of all the paintings and drawings in the Robert R. Preato collection, features work by George Luks, Abraham Walkowitz, and Theresa Bernstein. "Recent Gifts: Works on Paper" is a display of woodcuts, lithographs, etchings, drawings, and watercolors from the thirties to the eighties. Among the etchings are a group of thirteen made between 1927 and 1930 by the Social Realist Philip Reisman (1904-92). Both shows through Aug. 30. . . . ¶ "Roots and Heritage in Latin American Art," a show of paintings, prints, and posters by Carlos Gonzales Ortiz, Maria Teresa Angulo, Elio Beltran, Bianca Huizard, Rosita Maldonado, and others. Through Aug. 30. . . . ¶ "Broadway! 125 Years of Musical Theatre." A large assortment of objects—including paintings, posters, scripts, models, sheet music, and memorabilia—from nearly seventy-five productions that have bowed on the Great White Way. First seen in New York last summer at the IBM Gallery of Science and Art. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A hundred and twenty-four prints, drawings, and watercolors by the German artist Lovis Corinth (1858-1925). Through Sept. 13. . . . ¶ "Masterworks of American Impressionism from the Pfeil Collection" features eighty-seven paintings, by such artists as Mary Cassatt, Childe Hassam, Lila Cabot Perry, and John Twachtman. Through Aug. 30. . . . ¶ "The Artist's Eye," the first in a series of exhibitions to be curated by artists who are academy members. Philip Pearlstein has done the selecting here; among the forty works on view are Ryder's "Marine" and Sargent's "Portrait of Monet." Through Sept. 27. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5; Friday evenings until 8, with no admission charge after 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"In Life or Death Forever," a comprehensive show commemorating the centenary of Walt Whitman's death, includes a hundred and fifty manuscripts, books, photographs, and letters, culled from both the Berg and Oscar Lion collections. Through Sept. 12. (Berg Exhibition Room.) (Open Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Isamu Noguchi Garden Museum, 32-37 Vernon Blvd., at 33rd Rd., Long Island City—Noguchi (1904-88) designed this oasis for more than two hundred and fifty of his own sculptures. The entire range of his work is on view, from the early surrealistic biomorphic sculptures through several types of stone carvings, and including documentation of his prodigious public-art projects. The centerpiece of the museum is a peaceful, ivy-walled garden dotted with sculptures. (Open Wednesdays and Saturdays, 11 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—A retrospective of the career of William H. Johnson, in conjuction with the "Homecoming" show at the Whitney Museum. Through Sept. 20. . . . ¶ An exhibition of a dozen large-scale paintings and a dozen works on paper by William T. Williams. Through Nov. 15. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

GALLERIES

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

"Paper"—An appealing show of works by seven artists whose principal medium is paper. The selections were made by Kiki Smith, whose own recent show at this gallery demonstrated her mastery of this medium. The most engaging works are those by Lesley Dill. Her "poem shirt," which consists of paper letters hanging high up on a wall in a spill of partially readable words, gives a sense of the fragility of speech; her "poem dress," which is more readable, speaks of alienation. Through Aug. 14. (Fawbush, 76 Grand St. Closed Mondays.)

Short List—Paul Georges, Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (through Aug. 28); **David Rabinowitch,** Flynn, 113 Crosby St. (through Oct. 31).

OTHER VENUES

"Art in the Anchorage"—Creative Time has mounted its ninth annual summer salon in the vaults of the Brooklyn Bridge. On view are six installations, by Helene Aylon, Gretchen Bender, Mildred Howard, Seiko Mikami, the Women's Action Coalition, and Liz Young; a continuous slide presentation of works by photographers Nina Kuo, Dona McAdams, Marilyn Nance, and Lynda Rodolitz; and a memorial exhibition of works by furniture designer and graphic artist Don Ruddy. Several readings, panel discussions, and performances are also scheduled at various times during the run of the show. Through Sept. 20. (Cadman Plaza West at Front St., Brooklyn. Open Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

"Cross Section"—Battery Park City has been transformed into one huge indoor-and-outdoor sculpture park for this show of seventy-five contemporary works, which are on loan from nineteen New York City museums. Among the sixty-five artists represented are Viola Frey, Nam June Paik, Alfredo Jaar, Louise Bourgeois, Christian Marclay, Isamu Noguchi, and Faith Ringgold. Through Sept. 20. (Battery Park City and World Financial Center. Exhibition guides are available at kiosks throughout the area.)

"Putt-Modernism"—An entertaining and provocative eighteen-hole miniature-golf course, in which each hole has been designed by a different contemporary artist. In Gregory Amenoff's piece, the ball travels down a time line of Elvis's life to a cup labelled "Las Vegas: Hole of Fate." Pat Oleszko and Ward Shelley have you trying to outmaneuver their larger-than-life inflatable clown, who wears a hat called Censorama and looks suspiciously like Jesse Helms. The hole designed by Chris Clarke—a Bronx native who used to play miniature golf under the Broadway El—is a comment about the government's neglect of the AIDS epidemic; you putt the ball along a path and then through a replica of the White House made of neon AZT and Zovirax bottles. The golf balls are imprinted with "truisms" by Jenny Holzer ("Raise boys and girls the same way," "Absolute submission can be a form of freedom"). You can rent a putter for five bucks, and just looking is free. Through Sept. 27. (Artists Space, 223 West Broadway. The course is open Thursdays through Saturdays from noon until midnight and Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Sundays from noon until ten.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

FOR the past two years, the Smithsonian Institution, in association with Constance Sullivan Editions, has been quietly releasing a wonderful series of books. The over-all title of the series is "Photographers at Work," and what's especially refreshing about the publications is their down-to-earth approach. All of them are paperbacks, printed on sturdy, serviceable stock and containing a satisfying number of quality color reproductions; all contain informative, unpretentious interviews; and all are modestly priced ($15.95). The series is full of variety, if not exactly surprises. The photographers covered so far are Mary Ellen Mark, Jan Groover, Joel Meyerowitz, Jay Maisel, Tina Barney, and Nicholas Nixon.

This month, two more titles will be released: "Hotel Room with a View," by Bruce Weber, and "Travels in the American West," by Len Jenshel. Jenshel's color work is not as well known as that of the others in the series, so his inclusion is welcome. He has a sharp sense of what makes a picture pop; seeing his work this time, we were struck by a 1991 photograph taken at Mauna Kea, Hawaii. The image is romantic in a very modern way—it's abstract yet contains patches of highly defined detail.

The Smithsonian has scheduled two new titles for autumn. One will comprise photographs of Mikhail Baryshnikov by Annie Leibovitz. The other will present pictures that Lee Friedlander has taken of his wife, Maria, throughout their twenty-some years of marriage. Coincidentally, Pantheon will also be publishing a collection of Friedlander's photographs this fall, one reflecting another of the photographer's long-term love affairs—jazz. "The Jazz People of New Orleans" (with an afterword by Whitney Balliett) will undoubtedly bring readers the same kind of pleasure the photographer says taking the pictures brought him.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Perhaps the one thing worse than dying is outliving your money.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It may well be your worst fear.

Far more frightening to us, however, is how few people are being told what the future has in store and how to plan for it.

Our purpose in bringing to you the following information isn't to scare you, but merely to help prepare you.

You're probably going to live a lot longer than you think.

Not so long ago, if you were lucky enough to live to retirement age, you'd have very little time left to worry about providing for it.

Today, if you reach the age of 55, and you almost certainly will, the odds are that you'll live until you're 77 years old. And, while the median life span is constantly increasing, the median retirement age is constantly decreasing.

Most people now retire at a little over 60, leaving them with 17 non-working years to provide for. Of course, you could live a lot longer.

To have your birthday announced on NBC's "Today Show," it would help to be 105; there are just too many people celebrating their 100th birthday to mention them all.

Social Security will only pay for a small fraction of your retirement needs.

Despite all the dire predictions, we believe Social Security will be around to help you in some form.

But, you can't let it give you a false sense of security; the current maximum benefit is just $1,088 per month.

If you are fortunate enough to have a company pension plan, this can help too, although on average, it will only account for another 16% of your needs.

There's one other nasty number that will factor into everybody's future: the rate of inflation. For the period 1967–1990, the average rate of inflation was 6.3%, which dwindled the purchasing power of $30,000 held uninvested to just $7,500.

There are also a number of other phenomena to consider that could prove to be a drain on your finances.

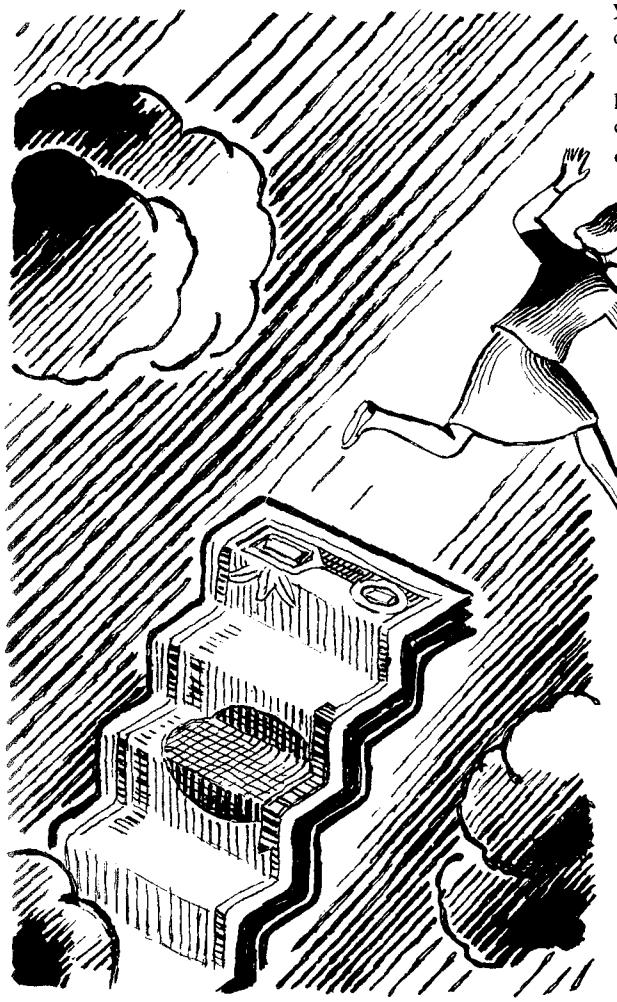
For example, in the future it won't be so unusual for your retired parents to still be alive when you retire.

And if, like a lot of other people, you had children late in life, you could be paying for college at the time people used to save the most for their retirement.

It's not just how much you save, it's how much money your savings earn.

If you've read this far, it should be painfully obvious that you don't need us or any other financial institution to simply tell you to save for your future.

The return for investing wisely can be a much richer retirement.



A few percentage points may not seem like much in the short term, but, as we've already established, you're in this for the long term.

$50,000 returning 8% instead of a paltry 4% would yield $124,000 more over 20 years.

Take advantage of a tax-deferred plan by not only reinvesting the interest, but also the untaxed interest, and you'll see an even bigger return. (The government taxes you enough, don't they?)

A $2,000 annual contribution to an IRA earning 8% will add up to $98,846 over 20 years. In a taxable account it will only accumulate $73,743.*

And what many people think of as the riskiest investment may be your safest bet of all: the stock market.

Over the last 65 years, the *Standard & Poor's* 500 produced an average annual total return of 10.4%.

If it continues to perform in the same way, $50,000 invested with only average success would be worth $361,702 in 20 years, assuming reinvestment of dividends.

Of course, one of the first principles of building your principal is designing a balanced portfolio. This could, for instance, include cash, bonds, moderate and aggressive growth equities, tangible assets and international investments. And your greatest asset will be a financial advisor you can trust.

Your golden years can be truly golden.

At Prudential Securities we don't think you should spend your later life counting loose change. Your objective should be to enjoy retirement, not simply survive it. As such, financial planning is too important to be done by "clipping a coupon" or left to amateurs.

To this end, we have Prudential Securities Branch Offices throughout the country. And if you make an appointment with a Prudential Securities Financial Advisor, he or she will take as long as it takes to get a thorough understanding of your total financial picture.

Only then can we tailor a financial strategy that fits your personal needs, aspirations and security.

And you don't have to bring your checkbook: this service is free. (It always has been.)

If you have any questions or would like the address of your nearest Prudential Securities Branch Office, feel free to call us at 1-800-654-5454, ext. 1331.

We also have offices in every major financial center around the world, if they can be of any help to you.

Someone said something recently that we think is worth remembering.

A famous actor's parting advice to the world was, "Live every day."

We'd like to add, "And plan to afford to live every day to the fullest."

Prudential Securities

*TAXABLE ACCOUNT VALUE IS BASED ON A 31% TAX BRACKET. SOURCE: PSI RETIREMENT AND FINANCIAL CONSULTING DIVISION. PAST PERFORMANCE IS NOT A GUARANTEE OF FUTURE RESULTS.

©1992 PRUDENTIAL SECURITIES INCORPORATED. MEMBER SIPC.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PHOTOGRAPHY–Cont'd

"American Photographs: Traditional Themes by Contemporary Photographers"—This is the kind of tight, focussed show that makes you want more. Each of the six photographers here is presented under a different subheading. Under "Natural Wonders" is a huge and luscious Lynn Davis photograph titled "Grand Geyser," which was taken in Yellowstone National Park; "The Family" is shown through Sally Mann's psychologically ripe color pictures, which are a little less edgy than those in her recent show at Houk Friedman; and "The Road" belongs to Richard Misrach's atmospheric, romantic, color-sophisticated C-prints. In this summer of Presidential-campaign fever, the subject of "Flags" has cleverly been given to Robert Mapplethorpe and "Pioneers" to Annie Leibovitz, whose simple portrait of Jessye Norman—with her eyes shut, her mouth open, and her hands almost touching her face—makes you feel as though you could actually hear her incomparable singing; the picture conveys both intense concentration and a strong faith in the power of the human voice. Finally, there is a group called "Clouds," taken by Bruce Weber. These images, which recall Alfred Stieglitz' photographs on the same subject, prove that some subjects really are infinite in their possibilities. Through Aug. 14. (Danziger, 415 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

"The Young Rebel in American Photography, 1950-1970"—A perennial American type is being explored in this smart show. In photography no less than in movies and literature, new images of the rebel seem to arise with every generation, and they exert enormous influence on popular culture. Some of the images here seem innocent by today's standards—such as Bruce Davidson's photographs of a gang of teen-agers whose symbols of rebellion are cigarettes and beer. But there are also tougher pictures, such as Larry Clark's 1971 photographs of kids shooting up, and Diane Arbus's picture of a transvestite sitting on a bed. The other photographers represented are Larry Fink, Robert Frank, Lee Friedlander, William Gale Gedney, Allen Ginsberg, Danny Lyon, and Joseph Sterling. Through Oct. 13. (Museum of Modern Art.)

"An Enduring Interest: The Photographs of Alexander Gardner"—Gardner's many portraits of Abraham Lincoln are endlessly fascinating character studies, and his Civil War photographs—which he published himself, along with the work of several colleagues, in "Gardner's Photographic Sketch Book of the War"—combine fact and emotion so persuasively that he has been called one of the inventors of photojournalism. He took casual as well as formal portraits of Union officers and enlisted men, he photographed Confederate prisoners and wounded soldiers, and he memorialized the dead on the battlefield, who are seen as weighted forms among the rocks and sticks, already part of the earth beneath them. Through Sept. 6. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesdays until 8.)

"Special Collections: The Photographic Order from Pop to Now"—This large exhibition has two main concerns: the first is the manner in which modern photographers have incorporated ideas of collecting, grouping, and classification into their work; the second is photography's enormous flexibility as an art form. Artists represented include Bernd and Hilla Becher, Annette Messager, Richard Prince, Ed Ruscha, and Dennis Adams. Through Oct. 16. (International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St. Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

"Recent Celebrity Photography"—Seventy color and black-and-white portraits by such artists as Brigitte Lacombe, Steven Meisel, Matthew Rolston, and Helmut Newton. Through Sept. 6. (American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. Open daily, except Mondays, noon to 4; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

Short List—Linda Butler, Witkin, 415 West Broadway (closed Mondays, through Aug. 21); **Eadweard Muybridge,** Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St. (closed Mondays, through Aug. 13); **Thomas Tulis,** Frumkin-Adams, 50 W. 57th St. (through Aug. 14); **Todd Webb,** Houk Friedman, 1094 Madison Ave., at 82nd St. (closed Mondays, through Aug. 28).

MUSIC

Lincoln Center's long Mozart party is drawing to a close, and this week and next the hosts are wrapping things up in the opera department. Nine operas or sort-of operas are being given, in concert form, between August 10 and August 22: "Mitridate, Rè di Ponto," "La Finta Semplice," "Apollo et Hyacinthus," "Thamos, König in Ägypten," "Il Rè Pastore," "Lucio Silla," "Il Sogno di Scipione," "Der Schauspieldirektor," and "Ascanio in Alba." None of them except "Der Schauspieldirektor" ("The Impresario") are well known. Their Köchel numbers range from 38 to 486, but most of them are clustered below 200. Mozart attained his twentieth birthday somewhere around K. 240; the music he wrote earlier is impressive and occasionally marvellous, though in large doses and quick succession it can sometimes be boring.

Cecilia Bartoli at Mostly Mozart

Still, there's a lot to pique curiosity in these early scores. Mozart wrote Italian opera all his life, but his actual operatic career in Italy was limited to guest stints in 1770, 1771, and 1772 at the Regio Ducal Teatro, in Milan; and who knows how long it will be before all three of his Milan operas ("Mitridate," "Ascanio," and "Silla") are again lined up for comparison? Some of the singers in the cast lists are appealing, and surely there are hundreds of operagoers who have loved the frequently extracted and recorded aria "L'amerò, sarò costante," with its sweet violin obbligato, and wondered what else might be in "Il Rè Pastore." Nine obscure operas in thirteen days! At worst, it will be a sight-reading-of-the-leftovers affair, but it could also be a feast of singing and a fascinating look at what we might call the sketches—since Mozart rarely needed to make sketches of the ordinary kind—for "Figaro," "Don Giovanni," and the rest.

IN TOWN—OPERA

New York City Opera—Rigoletto, with Sheryl Woods, Robynne Redmon, Martin Thompson, Sigmund Cowan, and Edmund Toliver; conducted by Joseph Colaneri. (Aug. 11 at 8 and Aug. 15 at 1:30.). . . **La Traviata,** with Joan Gibbons, Mark Marriott, and Jeffrey Kneebone; Guido Ajmone-Marsan. (Aug. 13 at 8.). . . **La Bohème,** with Gwynne Geyer, Nina Warren, Robert Brubaker, and Eugene Perry; Mark Gibson. (Aug. 14 at 8.). . . **Turandot,** with Catherine Kelly, Eva Zseller, Vincenzo Scuderi, and Harry Dworchak; Steven Sloane. (Aug. 15 and Aug. 19 at 8.). . . **Carmen,** in a new production, with Sharon Graham, Patricia Racette, John Absalom, and Dean Peterson; Guido Ajmone-Marsan. (Aug. 16 at 1:30 and Aug. 18 at 8.) (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

Mozart Operas in Concert—Opening performances of a festival that will present nine of the composer's operas. Aug. 10: "Mitridate, Rè di Ponto," with Juliana Gondek, Pamela South, Tatiana Troyanos, and Gran Wilson; Gerard Schwarz conducts the New York Chamber Symphony. . . . ¶ Aug. 12: "La Finta Semplice," in its New York première, with Helen Donath, Heidi Grant Murphy, Anthony Laciura, Jan Opalach, and Richard Zeller; Leopold Hager conducts the New York Chamber Symphony. . . . ¶ Aug. 13: A double bill of "Apollo et Hyacinthus" (a comedy in Latin, and the eleven-year-old composer's first stage work, unless you count a slightly earlier sacred Singspiel) and Mozart's incidental music to Baron Tobias Phillip von Gebler's Masonic play "Thamos, König in Ägypten," with Julianne Baird and Frederick Urrey in the former, and Julia Price and Mr. Urrey in the latter; with Davis Jerome conducting the Mozart Orchestra of Philadelphia in both. . . . ¶ Aug. 15: "Il Rè Pastore," with Joyce Guyer, Kaaren Erickson, and Paul Austin Kelly; Gerard Schwarz conducts the New York Chamber Symphony. . . . ¶ Aug. 18: "Il Sogno di Scipione," in its U.S. première, with Renée Fleming, Pamela Coburn, and Robert Swensen; Claudio Scimone conducts the New York Chamber Symphony. (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. Evenings at 7:30. . . . **NOTE:** The festival's *ninth* opera, "Lucio Silla," to be performed at Avery Fisher Hall on Aug. 17, is listed under the Mostly Mozart Festival.

IN TOWN—CONCERTS

New York Philharmonic—Samuel Wong conducts free outdoor concerts that comprise Brahms' "Academic Festival Overture" and six of his Hungarian Dances, as well as Dvořák's Symphony No. 6. (Central Park's Great Lawn. Aug. 10, with fireworks following. . . . ¶ Great Kills Park, Staten Island. Aug. 11. . . . ¶ Prospect Park, Brooklyn. Aug. 13, with fireworks. . . . ¶ Cunningham Park, Queens. Aug. 14. Evenings at 8. For rain-date information, call 875-5709.)

Mostly Mozart Festival—Aug. 11-12 at 8: Edo de Waart conducts an all-Mozart program that comprises two symphonies (including the late G-Minor, K. 550), several arias (with mezzo-soprano Susan Graham), and the Concerto for Two Pianos (K. 365, featuring Emanuel Ax and Yoko Nozaki). . . . **NOTE:** In a pre-concert recital, the three soloists will present works by Mozart, Schumann, and Wolf. . . . ¶ Aug. 13 at 8: Violinist Pinchas Zukerman and pianist Marc Neikrug perform Mozart's C-Major Violin Sonata (K. 303), and colleagues join them for Mozart's G-Minor String Quintet (K. 516) and Schumann's Piano Quintet. . . . **NOTE:** In a pre-concert recital, pianist Eduardus Halim will perform works by Mozart, in addition to Liszt's "Réminiscences de Don Juan." . . . ¶ Aug. 14-15 at 8: Edo de Waart conducts the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra in Mozart's Symphony No. 5 (K. 22) and C-Major Piano Concerto (K. 467, with Jeffrey Kahane), as well as Haydn's Symphony No. 92 (the "Oxford") and C-Major Violin Concerto (with Mr. Zukerman). . . . **NOTE:** In a pre-concert recital, Mr. Kahane will perform Mozart's B-Minor Adagio and F-Major Sonata (K. 332). . . . ¶ Aug. 17 at 7:30: Mozart's early opera "Lucio Silla," with Harolyn Blackwell, Cecilia Bartoli, Vinson Cole, and J. Patrick Raftery; Gerard Schwarz conducts the New York Chamber Symphony and the Mostly Mozart Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Aug. 18 at 8: The Kalichstein-Laredo-Robinson Trio, plus colleagues, perform music by Mozart, Beethoven (his Clarinet Trio), Mendelssohn (his C-Minor Piano Trio), and Brahms (his Horn Trio). . . . **NOTE:** In a pre-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

concert recital, the ensemble will perform Mozart's Trio in B-Flat (K. 502). . . . ¶ Aug. 19-20 at 8: Mezzo-soprano Cecilia Bartoli will sing arias by Mozart and Rossini, and Yefim Bronfman will be featured in Mozart's D-Major Piano Concerto (K. 537), with Gerard Schwarz conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra; instrumental works by Rossini and Mendelssohn (his "Italian" Symphony) round out the program. . . . NOTE: In pre-concert recitals both evenings, violinist Mitchell Stern and Mr. Bronfman will perform Mozart's Violin Sonata in B-Flat (K. 454). (Avery Fisher Hall. 875-5030. Pre-concert recitals, which are open to ticketholders, begin at 7.)

BARGEMUSIC—Mihae Lee performs Haydn's C-Major Piano Sonata (No. 50); cellist Ronald Thomas joins her for Shostakovich's D-Minor Cello Sonata; and violinist Mark Peskanov rounds out the ensemble for Schubert's Piano Trio in E-Flat. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. Aug. 13-14 at 7:30, and Aug. 16 at 4.)

SUMMERGARDEN AT MOMA—A staging of John Cage's "Europera 5," performed by Juilliard students and graduates. (Sculpture Garden, Museum of Modern Art, 14 W. 54th St. Aug. 14-15 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

PHILHARMONIA VIRTUOSI—Richard Kapp conducts an all-American program. (Pier 16, South Street Seaport, East River at Fulton St. Aug. 15 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Engelbert Humperdinck

YES, YES, NONETS—Tired of trios? Queasy from quintets? Chamber music enthusiasts can catch an unusual coupling of two nonets, performed by the Bronx Arts Ensemble—one by the nineteenth-century German composer Josef Rheinberger and the other by the Chinese-American composer Soong Fu Yuan (who will conduct). (Rockwood Drive Circle, Van Cortlandt Park, the Bronx. Aug. 16 at 2. . . . ¶ McGinley Center, Fordham University, the Bronx. Aug. 16 at 4. No tickets necessary for either concert. For information, call 1-718 601-7399.)

OUT OF TOWN

TANGLEWOOD—Aug. 12 at 7: Yo-Yo Ma performs Bach's six suites for solo cello. . . . ¶ Aug. 14 at 8:30: John Nelson conducts the Boston Symphony in Berlioz's "Benvenuto Cellini" Overture and "Les Nuits d'Été" (with mezzo-soprano Frederica von Stade), in addition to Rimsky-Korsakov's "Scheherazade." . . . NOTE: In a pre-concert recital, beginning at 6:30 and open to ticketholders, an ensemble will play chamber works of Mozart and Charles-Martin Loeffler. . . . ¶ Aug. 15 at 8:30: John Nelson conducts the Boston Symphony in Rachmaninoff's Symphony No. 2, Mozart's Flute Concerto No. 1 (with James Galway), and orchestral arrangements of Debussy piano pieces. . . . ¶ Aug. 16 at 2:30: Gerard Schwarz conducts the Lincoln Center Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra in Mozart's Symphony No. 39, Piano Concerto in D Major (K. 451, with Rudolf Firkušný), and Sinfonia Concertante (K. 364, featuring violinist Malcolm Lowe and violist Burton Fine). (Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 1-413 637-1940.)

BARD MUSIC FESTIVAL—The opening events of a two-week exploration of Richard Strauss, his music, and his world, through concerts and lectures. Aug. 14 at 8: Chamber music, lieder, and a melodrama by Strauss, as well as Ludwig Thuille's Piano Quintet, all suggesting the musical climate of fin-de-siècle Munich. . . . NOTE: Leon Botstein and Sarah Rothenberg, co-directors of the festival, will present a pre-concert lecture, beginning at 7. . . . ¶ Aug. 15 at 2:30: Chamber music relating to the early-twentieth-century Mozart revival, with music by Strauss, Reger, Busoni, Ernst Toch, and Mozart. . . . NOTE: Mr. Botstein will present a pre-concert lecture, beginning at 1:30. . . . ¶ Aug 15 at 8: Leon Botstein conducts the Festival Orchestra in an all-Strauss program, including his Fanfares for Brass and Tympani, his "Munich: Commemorative Waltz," and symphonic excerpts from various stage works. . . . NOTE: Bryan Gilliam will present a pre-concert lecture, beginning at 7. . . . ¶ Aug. 16 at 2: Chamber music by several of Strauss's contemporaries who travelled an avant-garde path, including Hindemith, Toch, Weill, Schreker, Krenek, and Schoenberg. . . . NOTE: The concert will be preceded by a panel discussion at 11 A.M. and a lecture by Michael P. Steinberg at 1. . . . ¶ Aug. 16 at 4:30: A guided tour of a reconstruction of a 1938 Nazi-organized exhibition about "degenerate" music. . . . ¶ Aug. 16 at 7: Baritone William Sharp, pianist Steven Blier, and colleagues explore the fine line between the popular and artistic musical aesthetics of Strauss's time; including works by Schoenberg, Weill, Frank Wedekind, Hans Eisler, and Oscar Straus and Josef Strauss (neither a relative of Richard's). (Bard College, Annandale-on-Hudson. Call 1-914 758-7559 for information about tickets and specific locations. Through Aug. 23.)

CARAMOOR MUSIC FESTIVAL—Final concerts of the season. Aug. 14 at 8:30: Musicians of the Bridgehampton Chamber Music Festival perform chamber works by Mozart, Shostakovich, Dvořák, and Arthur Foote. . . . ¶ Aug. 15 at 8:30: The Dave Brubeck Quartet. . . . ¶ Aug. 16 at 5:30: Jaime Laredo serves double duty as conductor and violin soloist in Vivaldi's "The Four Seasons," with the Orchestra of St. Luke's. The program also includes Bach's "Brandenburg" Concertos No. 3 and No. 5 (with flutist Elizabeth Mann and harpsichordist Robert Wolinsky joining Mr. Laredo as the concertino in the latter). (Katonah, N.Y. For information about tickets, call 1-914 232-1252.)

JAZZ/POP/ROCK PERSONAL APPEARANCES

NEVILLE BROTHERS—The commercial resuscitation of this New Orleans band continues with the release of their ninth album, "Family Groove," following in the wake of "Brother's Keeper" (1990) and "Yellow Moon," their 1987 breakthrough record. There's a little too much synthesizer and studio stiffness on the new record, along with the expected highlights, but no one should worry about the Neville Brothers becoming a conventional R. & B. act. The ebony sheen of the finest sixties soul still resonates in the overlapping voices of the four brothers, and Aaron Neville, in particular, still possesses an astounding voice that is sweet and wide-ranging and pure. (Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, mid-Park at 72nd St. Aug. 13 at 7. For tickets, call 307-7171.)

NEIL DIAMOND—In 1966, at the age of twenty-five, this Brooklyn native "couldn't figure out how to write the hit songs of the day," as he confessed recently. He "didn't feel part of the flower generation." But when a new label, called Bang Records, gave him a shot at recording his songs, Diamond reinvented himself as a low-voiced, rasping troubadour, and came through with "Solitary Man," "Cherry, Cherry," and "Kentucky Woman." Before the decade was over, he had become part of the amazing and unrepeatable Top 40 sound of those years. ("Sweet Caroline," "Holly Holy," and "Cracklin' Rosie" will probably sound fresh forever.) But Neil Diamond definitely wasn't a flower child, and even after the great songs stopped appearing, his affinity for middle-of-the-road schmalz and late-Elvis-style showmanship kept his career rolling right on through the seventies and eighties. There can hardly be any surprises left in a Neil Diamond concert, but the man in the sequinned shirt can still give his nostalgic fans what they want without becoming a Vegas mannequin. This homecoming stand, which comes at the halfway point in a sold-out world tour, also coincides with the release of two fascinating career-retrospective boxed sets. It should be a grand, corny, rocking affair. (Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. Aug. 13-16 and Aug. 20-21 at 8.)

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN—Meadowlands Arena. 1-201 935-3900. Aug. 10 at 7:30.

LOLLAPALOOZA '92—The Red Hot Chili Peppers, Ministry, Ice Cube, Soundgarden, the Jesus and Mary Chain, Lush, and Pearl Jam. (Jones Beach Theatre. 1-516 221-1000. Aug. 11 at 4.)

SOPHIE B. HAWKINS—Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Aug. 11 at 8.

U2—Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. 1-201 935-3900. Aug. 12-13 at 7.

NATALIE COLE—Jones Beach Theatre. Aug. 14 at 8.

ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 247-4777. Aug. 15 at 8.

DAVID BYRNE—Jones Beach Theatre. Aug. 15 at 8. . . . ¶ Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Aug. 19 at 8.

ROSCO GORDON AND GEORGE COLEMAN—Brooklyn Museum Sculpture Garden, Eastern Parkway. Aug. 16 at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.

DAN FOGELBERG—Jones Beach Theatre. Aug. 16 at 8.

CHAKA KHAN—With El DeBarge. (Beacon Theatre. Aug. 18 at 8.)

THE ALLMAN BROTHERS BAND—Jones Beach Theatre. Aug. 18 at 8.

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

YANKEES—Vs. the Oakland A's, Aug. 18-20 at 7:30.

METS—Vs. the Pittsburgh Pirates, Aug. 10-11 at 7:40 and Aug. 12 at 1:40. . . . ¶ Vs. the Philadelphia Phillies, Aug. 14 at 7:40, Aug. 15 at 7:10, and Aug. 16 at 3:10.
(The Yankees play at Yankee Stadium, 1-718 293-6000; and the Mets play at Shea Stadium, 1-718 507-8499.)

RACING

HORSES—At Saratoga Springs: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1. The Alabama is on Aug. 15. Through Aug. 31. . . . At Monmouth Park, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays, except Mondays and Thursdays, at 1:05. Through Sept. 6. . . . At Atlantic City Race Course: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:25. Through Sept. 5. . . . **TROTTING** at Yonkers Raceway: Mondays through Saturdays at 8 and Tuesdays at 1; Sundays at 6:15. . . . At the Meadowlands: Weeknights at 7:30. Through Aug. 14. . . . At Saratoga Raceway, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 7:45.

ABOVE AND BEYOND

"LINCOLN CENTER OUT-OF-DOORS"—A free festival of performing arts in the environs of Lincoln Center. Aug. 11 at 5:30: Dances by Victoria Marks, Yoshiko Chuma, and Amy Pivar. . . . At 8:15: The Trisha Brown Company. . . . ¶ Aug. 12 at 5:30: Gypsy dances from Turkey and Morocco. . . . At 8:15: The Trisha Brown Company. . . . ¶ Aug. 13 at 6:30: Craig Harris and Tailgater's Tales. . . . ¶ Aug. 14 at 5:30: The String Trio of New York. . . . At 8:15: Garth Fagan Dance. . . . ¶ Aug. 15, starting at 1: A day of performances by various kinds of clowns. . . . At 8:15: Garth Fagan Dance. . . . ¶ Aug. 16 at 3:30: The Maine French Fiddlers. . . . At 7: R. & B. music by Jimmy McGriff, Bill Doggett, and Deanna Bogart. . . . ¶ Aug. 18 at 5:30: Risa Jaroslow & Dancers in a performance piece that involves small wading pools. . . . At 8:15: "Borderline Rendezvous," a dance-performance work by the Cloud Chamber I.D.T., a group from the Netherlands. . . . ¶ Aug. 19 at 5:30: Dance works by Marlies Yearby, Zvi Gotheiner, and Hilary Easton. . . . At 8:15: "Borderline Rendezvous." (The festival continues through Aug. 30.)

WALKS—Aug. 14 at 6: Across the Brooklyn Bridge and through Brooklyn Heights, sponsored by Big Onion Walking Tours. For more information, call 439-1090. . . . ¶ Aug. 15 at 1: Around Chinatown and Little Italy, sponsored by Citywalks. For more information, call 989-2456. . . . ¶ Aug. 16 at 3: A stroll around Murray Hill, erstwhile home of J. P. Morgan, Franklin Roosevelt, and other notables. Sponsored by Adventure on a Shoestring. For more information, call 265-2663.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

ANGELIKA FILM CENTER, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "Enchanted April" (†).
Theatre 2: "Mediterraneo" (directed by Gabriele Salvatores, in Italian).
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 13: (Separate admissions) "Hear My Song" (Peter Chelsom), with Ned Beatty; and "Antonia and Jane" (Beeban Kidron), with Imelda Staunton and Saskia Reeves. From Aug. 14: "The Living End" (Gregg Araki), Craig Gilmore, Mike Dytri, and Darcy Marta.
Theatre 4: Through Aug. 13: "Zentropa" (Lars Von Trier, in English and German), with Jean-Marc Barr, Barbara Sukowa, and Eddie Constantine. From Aug. 14: "Johnny Suede" (Tom DiCillo), with Brad Pitt and Catherine Keener.
Theatre 5: "Night on Earth" (Jim Jarmusch).
Theatre 6: "Delicatessen" (Jean-Pierre Jeunet and Marc Caro, in French), with Dominique Pinon and Marie-Laure Dougnac.

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
Aug. 10: Theatre closed.
Aug. 11: "Clash by Night" (1952, Fritz Lang), with Barbara Stanwyck, Paul Douglas, Robert Ryan, Keith Andes, and J. Carrol Naish; and "The Prince and the Showgirl" (1957, Laurence Olivier), with Monroe and Olivier.
Aug. 12: "The Journey, Chapters 1-6" (Peter Watkins).
Aug. 13: "The Journey, Chapters 7-13."
Aug. 14: "The Journey, Chapters 14-19."
Aug. 15-16: "The Journey, Chapters 1-3, 8-9, and 17-19."
Aug. 17: Theatre closed.
Aug. 18: "The Journey, Chapters 1-6."
Aug. 19: "The Journey, Chapters 7-13."

NEWMAN THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
Aug. 10: Theatre closed.
Aug. 11-13: (Separate admission) "The Night of the Hunter" (1955, Charles Laughton), with Robert Mitchum, Shelley Winters, and Lillian Gish; "Let's Make Love" (1960, George Cukor), with Marilyn Monroe, Yves Montand, and Milton Berle; and "How to Marry a Millionaire" (1953, Jean Negulesco), with Monroe, Betty Grable, and Lauren Bacall.
From Aug. 14: (Separate admission) "The Night of the Hunter"; and "Blue Velvet" (1986, David Lynch), with Kyle MacLachlan, Isabella Rossellini, Dennis Hopper, Laura Dern, and Dean Stockwell.

MOVIELAND 8TH STREET TRIPLEX, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Boomerang" (†).
Theatre 2: "Unforgiven" (†).
Theatre 3: "Unlawful Entry" (†).

LOEWS VILLAGE THEATRE VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th. (982-0400)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 13: "Patriot Games" (†). From Aug. 14: "Diggstown" (Michael Ritchie), with James Woods, Louis Gossett, Jr., and Bruce Dern.
Theatre 2: "Bebe's Kids" (Bruce Smith), an animated film.
Theatre 3: "A League of Their Own" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Best Intentions" (†).
Theatre 5: Through Aug. 13: "Batman Returns" (†). From Aug. 14: "Single White Female" (Barbet Schroeder), with Bridget Fonda and Jennifer Jason Leigh.
Theatre 6: "One False Move" (†).
Theatre 7: Through Aug. 13: "A League of Their Own" (†). From Aug. 14: "Stay Tuned" (Peter Hyams), with John Ritter and Pam Dawber.

VILLAGE EAST CINEMAS, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (529-6799)
Theatre 1: "Sister Act" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Player" (†).
Theatre 3: "London Kills Me" (Hanif Kureishi), with Justin Chadwick.
Theatre 4: "Honey, I Blew Up the Kid" (Randal Kleiser), with Rick Moranis and Marcia Strassman.
Theatre 5: "Mo' Money" (Peter Macdonald), with Damon Wayans.
Theatre 6: "A Stranger Among Us" (†).
Theatre 7: "3 Ninjas" (Jon Turteltaub), with Victor Wong.

LOEWS 19TH STREET EAST 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: "Universal Soldier" (†).

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19			

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 16.

Theatre 2: "Whispers in the Dark" (Christopher Crowe), with Annabella Sciorra.
Theatre 3: "Boomerang" (†).
Theatre 4: "Whispers in the Dark."
Theatre 5: "Cool World" (Ralph Bakshi), with Kim Basinger, Gabriel Byrne, and Brad Pitt.
Theatre 6: "Unforgiven" (†).

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"The Playboys" (Gillies Mackinnon), with Aidan Quinn, Robin Wright, and Albert Finney.

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through Aug. 13: "Buffy the Vampire Slayer" (Fran Rubel Kuzui), with Kristy Swanson and Luke Perry.
From Aug. 14: "Single White Female" (Barbet Schroeder), with Bridget Fonda and Jennifer Jason Leigh.

MURRAY HILL CINEMAS, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)
Theatre 1: "3 Ninjas" (Jon Turteltaub), with Victor Wong.
Theatre 2: "Raising Cain" (Brian De Palma), with John Lithgow.
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 13: "A Stranger Among Us" (†). From Aug. 14: "Diggstown" (Michael Ritchie), with James Woods, Louis Gossett, Jr., and Bruce Dern.
Theatre 4: "Bebe's Kids" (Bruce Smith), an animated film; and "Boomerang" (†).

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Whispers in the Dark" (Christopher Crowe), with Annabella Sciorra.
Theatre 2: "Unforgiven" (†).
Theatre 3: "Mo' Money" (Peter Macdonald), with Damon Wayans.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Death Becomes Her" (Robert Zemeckis), with Meryl Streep, Bruce Willis, and Goldie Hawn.

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Patriot Games" (†).

SUTTON 1 AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Theatre 1: "3 Ninjas" (Jon Turteltaub), with Victor Wong.
Theatre 2: "One False Move" (†).

CROWN GOTHAM, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Unlawful Entry" (†).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Raise the Red Lantern" (Zhang Yimou; in Chinese).

MANHATTAN TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Boomerang" (†).
Theatre 2: "Boomerang" (†).

59TH STREET EAST CINEMA, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Bebe's Kids" (Bruce Smith), an animated film.

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Mo' Money" (Peter Macdonald), with Damon Wayans.
Theatre 2: "Death Becomes Her" (Robert Zemeckis), with Meryl Streep, Bruce Willis, and Goldie Hawn.

CINEMA I, CINEMA II, AND CINEMA 3RD AVENUE, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: "A Stranger Among Us" (†).
Theatre 2: "Enchanted April" (†).
Theatre 3: "Sister Act" (†).

ART EAST CINEMA, 1st Ave. at 61st. (644-1111)
Through Aug. 13: "Mediterraneo" (Gabriele Salvatores, in Italian).
From Aug. 14: To be announced.

FIRST & 62ND CINEMAS, 400 E. 62nd. (752-4600)
Theatre 1: "Raising Cain" (Brian De Palma), with John Lithgow.
Theatre 2: "Buffy the Vampire Slayer" (Fran Rubel Kuzui), with Kristy Swanson and Luke Perry.
Theatre 3: "Prelude to a Kiss" (†).
Theatre 4: "Raising Cain."
Theatre 5: Through Aug. 13: (Matinées only) "Pinocchio" (1940), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon; and (evenings only) "The Player" (†). From Aug. 14: "Diggstown" (Michael Ritchie), with James Woods, Louis Gossett, Jr., and Bruce Dern.
Theatre 6: "Honey, I Blew Up the Kid" (Randal Kleiser), with Rick Moranis and Marcia Strassman.

GEMINI 1 AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Batman Returns" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 13: "Universal Soldier" (†). From Aug. 14: "Stay Tuned" (Peter Hyams), with John Ritter and Pam Dawber.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through Aug. 13: "The Best Intentions" (†).
From Aug. 14: "Single White Female" (Barbet Schroeder), with Bridget Fonda and Jennifer Jason Leigh.

LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Whispers in the Dark" (Christopher Crowe), with Annabella Sciorra.
Theatre 2: "Unforgiven" (†).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"London Kills Me" (Hanif Kureishi), with Justin Chadwick.

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"A League of Their Own" (†).

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Bebe's Kids" (Bruce Smith), an animated film.

PARK & 86TH STREET CINEMAS, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "Death Becomes Her" (Robert Zemeckis), with Meryl Streep, Bruce Willis, and Goldie Hawn.
Theatre 2: "Raising Cain" (Brian De Palma), with John Lithgow.

LOEWS ORPHEUM VII, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (876-2400)
Theatre 1: "Sister Act" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 13: "Buffy the Vampire Slayer" (Fran Rubel Kuzui), with Kristy Swanson and Luke Perry. From Aug. 14: "Single White Female" (Barbet Schroeder), with Bridget Fonda and Jennifer Jason Leigh.
Theatre 3: "Whispers in the Dark" (Christopher Crowe), with Annabella Sciorra.
Theatre 4: Through Aug. 13: "Boomerang" (†). From Aug. 14: "Stay Tuned" (Peter Hyams), with John Ritter and Pam Dawber.
Theatre 5: "Mo' Money" (Peter Macdonald), with Damon Wayans.
Theatre 6: Through Aug. 13: "Prelude to a Kiss" (†). From Aug. 14: "Diggstown" (Michael Ritchie), with James Woods, Louis Gossett, Jr., and Bruce Dern.
Theatre 7: "Unforgiven" (†).

86TH STREET EAST TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Honey, I Blew Up the Kid" (Randal Kleiser), with Rick Moranis and Marcia Strassman.
Theatre 2: "3 Ninjas" (Jon Turteltaub), with Victor Wong.

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 11: "Dream Deceivers: The Story Behind James Vance vs. Judas Priest" (directed by David Van Taylor), a documentary. From Aug. 12: "Cup Final" (Eran Riklis, in English, Arabic, and Hebrew), with Moshe Ivgi and Muhamad Bacri.
Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 3: "Gas Food Lodging" (Allison Anders), with Brooke Adams, Ione Skye, and Fairuza Balk.

WAVERLY 1 AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Buffy the Vampire Slayer" (Fran Rubel Kuzui), with Kristy Swanson and Luke Perry.
Theatre 2: "Raising Cain" (Brian De Palma), with John Lithgow.

ART GREENWICH TWIN, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Death Becomes Her" (Robert Zemeckis), with Meryl Streep, Bruce Willis, and Goldie Hawn.
Theatre 2: "Whispers in the Dark" (Christopher Crowe), with Annabella Sciorra.

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Deep Blues" (†).
Theatre 2: "Raise the Red Lantern" (Zhang Yimou; in Chinese).
Theatre 3: "Europa Europa" (Agnieszka Holland, in German and Russian).
Theatre 4: "Afraid of the Dark" (Mark Peploe), with Fanny Ardant, James Fox, and Ben Keyworth.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "Mo' Money" (Peter Macdonald), with Damon Wayans.
Theatre 2: "Raising Cain" (Brian De Palma), with John Lithgow.
Theatre 3: "Death Becomes Her" (Robert Zemeckis), with Meryl Streep, Bruce Willis, and Goldie Hawn.
Theatre 4: Through Aug. 13: "Unlawful Entry" (†). From Aug. 14: "Diggstown" (Michael Ritchie), with James Woods, Louis Gossett, Jr., and Bruce Dern.
Theatre 5: "A League of Their Own" (†).
Theatre 6: Through Aug. 13: "Buffy the Vampire Slayer" (Fran Rubel Kuzui), with Kristy Swanson and Luke Perry. From Aug. 14: "Stay Tuned" (Peter Hyams), with John Ritter and Pam Dawber.
Theatre 7: "A Stranger Among Us" (†).
Theatre 8: "Raising Cain."
Theatre 9: Through Aug. 13: "Prelude to a Kiss" (†). From Aug. 14: "Single White Female" (Barbet Schroeder), with Bridget Fonda and Jennifer Jason Leigh.

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Bebe's Kids" (Bruce Smith), an animated film.
Theatre 2: "3 Ninjas" (Jon Turteltaub), with Victor Wong.
Theatre 3: "Honey, I Blew Up the Kid" (Randal Kleiser), with Rick Moranis and Marcia Strassman.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"3 Ninjas" (Jon Turteltaub), with Victor Wong.

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "Unlawful Entry" (†).
Theatre 2: "Sister Act" (†).
Theatre 3: "A League of Their Own" (†).
Theatre 4: "Patriot Games" (†).
Theatre 5: "Raising Cain" (Brian De Palma), with John Lithgow.
Theatre 6: "Buffy the Vampire Slayer" (Fran Rubel Kuzui), with Kristy Swanson and Luke Perry.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Death Becomes Her" (Robert Zemeckis), with Meryl Streep, Bruce Willis, and Goldie Hawn.

Loews Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Patriot Games" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Mistress" (Barry Primus), with Robert Wuhl.

Carnegie Hall Cinemas, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Theatre 1: "Prelude to a Kiss" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 13: "Night on Earth" (Jim Jarmusch). From Aug. 14: "The Best Intentions" (†).

Loews Fine Arts, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)
"Howards End" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through Aug. 13: "Afraid of the Dark" (Mark Peploe), with Fanny Ardant, James Fox, and Ben Keyworth.
From Aug. 14: "The Player" (†).

Loews Columbus Circle, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"A Stranger Among Us" (†).

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"A League of Their Own" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 13: "A Tale of Springtime" (Eric Rohmer, in French). From Aug. 14: "La Discrète" (Christian Vincent; in French), with Fabrice Luchini and Maurice Garrel.
Theatre 2: "The Hairdresser's Husband" (Patrice Leconte, in French), with Jean Rochefort and Anna Galiena.
Theatre 3: "The Player" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Death Becomes Her" (Robert Zemeckis), with Meryl Streep, Bruce Willis, and Goldie Hawn.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Mo' Money" (Peter Macdonald), with Damon Wayans.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 13: "Boomerang" (†). From Aug. 14: "Single White Female" (Barbet Schroeder), with Bridget Fonda and Jennifer Jason Leigh.
Theatre 3: "Bebe's Kids" (Bruce Smith), an animated film.
Theatre 4: Through Aug. 13: "Honey, I Blew Up the Kid" (Randal Kleiser), with Rick Moranis and Marcia Strassman. From Aug. 14: "Stay Tuned" (Peter Hyams), with John Ritter and Pam Dawber.
Theatre 5: "Unforgiven" (†).
Theatre 6: "Whispers in the Dark" (Christopher Crowe), with Annabella Sciorra.

Marian Carr and Ralph Meeker in "Kiss Me Deadly"

Brando stripped of poetry and sensitivity and glazed with playboy glamour—that's what Ralph Meeker looks, sounds, and acts like as private eye Mike Hammer in Robert Aldrich's 1955 movie version of Mickey Spillane's 1952 crime novel, "Kiss Me Deadly" (playing August 13, at Theatre 80 St. Marks). Aldrich and his screenwriter, A. I. Bezzerides, use Spillane's two-fisted baloney for a blistering swipe at the fifties American male. The result is a clumsy, rabid spellbinder. The moviemakers appropriated most of Spillane's plot, starting with Hammer picking up a desperate female hitchhiker (Cloris Leachman, in her first movie role) and ending with a mini-inferno. What Aldrich and company contribute is a running commentary on the detective's consumer-era machismo; a change in setting from chaotic New York to hermetic Los Angeles; and a switch in the story's MacGuffin, from a Mafia stash to a nuclear device. Within minutes, Leachman pegs Hammer as a guy concerned only with his clothes, his sports car, and his physique. After some mysterious torturers murder Leachman and nearly kill Hammer, he decides to investigate the homicide himself—not because he got attached to Leachman, but because he figures that any case getting federal attention is bound to involve big money.

The action is a series of barbaric showdowns. Operating out of a modernistic bachelor pad complete with a reel-to-reel answering machine, Hammer lives so totally in the moment that he has no respect for the past. At one point, to intimidate a record collector, he smashes a 78 of Caruso singing "Pagliacci." In a pulp masterstroke, this brute in a suit who knows all the angles lands in a realm where brawn and knowingness don't matter: the world of atomic power. "Kiss Me Deadly" is a charismatic curiosity.

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 13: "Buffy the Vampire Slayer" (Fran Rubel Kuzui), with Kristy Swanson and Luke Perry. From Aug. 14: "Diggstown" (Michael Ritchie), with James Woods, Louis Gossett, Jr., and Bruce Dern.
Theatre 2: "Raising Cain" (Brian De Palma), with John Lithgow.

Olympia 1 and 11, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "3 Ninjas" (Jon Turteltaub), with Victor Wong.
Theatre 2: "Sister Act" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Basic Instinct" (directed by Paul Verhoeven), with Michael Douglas and Sharon Stone.
Theatre 2: "Universal Soldier" (†).
Theatre 3: "Unforgiven" (†).
Theatre 4: "Batman Returns" (†).
Theatre 5: Through Aug. 13: "Mom and Dad Save the World" (Greg Beeman), with Teri Garr, Jeffrey Jones, and Jon Lovitz. From Aug. 14: "Stay Tuned" (Peter Hyams), with John Ritter and Pam Dawber.
Theatre 6: Through Aug. 13: "Universal Soldier" (†). From Aug. 14: "Diggstown" (Michael Ritchie), with James Woods, Louis Gossett, Jr., and Bruce Dern.
Theatre 7: "Lethal Weapon 3" (Richard Donner), with Mel Gibson, Danny Glover, and Joe Pesci.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
"Whispers in the Dark" (Christopher Crowe), with Annabella Sciorra.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 1: "Bebe's Kids" (Bruce Smith), an animated film.
Theatre 2: "Boomerang" (†).
Theatre 3: "Honey, I Blew Up the Kid" (Randal Kleiser), with Rick Moranis and Marcia Strassman.

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Mo' Money" (Peter Macdonald), with Damon Wayans.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 13: "Buffy the Vampire Slayer" (Fran Rubel Kuzui), with Kristy Swanson and Luke Perry. From Aug. 14: "Single White Female" (Barbet Schroeder), with Bridget Fonda and Jennifer Jason Leigh.
Theatre 2: "Raising Cain" (Brian De Palma), with John Lithgow.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Le Cinematographe, 15 Vandam St. (675-4680)
Through Aug. 11: "Husbands" (1970, directed by John Cassavetes), with Ben Gazzara, Peter Falk, and Cassavetes.
Aug. 12-13: "Gloria" (1980, John Cassavetes), with Gena Rowlands, John Adames, and Buck Henry.
Aug. 14-15: "Minnie and Moskowitz" (1971, John Cassavetes), with Gena Rowlands and Seymour Cassel.
Aug. 16-17: "Love Streams" (1984, John Cassavetes), with Cassavetes and Gena Rowlands.
Aug. 18-19: "Too Late Blues" (1962, John Cassavetes), with Bobby Darin, Stella Stevens, and Cassavetes; and "A Child Is Waiting" (1963, Cassavetes), with Burt Lancaster and Judy Garland.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
Through Aug. 11: "For the Boys" (Mark Rydell), with Bette Midler and James Caan; and "Auntie Mame" (1958, Morton da Costa), with Rosalind Russell, Forrest Tucker, and Coral Browne.
Aug. 12-13: "The Double Life of Véronique" (Krzysztof Kieslowski; in French and Polish), with Irène Jacob and Philippe Volter; and "Repulsion" (1965, Roman Polanski), with Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry, Yvonne Furneaux, and John Fraser.
Aug. 14-15: "Bonnie and Clyde" (1967, Arthur Penn), with Warren Beatty, Faye Dunaway, Gene Hackman, and Estelle Parsons; and "The Magnificent Ambersons" (1942, Orson Welles), with Dolores Costello, Joseph Cotten, Tim Holt, and Agnes Moorehead.
Aug. 16-18: "Until the End of the World" (1991, Wim Wenders), with William Hurt, Solveig Dommartin, Max von Sydow, Jeanne Moreau, and Sam Neill; and "Wings of Desire" (1988, Wenders; in German, French, and English), with Bruno Ganz, Solveig Dommartin, and Otto Sander.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MOVIE HOUSES-Cont'd

From Aug. 19: "La Belle Noiseuse" (Jacques Rivette, in French), with Michel Piccoli, Emmanuelle Béart, and Jane Birkin.

Film Forum 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Aug. 10: "Force of Evil" (1948, Abraham Polonsky), with John Garfield and Beatrice Pearson; and "Try and Get Me" (1951, Cyril Endfield), with Frank Lovejoy, Richard Carlson, Kathleen Ryan, and Lloyd Bridges.
Aug. 11-12: "So Dark the Night" (1947, Joseph H. Lewis), with Steve Geray; "My Name Is Julia Ross" (1945, Lewis), with Nina Foch, George Macready, and Dame May Whitty; and "Shockproof" (1949, Douglas Sirk), with Cornel Wilde and Patricia Knight.
Aug. 13: "The Big Heat" (1953, Fritz Lang), with Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame, Alexander Scourby, and Lee Marvin; and "House by the River" (1950, Lang), with Louis Hayward, Jane Wyatt, Lee Bowman, and Dorothy Patrick.
From Aug. 14: "The Tingler" (1960, William Castle), with Vincent Price and Judith Evelyn.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Aug. 10: "Band of Outsiders" (1964, Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina, Sami Frey, and Charles Brasseur; and "Breathless" (1959, Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo.
Aug. 11: "Day for Night" (1973, François Truffaut; in French), with Jacqueline Bisset, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jean-Pierre Léaud, and Valentina Cortese; and "Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me" (1973, Truffaut; in French), with Bernadette Lafont.
Aug. 12: "Dark Victory" (1938, Edmund Goulding), with Bette Davis, George Brent, and Geraldine Fitzgerald; and "Now, Voyager" (1942, Irving Rapper), with Davis, Paul Henreid, Claude Rains, and John Loder.
Aug. 13: "Kiss Me Deadly" (see page 15); and "The Big Knife" (1955, Robert Aldrich), with Jack Palance, Ida Lupino, Shelley Winters, Wendell Corey, Jean Hagen, and Rod Steiger.
Aug. 14-15: "Lolita" (1962, Stanley Kubrick), with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters; and "Killer's Kiss" (1955, Kubrick), with Frank Silvera.
Aug. 16: "Persona" (†); and "The Seventh Seal" (1956, Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow, Gunnar Björnstrand, Bibi Andersson, and Nils Poppe.
Aug. 17: "The Tenant" (1976, Roman Polanski), with Polanski, Isabelle Adjani, Melvyn Douglas, Jo Van Fleet, and Shelley Winters; and "Knife in the Water" (1962, Polanski; in Polish).
Aug. 18: "The Wrong Man" (1956, Alfred Hitchcock), with Henry Fonda, Vera Miles, and Anthony Quayle; and "Dial M for Murder" (1954, Hitchcock), with Ray Milland, Grace Kelly, Robert Cummings, Anthony Dawson, and John Williams.
Aug. 19: "Luna" (1979, Bernardo Bertolucci), with Jill Clayburgh and Matthew Barry; and "The Conformist" (1970, Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian), with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—Aug. 10 at noon: "Apocalypse Now" (1979, directed by Francis Coppola), with Marlon Brando, Robert Duvall, and Martin Sheen. . . . ¶ Aug. 10 at 3: "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (1960, Jan Trnka), an animated film. . . . ¶ Aug. 10 at 6 and Aug. 11 at noon: "How Tasty Was My Little Frenchman" (1971, Nelson Pereira dos Santos; a Brazilian film, in the Tupi language). . . . ¶ Aug. 11 at 2:30 and Aug. 17 at noon: "To Sleep with Anger" (1990, Charles Burnett), with Danny Glover. . . . ¶ Aug. 11 at 6 and Aug. 14 at noon: "Black God, White Devil" (1964, Glauber Rocha; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese). . . . ¶ Aug. 13 at noon and Aug. 16 at 5: "This Sporting Life" (†). . . . ¶ Aug. 13 at 3 and Aug. 14 at 6: "The Ceremony" (1971, Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese). . . . ¶ Aug. 13 at 6: "The Hour of the Furnaces" (†). . . . ¶ Aug. 14 at 3 and Aug. 15 at 5: "Jungle Fever" (1991, Spike Lee), with Wesley Snipes and Annabella Sciorra. . . . ¶ Aug. 15 at noon and 3: "E. T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†). . . . ¶ Aug. 16 at noon and Aug. 18 at 3: "Accident" (1967, Joseph Losey), with Dirk Bogarde, Stanley Baker, and Vivien Merchant. . . . ¶ Aug. 16 at 2:30: "Raven's End" (1964, Bo Widerberg; in Swedish). . . . ¶ Aug. 17 at 3: "sex, lies, and videotape" (†). . . . ¶ Aug. 17 at 6 and Aug. 18 at noon: "Monty Python's The Meaning of Life" (1983, Terry Jones). . . . ¶ Aug. 18 at 6: "The Roof" (1957, Vittorio De Sica; in Italian).

Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600)—Aug. 10-11 at 4 and 6:15: "The Woman of Rose Hill" (1989, Alain Tanner). . . . ¶ Aug. 10-11 at 8 and 10: "No Fear, No Die" (1990, Claire Denis; in French), with Isaach de Bankolé. . . . ¶ Aug. 12-13 at 4 and 8: "The Proud Valley" (1940, Pen Tennyson). . . . ¶ Aug. 12-13 at 5:30 and 9:30: "'Round Midnight" (†). . . . ¶ Aug. 14 at 4, Aug. 15 at 2 and 6, and Aug. 16 at 4: "Pummaro" (1990, Michele Placido). . . . ¶ Aug. 14 at 6, Aug. 15 at 4, and Aug. 16 at 6: "Sapphire" (1959, Basil Dearden), with Nigel Patrick, Yvonne Mitchell, Michael Craig, Bernard Miles, and Paul Massie. . . . ¶ Aug. 14-15 at 8 and 10, and Aug. 16 at 2, 8, and 10: "Ama" (1990, Owesi Kwusu and Kwate Nee-Owoo). . . . ¶ Aug. 17 at 2, 6, and 10: "The Return of Nathan Becker" (1932, Boris Shpis and Rokhl M. Milman). . . . ¶ Aug. 17 at 3:45 and 7:45: "Paisan" (1946, Roberto Rossellini; in English, French, Italian, and German). . . . ¶ Aug. 18-19 at 2, 6, and 10: "Ballet Black" (1986, Stephen Dwoskin). . . . ¶ Aug. 18-19 at 4 and 8: "Sammy and Rosie Get Laid" (†).

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077) "American Impressionist: A Robert Altman Retrospective." Aug. 15 at 2: "Nashville" (1975), with Ronee Blakley. . . . ¶ Aug. 15 at 5: "For Real" and "Night of the Twinkles," two episodes of "Tanner '88." . . . ¶ Aug. 16 at 2: "Buffalo Bill and the Indians" (1976), with Paul Newman. . . . ¶ Aug. 16 at 4:30: "3 Women" (1977), with Shelley Duvall, Sissy Spacek, and Janice Rule.

Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—Aug. 19 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "A Sunday in the Country" (1984, Bertrand Tavernier; in French), with Louis Ducreux, Sabine Azéma, Michel Amont, Suzanne Flon, and Monique Chaumette.

Anthology Film Archives, 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181)—Aug. 14 at 7: "The Blood of a Poet" (1930, Jean Cocteau; in French); "Orpheus" (1949, Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Maria Casarès, and François Périer; and "Testament of Orpheus" (1959, Cocteau; in French). . . . ¶ Aug. 15 at 4: "The Gold Rush" (1925, Charlie Chaplin; silent), with Chaplin. . . . ¶ Aug. 15 at 6 and Aug. 16 at 3: Two different programs of films by Joseph Cornell. . . . ¶ Aug. 15 at 7:45: "The Passion of Joan of Arc" (1928, Carl Dreyer), with Falconetti. . . . ¶ Aug. 15 at 9:45: "Earth" (1930, Alexander Dovzhenko; a Russian silent film). . . . ¶ Aug. 16 at 4:45: "Nanook of the North" (1921, Robert Flaherty), a documentary. . . . ¶ Aug. 16 at 6:30: "Vampyr" (1932, Dreyer, in German). . . . ¶ Aug. 16 at 8: "Strike" (1925, Sergei Eisenstein; a Russian silent film).

Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., State Office Building, 163 W. 125th St. (873-5040)—Aug. 13 at 2: "Mo' Better Blues" (1990, Spike Lee), with Denzel Washington, Lee, Wesley Snipes, and Giancarlo Esposito; and "Sweet Love Bitter" (1966, Herbert Danskar), with Dick Gregory, Diane Varsi, and Robert Hooks. . . . ¶ Aug. 13 at 6:30: "Five on the Black Hand Side" (1973, Oscar Williams), with Clarice Taylor; and "I'm Gonna Git You, Sucka" (1988, Keenen Ivory Wayans), with Jim Brown, Isaac Hayes, Antonio Fargas, Bernie Casey, and Wayans. . . . ¶ Aug. 14 at 1: "Jungle Fever" (1991, Spike Lee), with Wesley Snipes and Annabella Sciorra; and "Making 'Do the Right Thing' " (1989, St. Clair Bourne), a documentary. . . . ¶ Aug. 14 at 7: "Malcolm X: Struggle for Freedom" (1966), "Death of a Prophet: The Last Days in the Life of Malcolm X" (1976, Woodie King, Jr.), "Malcolm X: Nationalist or Humanist?" (1992, Madeleine Anderson), and "Malcolm X: By Any Means Necessary" (1990). . . . ¶ Aug. 17 at 6:30: "Jungle Fever"; and "Making 'Do the Right Thing'." . . . ¶ Aug. 18 at 6:30: "New Jack City" (1991, Mario Van Peebles), with Wesley Snipes, Ice-T, Judd Nelson, and Van Peebles; and "Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song" (1973, Melvin Van Peebles). . . . ¶ Aug. 19 at 6:30: "Willie Dynamite" (1973, Gilbert Moses); and "I'm Gonna Git You, Sucka."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow.)

Batman Returns—Tim Burton's sequel to his phenomenally successful 1989 "Batman" doesn't try to top the first picture, either with splashier special effects or with loftier pretensions to significance; nor does it simply go through the motions, repeating the surefire stuff with a self-satisfied air of professionalism. It's a blend of playful novelty and reassuring familiarity—a difficult mixture to get right. This time, the hero (again Michael Keaton) does battle with a greedy businessman named Max Shreck (Christopher Walken) and the roly-poly arch-criminal known as the Penguin (Danny DeVito). And whenever Batman ventures out on one of his nocturnal crime-fighting missions, he runs into a mysterious woman who dresses like a cat and carries a whip. The hilariously twisted relationship between the hero and the Catwoman (Michelle Pfeiffer) plays like an apache dance in animal costumes, and it's the glory of the movie. The cat clothes seem to release something strange and wild in Pfeiffer; her performance is ferociously sexy and uninhibitedly, over-the-top funny. As in the first movie, Burton gives the material a luxurious masked-ball quality and a sly contemporary wit without violating the myth's low, cheesy comic-book origins. He's an artist who's comfortable with both the higher aspirations and the lower instincts of his nature as an entertainer: he and Batman are an ideal match. Screenplay by Daniel Waters; cinematography by Stefan Czapsky; score by Danny Elfman; production design by Bo Welch.—T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/29/92.) (Gemini, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Loews Village Theatre VII; through Aug. 13.)

Miranda Richardson and Michael Kitchen in "Enchanted April"

The Best Intentions—It boasts the built-in interest of a script by Ingmar

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bergman, dramatizing the courtship and early married life of his parents. Bille August directed, and Jorgen Persson did the cinematography; their square filmmaking has an antique sheen. But they've made an orderly movie about disorderly conduct. At three hours, the drama, about the mismatch between a tormented, self-denying pastor (Samuel Froler) and a coddled bourgeois woman (Pernilla August), is one prolonged, unrevealing study in frustration. Of course we know that these two won't live happily ever after; they did give birth to Ingmar Bergman. With its inexorable depiction of increasing marital woe, this film is the cinematic equivalent of predestination. Except for the expressive Max von Sydow (in the role of Bergman's maternal grandfather), the actors don't operate in a climate of free will; they register carefully prescribed dollops of anguish. In Swedish.—M.S. (7/27/92) (Loews Village Theatre VII. . . . ¶ Beekman; through Aug. 13. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinemas; starting Aug. 14.)

Boomerang—Set in a world where entire upscale companies are run by African-Americans, this Eddie Murphy vehicle tries hard to be positive. It's a pity that the movie isn't any good. Murphy is a Manhattan marketing hot shot and ladies' man who ends up working under the woman of his dreams (Robin Givens) when their cosmetics firms merge. She treats him as cavalierly as he treated the previous women in his life; the script hands out one earnest lesson after another, so that he can learn what it feels like to be used. Givens knows how to employ her flashing eyes and chiselled, haughty features for comic effect, but she doesn't get a single clever line. As the gal who strives to save the hero, Halle Berry is so much more accessible than Givens, while being equally pretty, that dramatically there's no contest. Murphy has a couple of peppy scenes with David Alan Grier and Martin Lawrence, who play his best buddies, but a lot of the time he acts unconvincingly modest. The screenplay (by Barry W. Blaustein and David Sheffield), with its constant references to Murphy's sexual magnetism, does all the bragging for him. Padded with manic interludes involving Eartha Kitt, Geoffrey Holder, and Grace Jones; directed by Reginald Hudlin.—M.S. (7/13/92) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Loews 19th Street East 6, Murray Hill Cinemas, Manhattan Twin, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Loews Orpheum VII, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex; through Aug. 13.)

Deep Blues—This collaboration between the documentary maker Robert Mugge and the music critic Robert Palmer (who wrote the sweeping, inclusive 1981 history of the same name), is a lovably rough-hewn presentation of rural blues today. The movie is a guided tour. Dave A. Stewart, of Eurythmics and the Spiritual Cowboys, hired Mugge and Palmer to film and record examples of this living tradition; Palmer takes Stewart from Beale Street, in Memphis, to the northern Mississippi hills, where the music hasn't changed for generations. When Stewart leaves to continue creating his own sounds, Palmer goes south, to the Delta (and towns like Greenville, Clarksdale, and Bentonia), where the deepest blues were born in the shacks and juke joints of black sharecroppers. Mugge's stripped-down filmmaking suits Palmer's direct approach. The whole movie has a first-person feel to it: Palmer's commentary and talent-scouting are filled with off-the-cuff revelations, and his affection for the culture is catching. The array of little-known performers includes R. L. Burnside, Roosevelt (Booba) Barnes, Lonnie Pitchford, and a powerhouse called Big Jack Johnson.—M.S. (8/10/92) (Quad Cinema.)

Enchanted April—Adapted by Peter Barnes from Elizabeth von Arnim's 1922 novel, this period romance has a healthy sprinkling of bewitchments. The lead characters are two proper middle-class English ladies, played by Josie Lawrence and Miranda Richardson, who, partly to get away from their husbands, pool their resources to rent an Italian villa named San Salvatore for a month. They ultimately share expenses with an austere, cultured widow (Joan Plowright) and a gorgeous, bored aristocrat (Polly Walker). Italy awakens the women's sensuality and imagination, and gives them perspective; Lawrence and Richardson end up jolting their deadhead husbands (played by Alfred Molina and Jim Broadbent) back to life. The direc-

PRIVATE INVESTING

If the DOW is up, the Nikkei is down, and the FT100 is mixed, where are you?

When your investment portfolio is managed by Swiss Bank Corporation, you're in an excellent position to respond to changing market conditions worldwide.

That's because Swiss Bank Corporation has over 100 years of global investment experience and worldwide capabilities—including more than 100 financial analysts and 88 offices in 34 countries—so we're able to move in and out of markets quickly to our clients' advantage. In short, we can capture opportunities in various markets—from the Dow and the Nikkei to the FT 100 and numerous other exchanges around the world. Opportunities that complement and enhance our clients' specific financial goals.

If you're an investor with substantial assets and would like more information, in New York City, call Jane N. Abitanta, (212) 574-3374. In San Francisco, call Diane A. Spirandelli, (415) 774-3324. In Los Angeles, call Raymond Simon, (213) 625-1926.

Swiss Bank Corporation
Schweizerischer Bankverein
Société de Banque Suisse

THE KEY SWISS BANK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN BRIEF-Cont'd

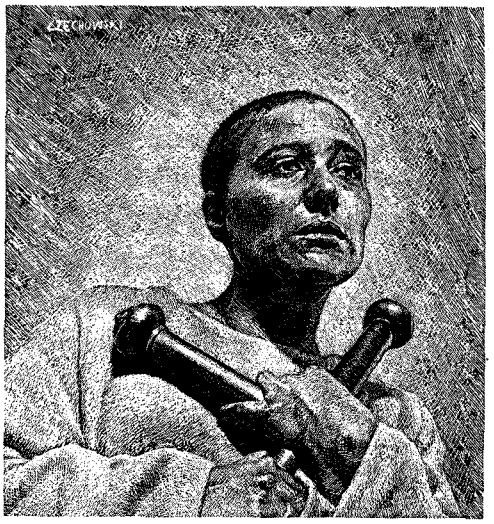
tor, Mike Newell, handles the performers deftly and sympathetically, from the wonderfully ebullient Lawrence and the ravishing Walker to the robustly comical Plowright; Michael Kitchen contributes a tour de force of eccentric charm as the villa's owner. If the film, with its brittle, satiric London scenes and its expansive Italian ones, breaks too distinctly into pieces, the magic of the sunnier locations seals the cracks. The cinematographer, Rex Maidment, captures the enveloping pastoral euphoria of San Salvatore; the movie was shot at the same Mediterranean estate where von Arnim composed her novel.—M.S. (8/10/92) (Angelika Film Center, and Cinema II.)

E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial (1982)—Steven Spielberg's movie is bathed in warmth and it seems to clear all the bad thoughts out of your head. It's the story of a ten-year-old boy, Elliott, who feels fatherless and lost because his parents have separated, and who finds a miraculous friend—an alien inadvertently left on Earth by a visiting spaceship. This fusion of science fiction and mythology is emotionally rounded and complete; it reminds you of the goofiest dreams you had as a kid, and rehabilitates them. It puts a spell on the audience; it's genuinely entrancing. The stars are Henry Thomas, as Elliott, and E.T., who was designed by Carlo Rambaldi. With Drew Barrymore, Robert Macnaughton, Dee Wallace, and Peter Coyote. The script is by Melissa Mathison.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; Aug. 15.)

The Hour of the Furnaces (1968)—An attempt to use film as a revolutionary weapon. A didactic, explosive semi-documentary on Peronism and the necessity to create national consciousness in Argentina and other Latin-American countries. By the Argentine director Fernando Solanas. (Four hours and twenty minutes.) In Spanish.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; Aug. 13.)

Howards End—James Ivory's movie version of the 1910 E. M. Forster novel is a handsome and intelligent piece of work: a faithful, well-paced, and carefully crafted dramatization of a very good story. The heroine, Margaret Schlegel (Emma Thompson), is a thirtyish Englishwoman of German ancestry who lives with her sister and her brother in a London town house. The plot brings the cultured and rather high-minded Schlegels in contact with a very different sort of family, the Wilcoxes, who appear to represent English values at their most infuriatingly solid and complacent. The emotional core of the movie is the brief, unlikely friendship that develops between Margaret and conservative Ruth Wilcox (Vanessa Redgrave), a woman who inhabits a narrow world so profoundly, and with such enormous feeling, that she transforms it. Redgrave is at her most radiant in this role. And Thompson, whose character is meant to be seen as the heir to Mrs. Wilcox's thoroughly English kind of spirituality, comes through with a thrilling, original performance; she carries the movie. These luminous performances go a long way toward putting Forster's ambitious ideas across on the screen. (Anthony Hopkins, as the no-nonsense businessman Henry Wilcox, is awfully good, too.) The story holds us for the full two hours and twenty minutes that the movie takes to tell it; Ivory and his screenwriter, Ruth Prawer Jhabvala, have done a skillful and sensitive job of adaptation. All that's missing, really, is the elusive quality that makes Forster such a brave, moving writer: his constant striving to see beyond the story, to see through it, to transcend it. Also with Helena Bonham Carter, Samuel West, James Wilby, Nicola Duffett, Prunella Scales, and Adrian Ross Magenty.—T.R. (5/4/92) (Loews Fine Arts.)

A League of Their Own—Penny Marshall's fictional account of the All-American Girls Professional Baseball League has no mind of its own. Marshall directed it with both eyes on the audience. She and the screenwriting team of Lowell Ganz and Babaloo Mandel slap together a bare-bones narrative (about the league's 1943 début season) and dress it up with set-piece gags and sentimental ploys. All they want is for people to come out saying that they laughed and they cried. The lead characters are Dottie Hinson (Geena Davis) and her kid sister, Kit Keller (Lori Petty), who catch and pitch, respectively, for the Rockford Peaches and act out their sibling tensions on the baseball diamond and in the locker room. Tom Hanks mugs ingratiatingly as Jimmy Dugan, the Rockford coach and an alcoholic former slugger, and Madonna sashays through the supporting role of All the Way Mae, a ballplayer who tests the league's deportment code. This movie aims for the tear ducts and the funny bone as ruthlessly as the summer's big action-fantasy hits go after the viscera. It unfolds in field-of-dreams land—complete with corn-



At Anthology Film Archives, Falconetti in "The Passion of Joan of Arc"

stalks.—M.S. (7/13/92) (Loews Village Theatre VII, Loews Tower East, Chelsea Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas, and 62nd & Broadway.)

One False Move—Skillfully performed and welcomely unpredictable, this low-budget crime film, made by actor-turned-director Carl Franklin, starts out as a herky-jerky exploitation piece, then turns into something better. After a jolting series of execution-style killings, a trio of crooks go on the lam from Los Angeles to Star City, Arkansas, where two L.A. lawmen and a local sheriff lie in wait. What saves the opening sequences is the inspired pairing of a black sociopath (Michael Beach) and a white psychopath (played by Billy Bob Thornton, who co-wrote the script with Tom Epperson). Beach's inhuman brilliance and Thornton's edgy earthiness make them deadly companions. Cynda Williams, as Thornton's African-American lover, hits on marvellous combinations of ingenuousness and amorality, even when the script plays peekaboo with motivation. Meanwhile, Star City's sheriff (Bill Paxton) tries to persuade the visiting metropolitan cops (Jim Metzler and Earl Billings) that he's ripe for big-time law enforcement. Paxton lays on the hick ingratiation, but midway through he shows how this good ole boy grows into a good ole man. Like Paxton, the movie improves as it goes along; it leaves hokum as well as wholesale carnage far behind.—M.S. (7/27/92) (Loews Village Theatre VII, and Sutton.)

Patriot Games—Phillip Noyce's film, adapted from one of Tom Clancy's jillion-selling suspense novels, is a much more effective thriller than it has any right to be. The screenwriters, W. Peter Iliff and Donald Stewart, have eliminated much of the novel's hot air without entirely knocking the wind out of the material; the script tones down Clancy's right-wing ideology and gives the story some straightforward action-movie narrative drive. The plot, which pits Irish terrorists against an Annapolis history professor and sometime C.I.A. analyst named Jack Ryan (Harrison Ford), is ridiculous, boys'-adventure stuff, but the filmmakers almost put it across. Noyce handles the action sequences beautifully: they're lucid and exciting, and their construction has a kind of formal elegance that's oddly satisfying. (He's less successful with the scenes of the Ryan family's domestic bliss, which are meant to establish Jack's credentials as a champion of traditional values.) Ford brings a welcome trace of ambivalence to his character's heroics—a sense that Ryan isn't altogether proud of the lethal efficiency he displays when's he's drawn into combat. Sean Bean, Richard Harris, and (especially) James Fox do nice work in supporting roles. This is an expert, entertaining genre picture. Noyce and his team serve Clancy's crude material well—too well, probably. Also with Anne Archer (who's awful), Thora Birch, James Earl Jones, Samuel L. Jackson, and Patrick Bergin.—T.R. (6/15/92) (Eastside Cinema, Worldwide Cinemas, and Loews Festival. . . . ¶ Loews Village Theatre VII; through Aug. 13.)

Persona (1967)—In this film, as in his very early "Prison," the writer-director Ingmar Bergman involves us in the making of a movie. He gives us a movie within a movie, but he seems hardly to have made the enclosing movie, and then he throws away the inner one. (You can feel it go—at the repeated passage, when the director seems to be trying an alternate way of shooting a sequence.) It's a pity, because the inner movie had begun to involve us in marvellous possibilities: an actress (Liv Ullmann) who has abandoned the power of speech is put in the care of a nurse (Bibi Andersson), and the nurse, like an analysand who becomes furious at the silence of the analyst, begins to vent her own emotional disturbances. The two women look very much alike, and Bergman plays with this resemblance photographically by suggestive combinations and superimpositions. Most movies give so little that it seems almost barbarous to object to Bergman's not giving us more in "Persona," but it is just because of the expressiveness and fascination of what we are given that the movie is so frustrating. There is, however, great intensity in many of the images, and there's one great passage: the nurse talks about a day and night of sex on a beach, and as she goes on talking, with memories of summer and nakedness and pleasure in her voice and the emptiness of her present life in her face, viewers may begin to hold their breath in fear that the director won't be able to sustain this almost intolerably difficult sequence. But he does, and it builds and builds and is completed. It's one of the rare truly erotic sequences in movie history. With Gunnar Björnstrand, and Jörgen Lindström as the boy. Cinematography by Sven Nykvist. In Swedish.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 16.)

The Player—The title character of Robert Altman's new movie is a young Hollywood studio executive named Griffin Mill (Tim Robbins), who, for no very good reason, murders an aspiring screenwriter. The picture is a brilliant dark comedy about the death of American filmmaking. It's like a documentary about a mirage: the world it shows us is sunlit and shimmering, and the people have the thin presence of holograms. Altman is doing one of his specialties here—exploring an odd American subculture—and when his idiosyncratic realism is applied to the insular, constantly self-regarding community of Hollywood "players" it has an almost hallucinatory effect. The movie has the exhilarating nonchalance of the director's seventies classics, and its tone is volatile, elusive: with breathtaking assurance, it veers from psychological-thriller suspense to goofball comedy to icy satire. Altman turns the self-reflective world of Hollywood into a fun house in which every grotesque distortion somehow appears to us as a newly discovered, paradoxical truth. Robbins gives a layered, richly suggestive performance—the sort of performance that Altman's style, at its best, produces without obvious effort. At sixty-seven, Altman still seems like the youngest filmmaker in America. Also with Greta Scacchi, Peter Gallagher, Fred Ward, Whoopi Goldberg, Cynthia Stevenson, Vincent D'Onofrio, Lyle Lovett, Dean Stockwell, and Richard E. Grant; dozens of movie stars (and a handful of writers) turn up in cameos. The script, by Michael Tolkin, is adapted from his own novel.—T.R. (4/20/92) (Village East Cinemas, and Lincoln Plaza. . . . ¶ First & 62nd Cinemas; through Aug. 13, evenings only. . . . ¶ Cinema 3; starting Aug. 14.)

Prelude to a Kiss—The director, Norman René, and the writer, Craig Lucas, who collaborated on the play, have mounted the movie as if it were still before the footlights. The actors—Meg Ryan and Alec Baldwin as the romantic couple, Sydney Walker as the mysterious Old Man, and even supporting performers like Stanley Tucci (Baldwin's best friend and best man)—are as emotionally weak as they are gesturally emphatic. There's no behavior here, only stage action, and it

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thuds on celluloid. The camera ruthlessly reveals the simultaneous thinness and clunkiness of the whimsy at the drama's core. The pivotal twist involves a soul-transference that's supposed to test the groom's vow to love his bride "all the more" when she shows the ravages of age. The concept's wispiness allows audiences to project their own agendas onto the script: the play has been perceived as an imaginative comment on everything from sexual orientation to the durability of love in the epoch of AIDS. Yet Lucas's banal language and fairy-tale sophistries oversimplify rather than enrich matters. There's no felt life on the screen. When Alec Baldwin cries, there's isn't a wet eye in the house.—M.S. (7/27/92) (First & 62nd Cinemas, and Carnegie Hall Cinemas. . . . ¶ Loews Orpheum VII, and Chelsea Cinemas; through Aug. 13.)

'ROUND MIDNIGHT (1986)—Most of Bertrand Tavernier's mournful, blue-toned movie, which, an opening title tells us, was "inspired by incidents in the lives of Francis Paudras and Bud Powell," is set in Paris in 1959. The French jazz enthusiast Paudras is now called Francis Borier and is played by François Cluzet, and Powell, the great bebop pianist, who suffered frequent nervous breakdowns and then made a new life abroad, is now the dazed, alcoholic tenor-sax man Dale Turner, and is played by the near-legendary Dexter Gordon. You know what kind of movie it's going to be when you see the enthusiast out in a drenching rain, crouched against the building where the American is playing, because he doesn't have the money to go in. Cluzet is soaking wet, but his eyes shine and he listens to Dexter Gordon's music worshipfully. Soon he has become a friend of the black American giant. (Gordon is six feet five or six.) Cluzet follows him around, takes care of him, and rescues him when he goes on a bender and is hospitalized; Cluzet becomes Gordon's keeper, treating the expatriate with the respect he didn't get in his own country. He treats him as the artist he is, and Gordon flowers into a courtly, gentle fellow, and begins to compose again. But his self-destructiveness runs very deep, and so the picture is one crisis after another, with the saintly groupie running through the streets, searching for the imperilled saintly bopper. The musician is always on the verge of collapse or death. (Afterward, in the lobby, a woman said to her friend, "I'm worn out from worrying about him.") The French are pretty hard to take when they celebrate how much they love American art. The music itself has none of the mysterious teeming vitality of great bebop—it's lifeless. With Sandra Reaves Phillips, who shakes things up when she sings a good low-down version of Bessie Smith's "Put It Right Here," and Lonette McKee, John Berry, Martin Scorsese, Philippe Noiret, and many well-known musicians, including Herbie Hancock, who arranged and conducted the music. The script, which attempts to achieve a musical flow (and allows for improvised dialogue), is by David Rayfiel and Tavernier.—P.K. (Walter Reade Theatre; Aug. 12-13.)

SAMMY AND ROSIE GET LAID (1987)—This second film by the director Stephen Frears and the writer Hanif Kureishi, who made "My Beautiful Laundrette," has so much going on that it keeps losing track of what it's about. Sammy (Ayub Khan Din) and Rosie (Frances Barber) and their friends are Third World bohemians who live in a decaying, racially mixed part of London. Sammy's father, Rafi (Shashi Kapoor), who was a minister in the repressive government of Pakistan and is fleeing threats on his life, thinks he can return to the courteous, law-abiding England he remembers from thirty years before. He comes from the airport straight into a race riot—the movie is his nightmare experience of the new London. Houses and cars have been set on fire and we are supposed to see the flames as a destructive-creative element. (Sammy explains the rioting in the streets to Rafi: "Rosie says these revolts are an affirmation of the human spirit. A kind of justice is being done.") What we see is an apocalyptic carnival that's like street theatre. At times, it's as if Swinging London had come back as a race riot. Made in a documentary manner as stylized as a Hollywood musical, the movie is hyperconscious of art, of politics, of itself, and at times it's exasperatingly affectless. At its best, it's playfully Godardian, as in the sequence with the screen split horizontally and three multiracial couples stretched out on top of each other, and the Ghetto Lites singing a reggae version of "My Girl." There are two marvellous performances: by Kapoor, and by Claire Bloom, as a woman he deserted long ago. Wendy Gazelle is likable as an American photographer; Roland Gift (of Fine Young Cannibals) is dimply.—P.K. (Walter Reade Theatre; Aug. 18-19.)

SEX, LIES, AND VIDEOTAPE (1989)—Steven Soderbergh's smooth, handsome first feature generates a fair degree of psychological tension out of next to nothing. It's a triangle drama with a cunning little kick in it. The triangle consists of Ann (Andie MacDowell), a beautiful young Southern woman who has "never really been that much into sex"; her husband, John (Peter Gallagher), a sleazy yuppie lawyer; and her younger sister, Cynthia (Laura San Giacomo), who's sleeping with John. The kink is an old college pal of John's, named Graham (James Spader), a soft-spoken drifter who comes to town and changes everybody's life. Graham has sworn off sex, because, he says, it's the only way for him to stay honest; he's impotent, except when he's watching one of his dozens of home videos—all of them interviews he has conducted with women about sex. He's like a retired gunslinger, a laconic hombre who won't pull his artillery out of its holster because he's seen too much killin' already. This is "Shane" remade as a Southern psychodrama. For all the movie's surface sophistication, it's as simple as a fairy tale and as naïve as one of those Cassavetes pictures in which everybody faces up to the truth about himself. But there's some real conviction in it—a mixed-up fervor that keeps us watching.—T.R. (Museum of Modern Art; Aug. 17.)

SISTER ACT—Whoopi Goldberg stars as a Reno lounge singer on the lam from her murderous mobster ex-lover (Harvey Keitel). Disguised as a nun in a San Francisco convent, she manages to bring new music into the choir, fresh street faces into the pews, and a social-activist spirit into the revitalized congregation. The plot and the characters are almost insultingly perfunctory (the pseudonymous Joseph Howard is credited with the script), and when there isn't any rock on the soundtrack the moviemaking is listless. Still, the director, Emile Ardolino, who made "Dirty Dancing," knows how to use sixties hits for an over-all bounce that jumps audiences past dead patches. Goldberg maintains her gruff tone, which helps keep the film from stagnating with sappiness. If Maggie Smith glowers ineffectually as the Mother Superior, a couple of actresses—Kathy Najimy and Mary Wickes—imbue their nun roles with the euphoria of inspired farceurs. (Najimy defines "overjoyed.") The film isn't a divine comedy, and it's not satisfyingly profane either. But it generates a few laughs. It's got a good beat, and you can dance to it.—M.S. (6/15/92) (Village East Cinemas, Cinema 3rd Avenue, Loews Orpheum VII, Worldwide Cinemas, and Olympia.)

A STRANGER AMONG US—At least there's the kick of hearing piping-voiced Melanie Griffith refer to the Cabala as "that Jewish Kama Sutra." Griffith plays a New York cop who goes undercover in the Hasidic community to investigate a murder. She moves into the household of the Rebbe (Lee Richardson), befriends his adopted daughter (Mia Sara), and comes on to his adopted son (Eric Thal). Apart from deflecting the proposals of her hospitalized boyfriend-partner (Jamey Sheridan) and the propositions of her aggressive replacement partner (John Pankow), she doesn't do much; detective work hardly enters into Robert J. Avrech's script. There aren't even any red herrings—certainly not kosher ones, since the filmmakers share the Hasidim's view of their community as a peaceable kingdom. The director, Sidney Lumet, abetted by the cinematographer, Andrzej Bartkowiak, relentlessly aestheticizes the world of his fathers. Griffith's artless embodiment of the script's deranged idea of tough-gal gumption isn't as amusing as it should be. She's a B-picture heroine stuck in an absurdly self-conscious prestige project.—M.S. (7/27/92) (Village East Cinemas, Cinema I, Chelsea Cinemas, and Loews Columbus Circle. . . . ¶ Murray Hill Cinemas; through Aug. 13.)

THIS SPORTING LIFE (1963)—Lindsay Anderson's movie about an inarticulate protagonist (Richard Harris), a professional rugby player, and a "bruised" woman (Rachel Roberts) was hailed as the best feature ever made in England—maybe because it suggests all sorts of passion and protest, like a group of demonstrators singing "We Shall Overcome" and leaving it to you to fill in your own set of injustices. Like Anderson's later work, it draws its considerable power from what one can only assume is unconscious and semi-conscious material. The film is heavy with multiple meanings that the director doesn't sort out, and even the best sequences are often baffling. The rugby games were said to be a "microcosm of a corrupt society," and you can certainly tell that the movie is meant to be bold and tragic. (It has something of the disturbing brute force of Scorsese's "Raging Bull.") It's a mixture of the powerful, the inexplicable, and the dislikable, with the hurt in Rachel Roberts' face lingering in the memory. The cast includes Colin Blakely, Alan Badel, William Hartnell, and Arthur Lowe. The script is by David Storey; the cinematography is by Denys Coop.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; Aug. 13 and 16.)

UNFORGIVEN—Set in eighteen-eighties Kansas and Wyoming, this engrossing, moody Western is the sixteenth film Clint Eastwood has directed, and by far the best. The canny script, by David Webb Peoples, revives the old story about the retired gunfighter (Eastwood) who picks up his firearms again for one last score. But there's no easy resolution, and the movie is stronger because of its loose ends: the filmmakers acknowledge that the bloody chaos of an outlaw's life can't be settled in two hours and eleven minutes. The action begins when a cowboy slashes the face of a prostitute, and her co-workers pool their money to offer a reward for the murder of him and his partner. Jaimz Woolvett is the upstart who enlists Eastwood in the bounty hunt. Morgan Freeman plays Eastwood's longtime partner, Gene Hackman a megalomaniac sheriff, Richard Harris a flamboyant English gunslinger, and Saul Rubinek a dime novelist. This is the finest set of performances ever to grace a Clint Eastwood movie, and this time Eastwood even does a good job directing Eastwood. Every bullet in this movie matters; under its leathery hide is a genuine compulsion to de-romanticize Western gunfighting.—M.S. (8/10/92) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Loews 19th Street East 6, Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Loews Orpheum VII, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

UNIVERSAL SOLDIER—There are a few funny notions knocking around the wreckage of this Jean-Claude Van Damme–Dolph Lundgren robodrama. In the setup—a Vietnam War massacre—Van Damme, a righteous American soldier, and Lundgren, an unhinged sergeant, kill each other when Van Damme decides to stop Lundgren's slaughter of the innocent. When they're regenerated as fighting machines, their memories are chemically suppressed, but their pasts leak into their minds anyway. Audiences who have endured two decades of self-serious post-Vietnam melodramas might enjoy seeing these two lugs bring the war back home, since they play their Vietnam-flashback nightmare as comic-book black comedy. The director, Roland Emmerich, contrasts Van Damme's dumb lassitude with the hyperactivity of a cartoon newshound heroine (frisky Ally Walker). But the movie's virtues are only relative; to get through the garish mayhem, you need a high vicarious-pain threshold.—M.S. (7/27/92) (Loews 19th Street East 6, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Gemini; through Aug. 13.)

UNLAWFUL ENTRY—Madeleine Stowe and Kurt Russell play an upwardly mobile L.A. couple; Ray Liotta is the cop who thinks he's a better man for Stowe. For about ten minutes, the movie is an effective exploitation of atavistic male pride, with class warfare mixed in. But it swiftly degenerates into another cat-and-mice thriller—and this time both the cat and, fatally, the audience are much smarter than the mice. The film is short on observation and long on jeopardy. It's what TV executives call "a Jep movie," except that in TV Jep movies the victimized woman gets to avenge herself. Here she needs the protection of her husband. Jonathan Kaplan directed the script by Lewis Colick; Ken Lerner, as Russell's lawyer, and Roger E. Mosley, as Liotta's partner, contribute a smidgen of self-aware humor and realism.—M.S. (7/13/92) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Crown Gotham, and Worldwide Cinemas. . . . ¶ Chelsea Cinemas; through Aug. 13.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TREAD LIGHTLY. DRIVE RESPONSIBLY OFF ROAD. PLEASE BUCKLE UP FOR SECURITY. © 1992 LAND ROVER NORTH AMERICA, INC. *WINCH OPTIONAL. SUBJECT TO AVAILABILITY.

Own one of these legendary forms of jungle transportation.

Many consider it the most exotic vehicle on earth.

It's survived safaris through the jungles of Sulawesi. Madagascar. And the Amazon. Treks across the Wahiba Sands of Oman. The Rub al Khali. Even the Great Rift Valley of Kenya.

It's the Land Rover Defender 110. World renowned for wading through swamps. Crossing savannahs. Venturing deep into kingdoms of the wild.

And even better. Out of them.

There are 500 Land Rover Defender 110s now available in America, more than ready to handle everything the country has to offer.

LAND ROVER DEFENDER 110

Including roads.

You can see one of these nearly indestructible vehicles at select Range Rover dealers. For the one nearest you, call 1-800-FINE 4WD.

We realize, of course, that at around $40,000*, it's hardly a frivolous investment. But considering how it's built, it's likely the most solid one you'll ever make.

Because unlike a vine, you won't have to go from one to the next.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW YORKER

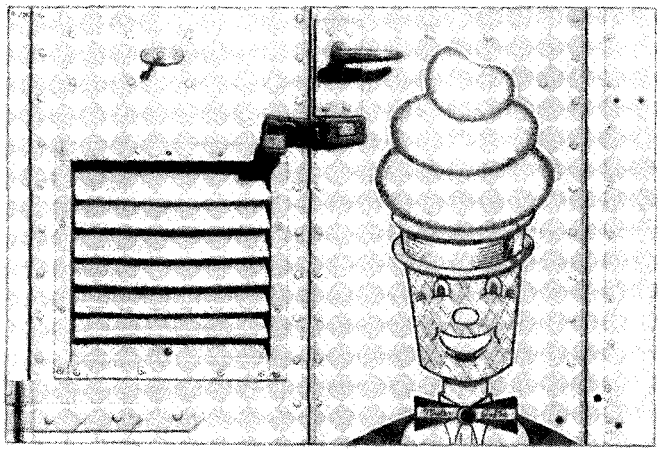
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

DURING the nineteen-eighties, while Iraqis and Iranians killed one another by the hundreds of thousands in a struggle for supremacy in the Persian Gulf, the United States maintained a vigilant neutrality—or so Americans were assured by the governments they elected. But a half-dozen years ago, thanks to the revelations of a Lebanese weekly, that story began to break apart, and gave way to a scenario in which close aides to the President had been secretly shipping planeloads of missiles to Iranian mullahs, slipping off to Iran under forged passports to barter for American hostages, and directing a group of "private" operatives to conduct a covert foreign policy wholly beyond the knowledge or reach of Congress. Now the Iran-Contra narrative has itself begun to yield place to another, in which—even as Colonel Oliver North was undertaking his fruitless journey to Teheran—American military couriers were making weekly flights to Baghdad to carry top-secret satellite photographs to Iraqi officers; American allies in the region were transshipping American weapons to Iraq; and the United States was directing billions of dollars in government-guaranteed loans to Saddam Hussein's regime. After Iraq finally defeated Iran, and even after evidence began to emerge that the Iraqi regime had illegally diverted American agricultural loans to buy weapons, United States support went on growing, until the moment when Saddam's troops crossed the border into Kuwait and the entire American effort in the Gulf collapsed.

The story has become so well known that one risks overlooking how utterly strange it is—how strange that the United States, in a region crucial to its interests and those of the entire industrialized world, would follow policies that were by turns reckless, erratic, and amateurish, and that ended in the debacle of an unnecessary war. At the root of these policies, however, is a struggle that is not at all strange to American history: the struggle between the executive and the legislative branches over what America's role in the world should be and which of them should determine it. What all the Gulf initiatives had in common, in varying degrees, is secrecy of a type that Americans have learned to recognize, at least since Vietnam: secrecy intended to conceal American actions not only from the people but from the rest of the government—most particularly, from Congress. Not that Congress has been entirely shut out; rather, it is the series of laws that Congress passed intending to prevent such abuses, combined with the determination of successive Presidents to find a way around those laws, that has given much of America's recent foreign policy its capricious and imprudent cast. If the story of American behavior in the Gulf proves anything, it is that during four decades of the Cold War the means by which our government formulated and carried out its most sensitive foreign policy were severely compromised by an institutionalized mistrust between the executive branch and Congress—a mistrust now embodied in a series of ineffective statutes that invite abuses rather than eliminate them, and in a penchant for secrecy on the part of the executive branch which has come to border on obsession.

Most of the statutes involved were enacted by Congress after Vietnam, in an attempt to close the enormous loophole that had been written into the National Security Act of 1947, which accorded the Central Intelligence Agency the legal right to "perform such other functions and duties related to intelligence affecting the national security as the National Security Council may from time to time direct." The near-transcendental vagueness of this clause was intentional; it was meant to form the heart of a national-security system flexible enough to allow the country to prosecute a "cold war"—that is, to continue its ideological struggle by all sorts of means (including paramilitary engagements, guerrilla uprisings, and terrorist campaigns) short of declared hostilities. And for a quarter of a century, by exploiting this loophole, the C.I.A.—with the general approval of the President (though he customarily retained his "deniability" by giving no written or other specific authorization)—mounted numerous quasi-warlike operations abroad, including, most prominently, successful coups d'état



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

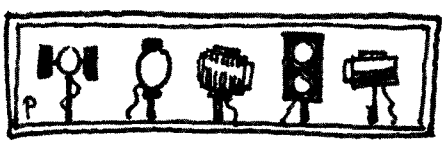
in Iran and Guatemala and assassination attempts in the Congo and Cuba.

Now, almost two decades after the defeat in Vietnam, the system of accountability fashioned by Congress lies in ruins. Executive-branch officials became increasingly adept at exploiting those loopholes that had been written into the various oversight laws, and, where there were no loopholes, at creating them, thereby weakening those laws further; indeed, the executive's ingenuity in escaping Congress's strictures helps explain the curious shape of the most controversial policies of the last decade. To avoid congressional intelligence-oversight committees, for example, the Reagan Administration conducted many of its most sensitive operations not through the C.I.A. but through the National Security Council—which had been established as a body that would limit itself to advising the President—and, when necessary, hired "subcontractors" to do the legwork. To avoid the requirement of the 1980 Intelligence Oversight Act that the President give the committees timely notification of covert operations, the Administration simply treated the word "timely" as an enormous loophole in itself. To escape the strictures of the War Powers Resolution of 1973, which says that a President can commit troops to hostilities for no more than sixty days without the approval of Congress, Presidents learned to fight their wars very rapidly, as in Grenada and Panama, or else—since the resolution says nothing about clandestine wars—very covertly, as in Nicaragua, Afghanistan, and Angola. To circumvent Congress's most important power, that of the purse, both the Reagan and the Bush Administrations managed to funnel billions of dollars to Iraq through untouchable programs in the Agriculture Department and the Export-Import Bank. When Congress explicitly cut off funding for the Contras, high officials of the United States government, including the President himself, encouraged the "private" contributions of foreign heads of state to keep the guerrilla group going.

The Iran-Contra hearings, which exposed many of these abuses in detail, might have served as the occasion for drafting legislative solutions—by shoring up the War Powers Resolution, for example, which has come to seem worse than useless. Instead, the hearings, in failing to lead to any such action, did little more than demonstrate, at the very time they were exposing the misdeeds of an executive branch that had got out of control, the congressional lack of will that had made those misdeeds possible.

Two months ago, when the man upon whom Congress dumped the problem, the independent counsel Lawrence Walsh, won an indictment of Caspar Weinberger on five felony counts, the news that the former Secretary of Defense had been indicted for making false statements, perjury, and obstructing a congressional inquiry was greeted like the latest tired episode of a long-running serial whose readership had mostly died out. Some Republican congressmen actually denounced Mr. Walsh for taking too long and spending too much. It is a sign of what we have come to expect of our government that so little outrage was expressed over the scenes depicted in the indictment: scenes of the President, the Vice-President, and the Secretaries of State and Defense, among others, being coaxed by the Attorney General of the United States, the nation's highest law-enforcement officer, into agreeing on a "cover story" meant to conceal from Congress and the public what the Attorney General himself conceded might have been a crime.

The least that can be said about these scenes, if they took place in the way the indictment outlines, is that this is not how the system is supposed to work. In fact, the first argument for a new national-security act, designed for a post-Cold War world, is a practical one: the national-security policy-making apparatus, which was constructed for another age, is broken and needs to be fixed, in order to restore true consultation between the executive and the legislative branches; to return secrecy to its proper role, as a tool for supporting stated American policies rather than as a means of undermining them; and to insure that both branches play a part in any decision to commit Americans to hostilities abroad. For better or worse, the Constitution does not confer on the executive sole power over the country's foreign policy; when a President behaves as if it did, the result tends to be policies that are ill-conceived and corrupt. And corruption abroad, as the last six years have shown, invariably leads to corruption at home.



"It is not a crime to deceive the American public, as high officials in the Reagan Administration did for two years while conducting the Iran and Contra operations," Mr. Walsh declared after winning his indictment. "But it is a crime to mislead, deceive, and lie to Congress when [it] seeks to learn whether Administration officials are conducting the nation's business in accordance with the law." This is what happened during Iran-Contra, and it may well prove to be what happened during the years of support for Saddam Hussein. The risk, in the end, is not only that Americans will find themselves fighting more unnecessary wars but that they will find themselves less able to discover what really led to them—and less inclined, in the aftermath of future "victories" like the one over Iraq, to try to find out.

• •

Openings

A Journalist friend writes:

You would never have known it, but Adolphe Frenche was in the first throes of a fiasco when we met last week. We were in the Barcelona airport, drifting around among thousands of other groggy arrivers on a muggy morning just a day or two before the start of the Olympic Games. Adolphe, who is seventy-two years old and solidly built, and who speaks with an enchanting Caribbean lilt—he comes from Trinidad—struck up a conversation with me based on my resemblance to somebody he once knew, noted happily that I had the same surname as a sergeant with whom he served in the British Army in the Second World War, and then mentioned, in passing, his personal philosophy: "When the ball comes to me, I kick it." What he didn't mention was that the airline he had arrived on had lost his suitcase, which contained not only his clothes but his and his wife's tickets to the Olympics. His wife, Nora—a small woman, with bright eyes behind thick glasses—was also remarkably cool. Adolphe let me know that this was not his first Olympics—Munich, Montreal, and Los Angeles all found their way into the conversation—and he gave me the number of the hotel where he and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nora would be staying, in case I, an Olympics novice, should need any advice from a veteran.

There was something peculiar about the number, it occurred to me, and when I looked up the hotel in a guidebook I found that it was nearer to France than to Barcelona. I called the Frenches that afternoon, and, though Adolphe sounded surprised to find himself in a beach town almost a hundred miles north of the city—he and Nora had bought an Olympics package from a travel agency—he said that the bus ride hadn't been too bad. He then told me about the lost luggage, and said that he would be coming in to "Barcelonia," as he called it, the next day to buy new clothes. Because he and Nora spoke no Spanish, I volunteered to help with the shopping.

We met at the bus station, went to a big downtown department store—Barcelona's equivalent of Macy's—and put together an emergency wardrobe. The store was mobbed, and as we struggled through the crowds Adolphe pointed out the usefulness, what with Nora's modest height, of a red motoring cap he was wearing and, he explained, always wore while travelling. "I lost her twice in London," he said. By the time we had escaped from the store, the three of us were friends, and over lunch Adolphe began to tell me about the previous Games he had attended. "Munich was the first," he said. "I always wanted to see the opening of an Olympic, and the Olympic itself, and I was having a good time in Munich. I lived at McGraw Kaserne, the American station that was there, and they treated me very nicely, being a British military man. But when the massacre came, on September 5th, I was about the only colored civilian moving around the area, and it had been reported that one of the Arabs had escaped. So I wasn't feeling comfortable, and I decided to go back home. And I stopped smoking that day, the fifth of September." Nora, who had tuned out of our conversation, was watching a wide-screen television on the wall, where a special Olympics channel was showing highlights from previous Games. This would be her first Olympics, Adolphe said. "Anyway, I never did see the opening ceremony in Munich," he went on, "because a man from a TV station asked me to come on a hospitality show, with visitors telling the German people how they felt welcome in Munich. He said I could see the opening from the TV station, which, unfortunately, I didn't, because while we were doing the show something went wrong and the signal was blacked out. But, you know, I left Munich with more money than I came with, because with the limited funds I had I bought tickets, and I scalped them. And some friends I made there decided we would meet again at the next Olympics, in Montreal, and I would see the opening there."

"I liked Ike, period."

• •

Adolphe made it to Montreal, but again missed the opening ceremonies—something about a new ticket system. The curse then followed him to Los Angeles, where his car broke down on the outskirts of the city after he had driven all the way from the East Coast. And now it had pursued him here, with his opening-ceremonies tickets—which I had heard were currently going for as much as five hundred dollars apiece—lost in transit. When I expressed a determination to get him and Nora into the ceremonies no matter what, Adolphe demurred. "I wouldn't be caught dead going there like this," he said, indicating his modest Spanish-Macy's clothes. "I got a lot of fine stuff in that grip."

Nora and Adolphe, it turned out, were big travellers. They had been to Europe several times before, and to Australia and New Zealand as well. Adolphe traced his wanderlust to a copy of "The Count of Monte Cristo" he had received as a prize in school. "The writer spoke about the catacombs and other places which, as a boy, I eventually made it up in my mind that I must go and see. Because, you know, sometimes you go to write a book and the whole thing is fictionized. Now I been to France. Been to the Bastille. Been back there three times. I went down to the catacombs in Rome. We both loved Pompeii. And that make me feel pretty good, to know that the things I read about in school I've *seen*. But we're always the only black people on these tours. We look for some

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

others, you know, but we never find them."

Adolphe and Nora left Trinidad after Adolphe retired from the Army, in 1972, and now live in Maryland, where their main occupation is bingo. In fact, a five-year run of terrific luck in the early eighties financed much of their retirement. Platja d'Aro, the beach town where their travel agency had stuck them, offered bingo, Adolphe said, and he and Nora had made a beeline for the bingo hall the night before. "But they're playing with ninety numbers," he said. "It's more like keno. We can't win at that game."

I mentioned again my hope of somehow getting them tickets for the opening ceremonies, which were taking place that night. Adolphe again said no. As a former scalper, he knew better, he said. "Those surgeons will be cutting you up, man."

As it happened, Adolphe's suitcase finally caught up with him while he and Nora were sitting in the hotel lobby in Platja d'Aro watching the opening ceremonies on TV. Later that evening, Adolphe told me, a scalper came through their hotel lobby, and Adolphe sold him all the Olympics tickets he had brought, including the useless opening-ceremonies tickets, for the same amount he had paid originally. "So I'm happy, financial-wise," Adolphe said. When the ball came to him, I thought, he kicked it.

A couple of days later, when the Frenches came back down to Barcelona—to buy souvenirs—Adolphe was wearing a brilliant-yellow dashiki. They had been enjoying the Olympics on television, they said, and Adolphe had been swimming in the sea. They invited me back to Platja d'Aro for dinner. On the (long, long) bus ride, Adolphe extolled the beauties of the Spanish countryside, and reminisced. "The thing I liked the most as a boy was the talk of what a boomerang could do. So when I grew up, and went to Australia, that was one thing I wanted to see. And I did. And it was *amazing*." He imitated the sound of a boomerang in flight. "I bought two."

Then he said, "But the thing I love about the Olympic opening ceremonies is just to see people from a hundred and seventy-two countries all together, men and women, black and white, marching past the same spot. Everybody just human. I think the war give me this attitude. I was in Italy and Germany—we were behind the big hullabaloo—but there was more peace, more love, in the war than anywhere else I been. I wasn't black, you wasn't white. You had a whole loaf of bread for your breakfast in camp, but, knowing what it is outside, you put it under your uniform and carry it out to a family, and give it to them, and they need it so much, they're so thankful, they *like* you. And this is a *white* family."

Platja d'Aro was an appalling collection of cut-rate hotels, restaurants, and souvenir shops—Lob's Mini-Golf, Fun's Burger, the Tudor Rose Bar & Música. The beach in front of Adolphe and Nora's hotel was packed, even in the late afternoon, with sunbathing Germans and Britons, many of the women topless. Adolphe and I took a swim, and he discreetly commended to my attention some of the breasts in our vicinity. "*Lovely* things," he said. "Just floating there." After dinner, we watched Olympic cycling on the TV in the hotel lobby—frantic young men churning around the velodrome in distant Barcelona.

I made one last try to get at least Adolphe to at least one Olympic event, hoping to lure him to the big baseball game between Cuba and the United States—tickets to which were almost unobtainable, even by reporters. He was tempted, he said, but their tour ended the next day—this was about a week into the Games—and he really had a lot of souvenir shopping to do in Platja d'Aro. He had had a lovely Olympics, he said, and he had met a newsman from Memphis who had guaranteed him tickets for the opening ceremonies in 1996. "Well, obviously, I am going to be in Atlanta," he said. "God willing, I'm going to be there. So that actually is the situation, as far as the Olympics is concerned."

"What is the American dream, and does it differ in many respects from the Connecticut dream?"

Surplus

AFTER getting out of the Army, in 1947, Stanley Imberman decided not to go into the family business, which was wire. He ran a drugstore on Sixth Avenue for many years, and when that stint ended, in the early seventies, he started a surplus store on Canal Street. He specialized in surplus wire—marine wire, building wire, thermostat wire, telephone wire. "I felt very comfortable with wire," Stan said the other morn-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing, standing behind the counter at his store, Canal Surplus. "And, of course, I knew where to get wire. So it was a natural."

"You have magnets?" a customer asked. "Flat magnets?" Stan pointed to trays of flat magnets on the counter.

"After the war, when I started coming down here, most of the surplus was military," Stan went on. "The government's attitude was: If we can't get rid of it on Canal Street, we're stuck with it. Then, in the sixties, it was United States manufacturing surplus in general—refrigerator surplus, airplane surplus, automotive surplus, television surplus. The abundance of American surplus was just fantastic. When I founded this business, there were at least a dozen surplus places on Canal. Now I'm just about the last of the old surplus stores left."

"What happened to the other places?" we asked.

"One thing was that the rents went way up," said Stan. "Now the only way to afford a place on Canal is to run one of these warrens full of other people's surplus—Chinese hammers, Korean luggage, Taiwanese lint-removers. Also, the United States doesn't have as much surplus anymore. We're in deficit. And deficit is no good for surplus, by definition." Stan paused and then said, "Have you noticed how much duct tape is for sale on Canal? Duct tape *is* American surplus."

A man in a straw hat asked, "Do you have flat pieces of lead?"

"Over there," Stan said, pointing toward the back, and he went on, "I sell stuff that is only one level removed from the refinery, like brass macaroni, or copper with a little filigree around the edges—stuff you buy to make into other stuff. *They* sell duct tape. The conclusion you could draw is that once we were a nation of makers and now we are a nation stuck together by duct tape. I'm not saying that this is what I believe."

A man hurried into the store, holding a broken fan belt out in front of him. Stan silently shook his head. The man hurried out.

"Why has your place survived?" we asked.

"I'll tell you a story," Stan said. "One day, I notice these two women in here. They're buying this highly specialized wire, like you would use to wire computers, with multicolored strands, except that these women don't look like electricians. It turns out they're making belts out of the wire and selling them to Neiman-Marcus. This made an impression on me. After that, whenever me and my partner, Sheldon Skoler, are looking for surplus, we try to imagine what artists might like. Anything shiny, offbeat, a little weird. Sometimes we guess wrong, sometimes right. Now artists are most of our business. The artists who come in here, I wouldn't know their faces—I'm not so well versed in the art world—but some of them are very prominent. There's one woman who comes in here, she must be prominent, because she doesn't touch any of the merchandise herself. She just points to stuff, and her assistants handle it."

On this morning, a woman in a Harley-Davidson T-shirt bought ball- and race-bearings made by a bankrupt manufacturer in Providence, to turn into motorcycle jewelry; a woman in West African costume bought dowels produced by a defunct toy manufacturer, to use for playing African drums; a young woman bought a small square of blue leather that came from a furniture maker, to repair her torn riding chaps; a man bought a piece of the same leather, to bind a copy of Thomas De Quincey's "Confessions of an English Opium Eater"; and a bearded man bought two low-r.p.m. motors, to use in a puppet show.

All morning long, people stood in front of the bins, silently hefting and fingering gears, springs, half-inch polypropylene sheets, solid-brass pins, coils of brass wire, clocks' hands, carbon rods, Bakelite tubes, copper mesh, and lead ingots. At Canal Surplus, it doesn't do any good just to look at the merchandise. Touching is the only way to think. Everything feels useful, though you can't think of a use for a single thing. Your fingers slowly turn black with shop grease. A half hour among the bins puts some of the older customers in a nostalgic mood. Another man in a straw hat was transported by a coil of three-inch-thick marine towrope. "You just don't see rope like that anymore," he said.

"You really don't," Stan said sympathetically.

"What you see going on here is people making art out of our industrial heritage, literally," Stan said to us. "Whether this means we're going in the right direction as a country I'm not sure."

The phone rang. "Do I sell body jewelry?" he said. "I don't know—I might. It depends what you like to wear on your body."

"Of course, with the position that has the benefits—medical, dental, et cetera—there is no salary."

• •

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BLOWN AWAY

"Actresses—especially those of the Sex Babe variety—are born with wiles that are always at work, beguiling and bedeviling. . . . Such women are not unaware of their impact. . . . They watch themselves drive men to despair."—*Interviewer Bill Zehme in Rolling Stone, the HOT 1992 issue.*

"Here in fact is how it goes, if you are Sharon Stone: . . . you are brighter than you look, since you look extraordinary."—*Bill Zehme, describing "America's Premier Sex Babe."*

"I've hit a few people, yes. I've knocked a couple of guys across the room."—*Sharon Stone, according to Zehme.*

"She can be seen as the Blonde in such works as 'Action Jackson,' 'Police Academy 4,' 'King Solomon's Mines' and 'Allan Quatermain and the Lost City of Gold,' . . . 'Above the Law,' 'Scissors' and 'He Said, She Said.'" —*Same interviewer, recapping Sharon Stone's career.*

"She can be very clever with words and hit you [with them]. . . . And if you're not careful she can be the victor."—*Director Paul Verhoeven on Sharon Stone.*

"Never play cards with a guy named Doc."—*One of the rules you live by if you are Sharon Stone.*

"You are skipped ahead in school, where you are still mostly bored." —*More of how it goes if you are Sharon Stone.*

"She owns two double-barreled, pump-action shotguns she will not hesitate to use and has known no greater joy than squeezing off rounds on an Uzi."—*About Sharon Stone.*

"I think you would have to be a really strong guy if you wanted to marry her, . . . otherwise, she'll blow you away."—*Director advising men who want to marry Sharon Stone.*

"Oh, it's *wonderful!* . . . You put it under your arm and hold it close to your body, and you feel the heat of the bullets as they pass out by your back!" —*Sharon on the joys of an Uzi.*

"My feeling is, if I could just stand alongside her and listen to her talk about her sex life once in a while, I would never have to date again!"—*Neurotic comedian Richard Lewis on overhearing Sharon Stone at the gym.*

"Murder is a very sexual thing. . . . And when two people commit murder together, that's the most bonding thing that there is, in a psychological sense."—*Quote from the actress Richard Lewis wants to listen to talk about sex.*

"She now owns the world."—*Bill Zehme, hailing the results of Sharon Stone's filming an interrogation scene without underwear on.*

"I think I oughta do what I wanna do."—*What Sharon Stone thinks.*

"You see her point always. She always *has* a point."—*Same Bill's assessment of Sharon.*

"Never eat at a place called Mom's." —*Sharon citing another of the rules she lives by.*

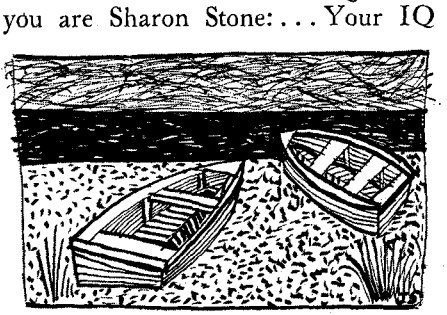
"She is a fight fan and a Lakers fan and aspires to act the way Magic Johnson passes."—*She is Sharon Stone.*

"I am for sure a Broad."—*Sharon Stone. For sure.*

"I've spent some quality time with her, yes."—*Michael Douglas to interviewer. Sounding tired.*

"You know, I'm a girl who really likes boys."—*Sharon. More on herself.*

"Here in fact is how it goes, if you are Sharon Stone: . . . Your IQ measures out as Einstein's superior." —*Fact.*



MOMS TUCKER (*proprietor of Mom's Place*): Maybe I'm just an old woman who don't know so much. I say this is a rule to live by: "You got cash, you don't need credit. You need credit, you got no cash." That's not exactly in the formal text of a rule, but it's my rule. I keep it taped to the front of my cash register for my customers to read and heed. Of course, I believe even though you've got a rule—or somebody else's rule—you live by, you have to be limber, like the wind. These are the wisdoms you acquire when you run a Mom's Place or eat at a Mom's Place.

Maybe this gal's just too young to have acquired this kind of reasoning. Then again, by the time I was her age I had nearly raised eight kids and already served two consecutive sentences. So she's probably got no excuse. But that's all right, because with age you do soften up.

GINGER HART (*Michael Douglas fan*): I think that Michael has really changed.

MARV ATLAS (*owner and master acting coach of the Magic Johnson Actor's Technique Studio*): She certainly wasn't the first to notice Magic's innate smoothness and natural sense of drama and climax. But she was the only student, male or non-male, I didn't have to explain the no-look-pass principles to.

I'll never forget the first day she walked into the studio. Heads were popping. It was clear she was the type to get bored very easy. She was a girl who really liked boys, and you could say I was beguiled by her desire to shock, but I get bored easy myself. All women should be so blessed. If I was a god, which I'm not, I would create all women in her image.

DOC (*card shark*): It's no exaggeration to say people have lost everything of meaning in a card game with me and then, without ever a hope of winning back what they've gambled away, begged me for one more round. When I ask, "Another hand?" I make them feel like it's their own idea, when in fact from the moment they sat across from me at the table they gave up any

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

freedom they may have thought they had. And don't believe for a minute there's a person out there, man or woman, and I will emphasize "woman," who can refuse me. The slicker they are, the quicker they are to deal with. Hell, she's so easy it's almost not even sporting.

CASPER FINN (*owner of Casper's Survival Outfitters*): You've got your Uzi. Then there's the mini-Uzi and, shrunk even more, you've got your micro-Uzi. The micro has a cyclic rate of fire of 1250 rounds per minute. An itchy trigger finger can really wreak some destruction. Say your magazine holds twenty rounds, the micro can empty that in zero-point-nine-five of one second. Guaranteed respect when you've got a little buddy like this at your side. Course, you've got your rival machine guns. The Sterling L2A3—dependable, and I think the design is uncommonly graceful. The Beretta Model 12—smarter than it looks. Probably the most accurate baby is the Heckler & Koch MP5. Sophisticated weapon, intricate weapon.

There is a real selection, and almost every day the options widen—the MP5, the Spectre, the Steyr MPi 69 and 81. But I'd say for a woman of her calibre the Uzi is a good bet. A first-class piece of artillery for close-quarter combat.

CAROL (*of Charlie and Carol, two people who committed murder together*): We were in a bad mood. Charlie's dad wouldn't let him use the car, and we were both broke. Charlie never had money, because he spent his going to all the movies. My allowance had been suspended, because I slightly rearranged a letter my principal sent to my parents. He wrote them I had skipped school, and I slipped the words "ahead in" between "skipped" and "school." So what.

So anyway, you know how couples can get to taking things out on each other. Charlie and me, we'd been doing that for a while. Then there we were one day, just peckin' at each other, and it made me remember hearing how if you commit murder together, it's like the tightest thing you can do. So that's what we did. And now Charlie won't let me out of his sight, because he's afraid I'm unaware of my impact.

Some days I look back at what it was that got me to where I am right now. In an abandoned farmhouse with nothing but snakes and grasshoppers for outside company . . . except when Charlie eats the grasshoppers . . . just to make me mad. I try not to have regrets, but sometimes, usually when I'm hungry, I find myself wondering things. Like if Charlie had only been born with red hair. Then I never would have liked him to begin with, and I wouldn't be here now. Or if I really had been skipped ahead in school, then I would have been too old to go out with Charlie, and I wouldn't be here now. What if Charlie's dad had given him the car that day? Then Charlie would have gone on about with his regular plan, which was to two-time me with Ariel Stillwater. If only murder wasn't a love cure.

ANGEL PIÑERO (*phantom featherweight*): I used to see her at the matches. She couldn't see me—no one could see me, but after the bouts, when all the lights were out, they could hear me shadow-spar, an eerie echo in the ring. She didn't come to the fights before about a year ago. Then she started comin' regular. Usually always she was with these soft-bellies. That's standard quo for dolls type her. She would whistle at my boys when they'd derobe for the open. One time she was carryin' on, distracting the focus—added with the fact she was dressed in such a manner as to provoke undue attention. . . . So I made her spill her popcorn. She thought it was her date's fault, and she knocked him clear across the crowd. I felt sorry for the guy till he walked back over to her and said, "Sorry." Then I just felt like the dude got what was comin' to him. You don't let no woman treat you thataway.

Man! What a condition these folks are living in. I've been haunting these rings for thirty-some years, and I have seen a lot pass by. There are things you notice more when you're a phantom. So I see there is a definite shift in women's attitudes. You never used to see no unhaltered lady wearing a tight T-shirt with "I am for sure a broad" across it. Makes me glad to be nothing but a shadow of a man.

—LISA WALKER

"It's Meals-on-Wheels, Mrs. Hokenstadt."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DISAPPEARED

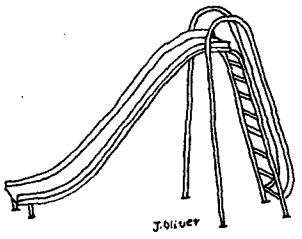
"LOOK at my life," Fontane said. She clutched her robe together below her neck. Fontane was a thin, lithe woman with springy black curls that lay close to her scalp. Even in grief she was beautiful, like a piece of sculpture in the rain. "It's as if I'm being punished for killing people in another life."

"I know, I know." Leila Pinkerton sprinkled sweetener into a glass of iced tea. "There's no explaining it."

"Why would the Lord give me two children if He was going to take them away?"

"I'm sure Hiram is all right," Leila said, hoping Fontane wouldn't get angry at the ease with which hope poured from her mouth. Leila had never had children herself, and was well past the age for it. "I just know it in here." She pointed to her heart. "It's only been three days. He could have amnesia, he could have gotten lost." She stopped before saying that he could have run away. What would he be running away from?

Leila Pinkerton and Fontane Whitley were as close to friendship as they could get, given that Leila was white, Fontane was black, and they lived in a world full of people who claimed to know what that meant. They came together in crisis, like an emergency-room team. At other times, a formality neither of them had created restrained them, driving them back into their separate shells. They trusted each other hesitantly, the way you trust a relative you've heard bad things about since childhood but who has always treated you with the utmost kindness.



Fontane began weeping again. Leila put an arm around her and squeezed her shoulder. "Did you search his room?"

Fontane's eyes caught fire. "Do you think I'm an idiot? We tore the house apart, looking for a note."

"I'm sorry. I know you did. I thought you did."

"If this is some prank of his, I'm going to kill him when he gets home." She laughed at herself; then she began to cry again.

"There was nothing missing from his room?"

"Not that I noticed." Fontane stirred and sat upright.

"Like a favorite book or toy, his sneakers?"

"I don't think so." But as she said it, Fontane stood and began walking up the stairs, and Leila followed.

Leila had never seen Hiram's room, and it wasn't at all the way she would have pictured it. It was futuristic, like the inside of a spaceship. "Handsome," she said, looking around. One wall, covered with black corkboard, had posters from the video store thumbtacked all over it, and four intricate circuit boards hanging from hooks. Shelves spray-painted silver held books and magazines jammed in at all angles, including a few Leila had given Hiram. She believed reading kept the mind sharp, and she liked to turn a phrase herself. She'd rearrange a thought or observation in her head until she got it just right, as if she intended to write it down, though she never did. Her favorite author was Mark Twain.

"I fought the beer sign." Fontane pointed over Hiram's desk to a Miller High Life neon sign with a whale spouting a bright-blue plume of water. "That was a birthday gift from Dayton." Dayton was Hiram's father. He had refused to marry Fontane when she got pregnant at seventeen, and had left town two months after Hiram was born.

Leila felt Hiram's absence more here than she had downstairs. Stuffed animals, model planes, an afghan draped across the foot of the bed: without their owner, the objects seemed forlorn. She remembered sorting through her husband's clothes after he died. She had felt sad and then had fallen into a rage. Colonel Pinkerton's ties and shirts were uncoöperative messengers, not the measure of the man but a pile of anonymous hand-me-downs. It reminded her of what happened when Claude Rains removed his suit and unwound the bandages from his hands and face. There was nothing left but his cigarette and the desperation in his voice.

"Is it O.K. if I look in here?" Leila's hand hovered at the pull of the center desk drawer.

Fontane began to rummage through the bureau. "Yes, oh yes," she said. "You can look anywhere at all."

HIRAM WHITLEY, aged twelve, had been missing officially since Monday. On the noon news that day, Hiram had been described as a slender black boy, five feet two inches tall, last seen on Sunday morning at home wearing a T-shirt and pajama bottoms. Leila, who lived next door to the Whitleys, was no alarmist. Having no children herself, she had nothing to relate Hiram's disappearance to but her own childhood, so long ago. In those days, instead of sassing, children often ran away from home or vanished into the woods for a day. She'd never known of one who hadn't come back. She imagined that Hiram was off hunting squirrels with the BB gun his father, Dayton, had given him, or exploring the bat caves formed by the interstate crossing Bellamy Creek.

But Fontane and Evan Whitley, Hiram's stepfather, were more modern, and, Leila supposed, more realistic. They were half out of their minds with worry. No doubt they were thinking of the little girl who was kidnapped last year from a department store in Palm Beach and then murdered. The killer was never found. That had happened three hundred and fifty miles to the south, in the glittery, crime-ridden part of Florida, which seemed a crazed foreign country compared to Bellamy County. Bellamy County had hummed along for more than a hundred years on lumber mills, tobacco, cattle, and truck farms. The town of Waccasassa was a transparent place, like a piece of old glass with impurities in it. Its inhabitants had long ago accommodated themselves to its flaws. They had their troubles, like people everywhere. There were bar fights and convenience-store robberies, but Leila had never heard of a child's being snatched and murdered in Bellamy County.

"Have you got any notion at all where Hiram might be?" Fontane had asked her on Sunday afternoon, when she first discovered Hiram was missing. Hiram had made himself scarce right after breakfast, Fontane said, probably to avoid his stepfather's weekly attempt to persuade him to go to church.

"The last I saw him was yesterday, when he did the yard for me," Leila said. It had been overcast and windy on Saturday, and the whole time Hiram

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was cutting her grass she had worried about lightning, staring through the window as the mower slowly peeled narrow swaths of lawn from dark to pale green. "I'm sure he'll turn up by supper."

"I tried to call Dayton, but wouldn't you know it, his phone's been disconnected," Fontane said. According to Fontane, she and Dayton had been on good terms only for the amount of time it took to conceive Hiram.

After Fontane left, Leila got into her old white Valiant and drove over to Vern's Kwik Stop, where kids often hung out to play video games and read comic books. Then she tried the middle-school playground. She stopped for a glass of iced decaf at Sinrod Drugs, swivelling slowly on her counter stool as she tried to put herself—a plump, sixty-eight-year-old, white woman—in Hiram's place, tried to divine his whereabouts.

Leila had run away once, but she was nearly an adult at the time. It was during the war, and the Colonel was being sent to an island in the Pacific that was so small it wasn't on the big globe at her teachers' college. They spent his last weekend pass in a motel room in Myrtle Beach. Her parents didn't approve of the Colonel. Too impulsive, they said. Reckless. White trash was what they meant. He had a thick north-Georgia drawl and he was big and raw-boned and had crooked front teeth. She loved him, she remembered, she loved him so much that just seeing the golden hairs bristling on his arms made her feel safe. And then, after forty-three years, he had disappeared into the earth as if he had never existed.

BY Monday, the Whitleys were frantic. Mr. Whitley stayed home from the lumbermill where he was a foreman to be with Fontane. It was especially trying for them, coming so soon after the death of their six-year-old, Beckah, who had succumbed the year before to leukemia. An Angel Came to Earth and Took the Flower Away, Beckah's headstone said. The cemetery was at the end of two miles of washboard road. Beckah's first-grade teacher and Leila were the only white people at the funeral. Leila remembered the smell of freshly turned clay, and Mr. and Mrs. Whitley standing in front of the small coffin. Hiram had patted his mother's arm and tried to act like a grownup man, but Mr. Whitley dropped to his knees and began rocking back and forth, sobbing, "Lord, O Lord, you took her away." Fontane knelt down and wrapped herself around her husband. Hiram had stood behind them, suddenly tall and alone.

Leila believed that Fontane had married Evan Whitley out of spite, to get even with Dayton for leaving her. Evan was upstanding and proper. Once, at a Fourth of July street party, Leila had asked him to call her by her first name instead of Mrs. Pinkerton. He had raised his index finger to his eye and rubbed it and blinked repeatedly, as if a gnat were trapped in his lashes.

Dayton, on the other hand, was the kind of colorful, lying, energetic man whom adults saw right through and children adored. Hiram adored him. When Dayton visited, he was extravagantly attentive. Then no one heard a word from him for six months. He drove a hot rod with airbrushed flames licking the fenders and the rear end hiked up like a scorpion's tail. He never had money, though he always had some kind of recent good time he could tell you about. For Dayton, charm was a means of locomotion, like a swift pair of legs.

When Hiram was five or six, Dayton started bringing his women around. Leila had overheard some nasty arguments. Last Easter, Mr. Whitley had ejected Dayton from the house and stood screaming at him until he drove away, and Leila could understand why. She didn't care for Dayton's values or his women, with their black leather shorts and tube tops and tall boots. "They're all nurses, according to him," Fontane had told her. Leila responded with a questioning look. "That's how he introduces every one of those trashy women. He says, 'Have you met Sharanda, my scrub-nurse friend?' " Fontane had burst out laughing. "He must think I have the brains of a bowling ball." But, for all his flaws, Leila could see that Dayton had a little fire in his soul, and that the same light flickered in Hiram.

The Atlanta police had gone to Dayton's last known address on Monday. He wasn't there. His employer said he hadn't given notice, just quit showing up. The Bellamy County police stopped by to question Fontane that afternoon. Was it possible that Dayton had kidnapped Hiram? Fontane was sure he hadn't. "He's never even invited Hiram to come home with him for a weekend," she reported to Leila later. "Hiram is just a toy he plays with when he wants to show off for one of his girlfriends."

THE neighborhood where Leila and the Whitleys lived had been built at the turn of the century for the new middle class—for meek, polite women like Leila's mother and grandmother, women who held the line between public and private life and feared shame. All the houses backed onto service alleys, as if the household functions—garbage pickup, stove-wood delivery—had to be handled as discreetly and invisibly as bodily func-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LITTLE WHALEY, PAWLING, N.Y.

SKY WATCH

In this book, the stars are well connected,
dot to dot their bodies take shape,

crowding the black circle of heaven.
When we turn from flashlit page to sky,

they become harder to identify,
like trying to find Venus

in a diagram of the female anatomy—
the clitoris, a planet rarely seen,

never stands hoodless, bared.
That smear must be the Milky Way.

When you point out Big and Little
Dippers,
I see our metal one dripping

from the tub of rainwater.
The stars above the lake are not set

neat as pins but spilled by the drunk
god who said, "To hell with the moon."

We drift in the canoe, folded
into the dark, our faces extinguished.

EMPTYING THE CHAMBER POT

Alone in Llewoh, in one of a handful
of cabins (circa 1906) scattered

around the lake, we slept deeper,
animals hibernating, pressed

together for warmth. I stirred once
to squat over the pot,

my sudden stream hitting bottom
broke the seal of quiet.

In the morning, you kindly offer,
but it's mine—this piss pool,

stagnant, in the white chamber pot.
I carry it, steady, down the stairs.

Piss proud, I walk out of the kitchen,
thick with its coffee smell,

and before I toss it from the rock
the summer occupants have marked

I admire, once more, its color—
the bronzed yellow of fallen leaves.

LITTLE WHALEY

It's warm for October, like spring.
As you row, I talk about the lake—

how like a clear mind it seems,
unshakable even when trees shake at fever

pitch, scarlet and yellow, on its surface.
Underwater, a forest—leafy, gorgeous—

thrives, slowly sucking the lake dry.

You start to undress.
Flushed, I point to what's left

of our cabin, a blue stamp,
foreign, on the hillside,

at the blue heron,
how it flares from the trees,

a silent alarm.

I use my eyes, taking you
slowly, avoiding your greedy

stare, to press you deeper
under the glass of memory—

hard against this paradise
leafed in flame.

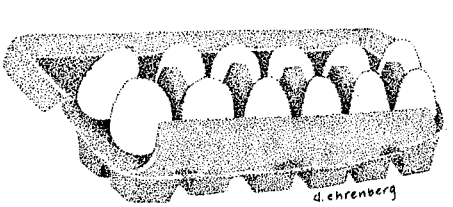
—MARIANNE BURKE

• •

tions. When Leila was growing up, everything about family life was thought to be proper and just, and you weren't allowed to talk about anything personal. Nowadays, nothing was right anywhere in society. Just tune in "Donahue" or "Oprah": people confessed everything, absolutely everything, in public. The sound of the daytime talk shows was one gigantic lamentation. Were there shameful secrets in Hiram's family? Late Monday, the police had questioned Leila privately, asking whether she'd noted any tension between family members, any bruises on anybody. She told them she was certain there was no violent behavior among the Whitleys. When Hiram misbehaved, he got a "time-out," not a slap.

Fontane was not trained to be meek, but to be scrappy and vigilant. She was born to adversity, while Leila was born to the smugness typical of Southern white people of a certain class. She and Fontane had never discussed it, would never discuss it. Fontane, the solitary dancer on the music box, with long legs like exclamation points. What must it be like for Fontane to climb into her bed tonight, Leila wondered. Mr. Whitley would pat her, turn over, and fall asleep. The house would be utterly quiet. All Fontane would hear would be the sound of her own breathing, the goddam regularity of it, and a prayer repeating in her head: Please, God, let Hiram be breathing, too. Eventually her eyes would grow accustomed to the dark. Visual purple—Leila remembered that phrase from somewhere. The room would take shape, the empty hallway beyond it like a bend in a river that leads nowhere.

LEILA had worked or lived next door to Fontane for seven years—two when the building was only a store, and five more since Leila had moved into it. Colonel Pinkerton's Treasure Trove was a cracker cottage with Victorian touches—gingerbread trim



on the eaves and porch gallery, a fancy iron fence. Inside, it was set up like a model house, the used furniture and collectibles for sale displayed in rooms organized around color themes. Leila had a knack for arrangement and for color. The attic playroom was a cartoonish blue and yellow. The kitchen bustled with green glass Depression-era mixing bowls, red-handled egg-beaters, and gingham.

At first, Fontane Whitley kept her distance. But when the Colonel died, six years ago, it was Fontane who noticed that something was wrong with Leila. Fontane liked old things; she regularly checked the new arrivals after a truck had been unloaded. She collected hand-embroidered pillowcases and anything made of copper. One day, Fontane parked Beckah, who was sleeping in her stroller, next to Leila's desk. The adding machine was plugged in and she was paying bills. Leila remembered staring at the small red "on" light. The baby dozed; the red light burned steadily. It was like a tiny traffic signal that made her want to stop doing everything. Time passed—

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

she did not know how much time—and the baby's eyes were open. She was grabbing at a string of plastic keys suspended above her, drool running from the corner of her mouth. Her feet kicked and her eyes watered as she reached for the toy with her whole body. Once in a while she touched one of the keys, and it clicked against its neighbor. Otherwise, the store was as quiet as a folded quilt.

"Leila, honey, you're not talking today. Something's wrong with you, you're not saying a word." The voice was Fontane's. "Can't you say something?" The silence had brought Fontane hurrying down from the third floor to the front room. Usually she could hear Leila's voice, uncurling tentatively at first, then climbing, as she chattered at Beckah. "You're not even talking to the baby!"

Leila looked at Beckah and then at Fontane and burst into tears, but still she couldn't talk. The red light burned. The baby slept, then played. The Colonel had been dead for six months.

The doctor said Leila's depression was "profound"—as if, she thought, he were describing a symphony or a speech. He prescribed an antidepressant drug that gave her a great deal of energy after just a few weeks. She felt happiest in the store, each room of it like a bright nest she had woven for herself. The colors and textures suddenly brought shivers of delight, almost as if she could taste them, as if they satisfied some physical appetite. The doctor said not to worry about this odd joy; it was just her aptitude for pleasure coming back. But it was the reason she had decided to sell the house outside of town where she had lived with the Colonel and move into the store.

THE police visited the Whitleys three times on Tuesday. They brought a specialist from the Missing Children's Registry, who asked detailed questions about Hiram's playmates and habits and interviewed children in the neighborhood. The church auxiliary sent covered dishes. The Whitleys' phone rang continuously with calls from well-wishers, friends, psychics, and the parents of other children who had disappeared. Two camera vans stayed parked on the street.

By Tuesday afternoon, Fontane was under a doctor's care for her nerves. She took small yellow pills every four hours and received visitors from the striped sofa in her front room. Mr. Whitley had gone back to work, but not before posting pictures of Hiram all over the county: "Missing Reward," the fluorescent-green paper said above Hiram's seventh-grade picture. Newspapers in Valdosta, Tallahassee, and Jacksonville carried the story on the front page.

Leila brought lunch for Fontane that afternoon—a platter of chicken salad with sliced cucumbers and a pitcher of Crystal Light lemonade. The Reverend Dozier Jones was there, holding Fontane's limp arm as they prayed together in front of a silent TV screen where well-dressed white people moved through spacious rooms. Fontane had taken to watching a lot of TV since Beckah got sick. She still hadn't gone back to work. Mr. Whitley said she would never have to if she didn't want to.

"Ma'am," the Reverend said, rising to his feet, as Leila leaned down to place the food on the coffee table.

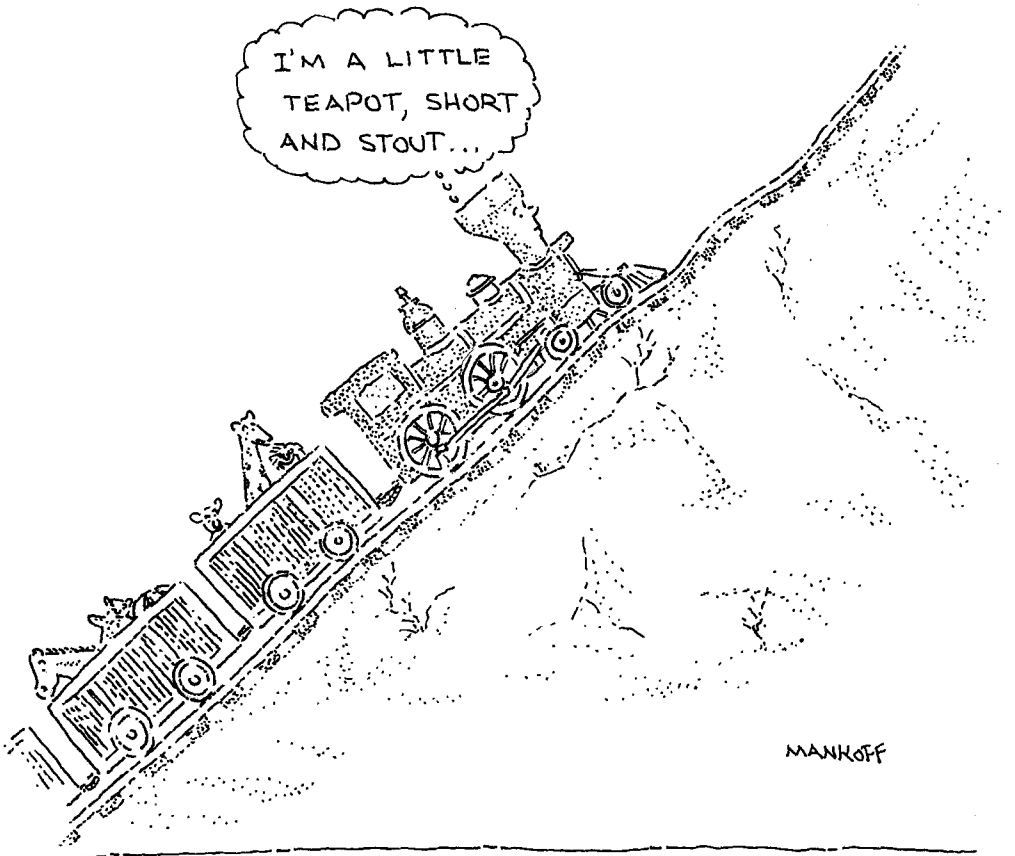
"You remember my neighbor, Leila Summer Pinkerton," Fontane said.

"What a pity we keep meeting under such trying circumstances," the Reverend said. For a second, Leila imagined his voice emanating from the afternoon soap unfolding in miniature behind him.

"Lemonade?" she asked.

Leila hardly watched television anymore. Her favorite programs in thirty-five years were The Milton Berle Show and the Bicentennial Minutes. She wished they would rerun Uncle Milty—there was nothing funnier than a man dressed as a woman, pitched forward in high heels like a gawky bird.

After Beckah died, Hiram developed an interest in movies like "Frankenstein" and "The Shining" and "Alien." His weekends were filled with gelatinous creatures, mummies trailing gauze, and body snatchers shaped like giant snow peas. Leila was happy to let Hiram use the Colonel's VCR. He talked a mile a minute while he watched movies. Leila had difficulty keeping up with him; her attention



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would settle on the film or be sidetracked by a bird at the feeder in the yard. Hiram talked mostly about school. Fontane bragged to anyone who would listen that Hiram was in the gifted program, and sometimes, in front of company, she had him recite the names of all the Presidents.

After lunch, the Reverend followed Leila into the kitchen and stood running his finger along the Formica counter while she washed the dishes. "I'm certain we all appreciate your thoughtfulness to Mr. and Mrs. Whitley in this time of trouble," he said. His "t"s were little firecrackers going off in the middle of words. It was probably the way he preached, drawing the words out, making them sizzle and hiss.

"Don't you remember me from the shop?" Leila turned to face him. Sometimes she couldn't bear the way her black neighbors deferred to her, exchanging nothing more than pleasantries and homilies. She wanted to grab them and shake them and scream *It's me.* She often imagined the awkwardness dissolving: a door suddenly coming unstuck in a room full of people, every face furrowed at first with alarm, then softening as though a baby with wings had fluttered through the open doorway.

"The Colonel was a fine man, a fine man." The Reverend stayed behind his mask.

Mabidda thirty, I got thirty, mabidda thirty, who'll say thirty-five, bidda thirty-five where? The Colonel used to stand at his auctioneer's podium, the walnut gavel in his hand, a cowboy hat on his head. His voice was a bullwhip, gathering the crowd in, circling, snapping in the air. Whenever Leila thought of him now, she had to remind herself of his bad traits as well as the good ones. That way she missed him less. He was too stuck on himself to adopt a child. Afraid he'd get a defective one. Being from north Georgia, he wasn't open-minded, and, if the truth be told, in the beginning he did business with his black neighbors only because there was money to be made off them.

"He was just a human being," Leila said. "You don't have to sweet-talk me."

The Reverend looked shocked. "I know he's with Jesus," he said, "the Colonel. And I hope you've taken Jesus. I've taken Him into my heart and I am ready to go to Him whenever I'm called."

Leila picked up a knife in the sink and imagined brandishing it in his direction. *How about right now? Are you ready to go this minute?* Instead, she scrubbed the blade with a sponge until clear water danced off it. The Reverend waited as if for an "amen" from Leila, still unwilling to acknowledge her candor. "I'm in no big hurry myself," she finally said. She knew he'd find the remark too playful, but wouldn't take issue with it. A moment later, he left, promising to return the next day, urging Fontane to call him any time.

THE sheriff organized a search party. At dawn on Wednesday, deputies and citizens began combing Waccasassa and its environs. It made Leila sick to her stomach when she saw volunteer firemen going through the dumpster behind Video World. Soon Hiram's face would appear like a reverse cameo on milk cartons, and children throughout the state would compare his birth date to their own over bowls of breakfast cereal.

Leila would have liked to join the search, but her legs and back were not what they once were. She knew the local terrain well—from the sandhill pines near the northern county line to the swampy sweet-gum woods that fringed the Waccasassa River at the western border. Bellamy County was full of creeks, dry creek beds, quarries, and dense forests, all of which now seemed threatening. It was still possible that Hiram had run off and gotten lost; Leila believed that. When he was in elementary school, he had gone camping with Mr. Whitley and his Boy Scout troop. He knew, presumably, the basics of survival: how to light a fire, find fresh water, and sleep in safety from the snakes, bobcats, and wild hogs that Leila knew roamed Bellamy County. Still, as the days passed, the vision of him that occupied her mind changed. On Sunday, he tromped in slow motion through a field like someone in a shampoo commercial, the wild phlox and ryegrass waving him on. That night, he slept in the crotch of one of the huge live oaks that lined the old Bellamy plantation road to the black cemetery. By Tuesday, his clothes were ragged and his hair was starting to mat. She saw him smeared with mud to the elbows and knees, bent over a brook, catching crawdads. By Wednesday, every imaginary glimpse of him was terrifying; he was becoming wild, a feral child. He had taken on an existence in which ferocity alone could save him. Finally, it was impossible to picture him at all—he had regressed too far from the boy she knew. Hiram had become a complete mystery. And another mystery had been revealed: Leila loved him. She felt the love deep in her body and all the way out to its edges—in her teeth and nails, skin and bones, she wanted him back.

"*Who, me?*"

The search teams quit at sundown, having netted two garbage bags full of what looked like shreds of clothes, newsprint, and beer cans, all of it described as potential evidence.

NOW, with Fontane's approval, Leila pawed through crayons and rulers and Magic Markers and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gum wrappers and balled-up homework assignments. The disorder of Hiram's desk felt vital as it touched her hands, like the boy himself. "Nothing," she said when she was done. She walked to the closet and opened the two louvered bifold doors. Fontane nodded her agreement. "Help me," Leila said. "You know where things belong."

The two of them bent into the dark of the closet. Fontane was a good housekeeper. At home, when Leila opened a closet or looked under a bed, dust bunnies drifted in the small updrafts. Leila recognized a lavender-and-black plaid shirt and remembered a wisp of conversation, Hiram's head framed by hickory leaves. The shirt seemed ghostlike.

"Oh, my God," Fontane said. She had been squatting. Now she sat back on the floor. "My God, my God."

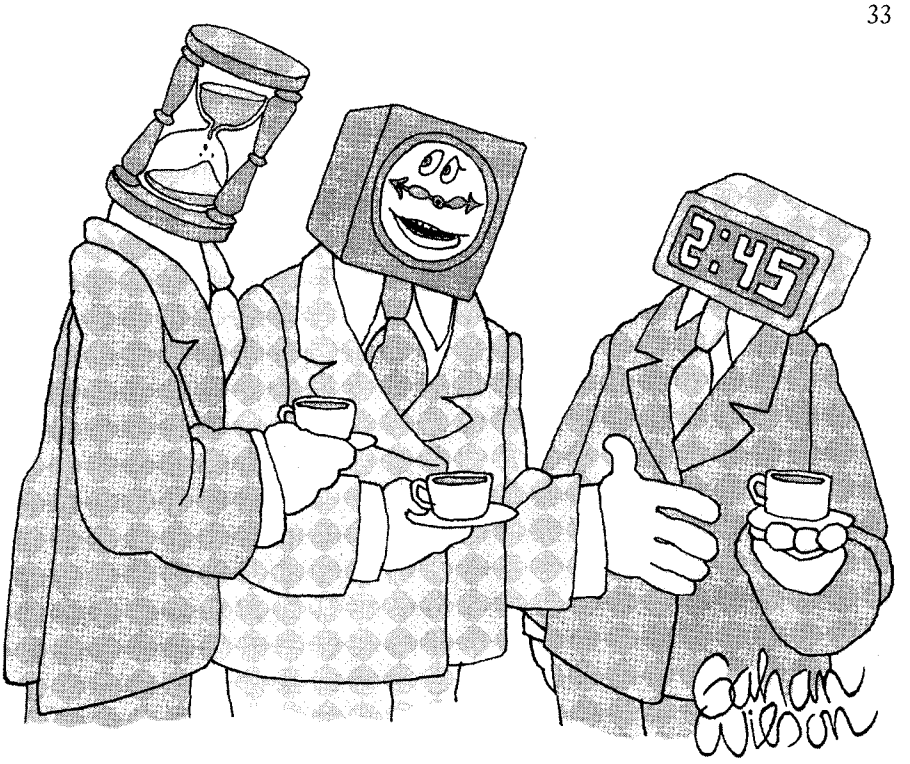
"What is it?"

Fontane pointed to the flamingo-colored high-tops lined up neatly at the back of the closet. "I put his sneakers there myself. They were alongside the bed on Sunday. But where are his dress shoes? Do you see his dress shoes? Black leather wing tips?"

The two of them pulled out everything on the closet floor. While Fontane pushed through the clothes on hangers Leila dumped the contents of a toy box on the bedroom rug. Legos, blocks, a small, deflated football, an old T-shirt. "I don't see them anywhere," she said.

"His good black pants," Fontane said. Her voice was shrill with excitement. "His dress clothes are gone. They're gone!" Fontane grabbed Leila around the waist and jumped up and down, holding on to her. Then she raced down the steps and into the yard, to the toolshed. Leila watched from the window as Fontane removed the padlock, ducked inside, and returned weeping and thanking God. "The BB gun's gone!" she shouted. By the time Leila made her way downstairs, Fontane was on the phone with her husband, her voice wobbly with excitement, then rushing out in a torrent. Leila hugged Fontane and sat next to her as she made one call after another.

That night Leila lay in bed thinking about the last time Dayton had visited. He had brought Hiram the BB gun against Fontane and Evan's wishes. Worse, he had taken the boy out to the Bellamy plantation road for target practice. It was a Sunday morning, and Fontane was furious and humiliated when she discovered that the gunfire that punctuated the Reverend's sermon was from Dayton's shotgun. He and Hiram were shooting mistletoe out of the live oaks. Several parishioners had seen the two of them resting in the culvert, their guns propped against a tree.



"Basically, we're all trying to say the same thing."

• •

ON Friday afternoon, Leila donned her tattered straw hat and pink cotton gardening gloves. She knelt on the soft rubber mat she had bought to save her kneecaps and began weeding the herbs. Fontane was arguing with her husband. Leila could hear their voices rising and falling through the open kitchen window.

The sun beat down through the torn weave of Leila's hat, dappling her hands and the ground. Then Fontane was standing beside her. "Any news?" Leila asked.

"The police keep telling me it's easier to find two fugitives than one. They don't know Dayton."

Los Angeles, Detroit, Leila thought, that's where Dayton would take Hiram, some crowded place where people disappeared into each other.

"Evan's idea of finding Dayton is to pray." Fontane reached beside the parsley and pulled out a big tuft of wood sorrel and another of spurge. "If I could kill Dayton, I would," she said.

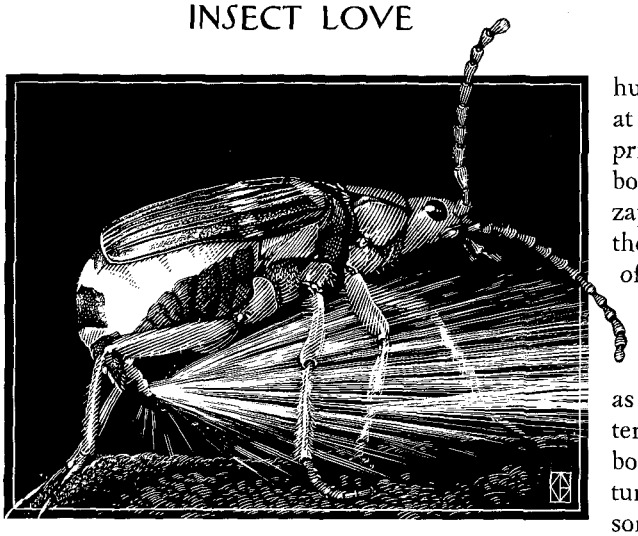
"I bet Hiram will come back on his own. At the end of the summer, when the novelty wears off." But Leila knew that a runaway could be running *toward* something as well as away from something. She had wondered about that: which would be lonelier for Hiram—to settle into the quiet that Evan Whitley cast around his family like a heavy net or to listen to the laughter of Dayton and his women behind locked doors? And what if Dayton settled down? What if he suddenly learned about Crockpots and oral thermometers and encyclopedias? Fontane would become bitter, and then, for all her cynicism, pious. Leila could picture her in lace-collared dresses, offering up her love for her two lost children on the unyielding altar of the Zion church. In any case, even if he came home, Hiram would be changed. There would be a different light in his eyes—a satisfied shine, or, more likely, a sullen glint.

Leila took Fontane's hand and squeezed it hard and pressed it against her forehead, the way a magician touches and presses and smells the article of a stranger to surmise the past or the future. —ENID SHOMER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A REPORTER AT LARGE

INSECT LOVE



THERE are only two seasons in Ithaca, New York, and both of them are wet: hot wet, and cold wet. In August, part of the hot wet season, caterpillars suck the life from rose leaves, prenuptial ants grow wings and take to the air, armadas of tanklike sow bugs pour across the patio, hypodermic sphinx moths sip nectar from the phlox, swallowtail butterflies, courting in midair, look like an invisible magician's card trick, and countless other bugs swarm in, under, on top of, and through the grass, invade the house beams, and patrol the sky.

On a hot, steamy August evening, I decide to join an entomologist friend, Thomas Eisner, in his laboratory, at Cornell University. Some people travel to the ends of the earth to discover the exotic, that ever-receding land which adds so much to life's cartography, but what I've always liked about Tom is that he ushers the exotic into his daily existence. He can find it on a doorstep, at a golf course, in an abandoned lot, beneath a derelict building, along an air-conditioned hallway. Blessed by an elastic curiosity that stretches, changes shape, and snaps back like a thick rubber band, he is—in the very best sense—distractable. It's not unusual to hear that he's out in an unkempt field because some fascinating animal has kidnapped his attention.

At times, he can be candid about his gift for "discovering things" (over the years, the cover of *Science* has featured more of his work than of anyone else's), and at other times he can be almost masochistically modest, presenting himself as only a bit player in the high drama of life. In any event, by worldwide proclamation he is "the father of chemical ecology," a field of study devoted to the chemical relationships between all living things. He sees both the forest and the trees, and that's not all: he knows how insects see the forest's trees, and how the trees, looking back, flirt with and seduce the insects into ingenious liaisons. He knows how insects communicate with one another through the chemical calling cards we've named pheromones. We're indebted to him for much of our understanding of insect defenses and insect courtship. He and his research partner, the chemist Jerrold Meinwald, have made many practical discoveries, too, including nerve drugs in millipedes, cockroach repellent in an endangered mint plant, heart drugs in fireflies, and how the aphrodisiac known as Spanish fly works.

On the third floor of Mudd Hall, a large brick building in mid-campus, sits Eisner's laboratory. I enter through his secretary's office, above whose door hangs a large glass business sign: "Cornell Beauty Shop." It's wired so that a wolf whistle will turn it on. Then I go left through the door to his private office, above which a printed sign says: "Come Right In, We're Closed." On his desk sit many framed photographs of his wife of forty years, Maria (also an entomologist), and their three daughters and five grandchildren. At eye level on the wall, a plaque from one daughter, who is an artist, credits him with being a "BioAstrology Destiny Reform Specialist," which she thinks sounds more like her dad than "entomologist." The walls are a mosaic of compelling eight-by-ten-inch photographs that Tom Eisner has taken through a microscope. At first, they seem to be complex, colorful abstract designs, but each one shows some tiny creature caught in a characteristic but surprising act. There is a bola spider, for instance, holding what looks like a yo-yo at the bottom of a silk thread. The spider spins the bola around, lariat style, and hurls it to capture its prey. Right at the end of the gallery is Tom's prize—a huge photograph of a bombardier beetle in the act of zapping a foe. A gun turret at the tip of its abdomen fires a jet of scalding chemicals. Harmless when stored separately, the chemicals combine in a special gland and so become as volatile as nerve gas. A master of defense and weaponry, the bombardier can swivel its gun turret, aim straight at an aggressor, and fire a twenty-six-mile-per-hour blast of searing irritants—not in a continuous stream but as a salvo of minute explosions. This "pulsed jet" is oddly similar to the propulsion system used in the German V-1 buzz bombs of the Second World War.

Through the next doorway I see Tom, standing pensively at a lab table, peering down into two shallow clear plastic bins. Tall and wiry, he has a face with many planes and inclines; one can imagine a fly rappeling down his cheekbones. He has gray eyes and wears glasses. His hair, because it is dark and is combed back close, gives him a Latino look. (In his twenties, he actually wore an El Greco beard and mustache.) He's the only scientist I know who has a piano in his lab. Or, for that matter, a poster of Marilyn Monroe wearing black fish-net stockings and a merry-widow bra from which her ample breasts seem to be tumbling. It makes you want to stand beneath her with two warm ladles.

"Come on in!" Tom calls when he sees me. He takes my hand in a strong handshake, then wraps his other hand on top of it and squeezes. "I've been working with some of my favorite bugs—bombardier beetles." He waves toward the plastic bins, each of which contains damp sand and small aluminum-foil tents splattered with beetle excrement. The tiny encampment looks still. As I bend down for a closer look, I get a nose-twitching whiff of something like semi-decayed duck sauce.

"Where are they?" I ask.

He smiles and lifts up the silver tents. Dozens of beetles swarm over one another and dart into the corners

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the bins. Blue-backed, each beetle has a plump tawny belly, a tiny head and thorax the brown of a Stradivarius, two long antennae, and six many-jointed brown legs.

"Want to hear them fire?" he asks cheerfully, and when I nod he says, "O.K., just reach into a mass of them and press on one a little."

"All right," I say slowly, leaning closer to one of the bins. For a moment or two, I stand frozen to the spot, eyes fixed on the insects. Catching my breath, I realize that I've been twisting the hem of my black cotton sundress into a large knot, as if I were wringing it out.

Tom touches my arm reassuringly. "Take your time," he says softly.

Raising my right index finger, I direct it by will power to move horizontally just above the bin, and vertically down an invisible elevator shaft to the damp sand. A minute goes by. Then, sliding the finger toward a crowd of beetles, I feel their legs and antennae brush my skin lightly. My right eye automatically squints tight. Another minute passes. At last, I lift my finger and press it into a bunch of beetles, and *pop!*—one fires a shot. Startled, I jump back, then laugh, reach in nervously, press another button-shaped back. Another beetle fires, and I reach in again—this time eagerly. I've triggered the artillery, and now my index finger has three brown stains on it—the stigmata of the beetle-handler—arranged like two small eyes and a mouth. Smiling at the impromptu finger puppet, I remember being eleven, rapturously watching "Mr. Wizard" on TV, and yearning to muck about in his lab. My index finger has browned like the exposed flesh of a recently bitten apple. Bombardier beetles carry quinones in their saddlebags—compounds related to certain antibiotics and chemicals used for tanning leather. They live in many habitats, but never far from water, and when threatened they splash any aggressor with their equivalent of Mace.

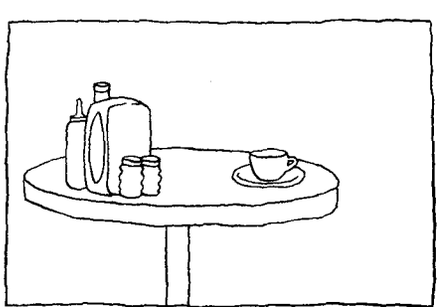
The bombardier possesses the only pulsed jet recorded in an animal, and insect fanciers are fascinated by its engineering. To squirt, it pulses at a rate of between five hundred and a thousand times per second. No muscle could move that fast. What happens instead is that a passive oscillator guides the necessary liquid chemicals into one of two reaction chambers, and there, as they mix, they cause a small explosion, which geysers the liquid up and out of a nozzle and, in doing so, closes the vent that fed liquid into the chamber. After the jet has fired, the pressure of the liquid on the vent is relaxed, the vent opens, and more liquid enters the chamber. In this way, the beetle rearms.

Bombardier beetles have a high defense budget. It takes a lot of food to fuel such weaponry. So the beetle must forage very effectively, which means that it's bound to lead a stressful existence, hunting without much concern for safety. But, of course, it can afford to do that, because it's so well protected. Here we have the classic vicious circle of the weaponeer: feverish hunting for means to keep the defenses strong to enable it to be feverish.

"Let's see how they fire," I say.

"Great!" Tom answers, in a tone that usually goes with a gleeful rubbing of the hands.

Tom takes a pan from the sink, adds water to it, plus potassium iodide, starch, and a little hydrochloric acid, and soaks a piece of filter paper in the mixture. Carrying it back to the lab table, he sets it down near an alcohol burner, and arranges a small aluminum crane low over the paper. When he asks me to choose a "good-tempered" beetle from the sand pits, by which he means one that is reasonably docile but not ill, I make several half-hearted pounces. At last, I sneak up on one, corralling it between thumb and forefinger. It fires a couple of times, wriggles free, runs up my arm, spins around inside my elbow, and races down toward the wrist. Darting and swerving are its forte. Catching it with my free hand, I hold it gently by the rim, as if it were a gem I was about to set into a bevel. My eyes wrinkle as it tickles me with its legs. Nothing itches; but the nerves dance in my fingers. I can feel the beetle's mandibles gnawing at me, but they are far too tiny to break the skin. These sensations are more delicate than any I have ever known with animals, and it takes me a few Zen-like minutes to divine what degree of barely detectable pressure will hold a beetle secure without pinching or crushing it. My beetle fires again. At this level, where all sensations are new, I find it's best to let my senses teach themselves. As soon as I get the knack of handling the fast, vulnerable, and small creature, I turn the beetle around, exposing its rump. Then, following Tom's instructions, I melt a little wax over a flame so pure it looks colorless, drop a warm ball of wax onto the beetle's shell, and attach it to the aluminum crane. Lowering the beetle until its legs touch the paper, I let it rest there a moment. Then I take a pair of watchmaker's forceps, reach for the beetle's left rear leg, and lightly pinch the thigh. *Pop!* Out of a tiny cloud of smoke a dark splatter of chemicals streaks to the left rear. Next, I pinch the thigh on its right front leg and—*pop!*—it shoots fast in the opposite direction, leaving another telltale trail. Its accuracy is amazing. Also its ability to fire many times in succession. The noise doesn't sound like a cork popping; it's damper and lower-pitched—"like a gunshot behind a wall," Tom says, and I trust this description. His early years were filled with the unforgettable sounds of gunfire, and with uniforms and Nazis.



"Berlin in the thirties must have been frightening," I say as I reach for another leg. "Your father was Jewish?"

"Yes. He was a chemist. My mother was a painter. And, let me tell you, in the twenties they found the Berlin of Kandinsky, Klee, and Reinhardt an exciting place. The city had three opera houses. My mother, an extraordinarily beautiful woman, always saw how things could be converted into something artistic. My father was a chemist, all right, but his hobby was making perfume. I remember he made a very good imitation of 4711 eau de cologne, and a violet perfume for my mother. He also made mouthwash, tooth powder, a first-aid ointment—all sorts of scents and lotions. As a chemist, he was more of a theoretician than anything else. His Ph.D. thesis was on

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

how to get gold out of sea water. Can you imagine? I mean, this was Germany's effort to pay the Versailles debt, and it was a classified project. And then, in the pharmaceutical business, he became involved with producing tonics, a tanning agent, curative ointments for cuts and sores, and chewable vitamins for kids."

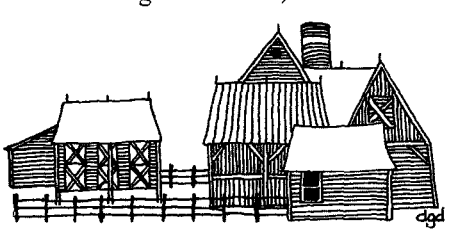
By now, the indicator paper is covered with what looks like a compass rose, with the tethered beetle at its center. Once more, I touch a leg, and tiny droplets of spray arc over the paper. This time, there's a click-clack sound, rather than the usual puff or uncorking—from firing repeatedly in quick succession.

Tom looks distracted by memory. "Hitler came in in January, 1933, and we left at the end of April. I was not quite four; my sister was just seven. Off we went to Spain, just a few suitcases. My father went from one pharmaceutical company to the next looking for a job. At last, he found one, and we rented a house in Barcelona. I can still remember Julia, a wonderful maid with a big bosom I used to rest my head on. I just loved that.

"Then the Spanish Civil War came. Those are really traumatic memories. One day when I was seven, I was sitting in the sandbox and heard an incredible noise—a major explosion. They had taken a streetcar and filled it with dynamite and rolled it down the hill near our house. Some apartment buildings and a church were burning. I flew out of the sandbox and ran away from the racket. Suddenly, Spain blew up. There were so many factions at the time that it was dangerous to go out. If you made the wrong salute to the wrong truck or boat, you were in trouble. You had to know the Communist salute, the anarchist salute, and so forth. I was too old by then to see any romance in all the commotion—I was terrified. We fled Spain on a freighter, which was full of cattle infected with sleeping sickness. Mutilated nuns were on board. The boat was crammed with people, and my sister and I slept inside the anchor chain and covered up by half a dozen fox terriers. We only sailed for one day, but that's a long time to children and we were doing some crazy things, like smuggling other children in. Then we got to Marseilles and stayed with friends. The world was in so much turmoil—it was total confusion. Finally, we got to Paris and found an apartment. My father rented a piano, which was a great source of strength."

"Was he a good pianist?"

"Yes, he was an *enthusiastic* pianist. But we didn't stay in Paris long—only about half a year. I remember how, in school, the other kids called me a Boche, because I was from Germany. We could smell the Second World War. So we decided to head for South America, because my father felt he could start from scratch there. But it wasn't easy to get a visa; my father and I went to the Brazilian consulate every day and lined up along with dozens of other people. One day, lightning struck the building next door, there was a tremendous crash, and I started screaming at the top of my lungs. I was the only kid there. A door opened—one of those doors that we were all praying would open for us—and a man came out and asked why I was crying. My father told him about the lightning. The man sat me on his knee and patted me and told me not to cry. My father explained that we were urgently trying to get to South America. And the man felt sympathy for us and gave us a visa. Life was that kind of lottery. So we went to Brazil, and eventually, by way of Argentina, to Uruguay."



Tom lived in Uruguay until the age of seventeen—ten crucial years, during which he discovered adolescence and Brahms. Then the family moved yet again, this time to the United States. One key to Tom's combination of confidence and diffidence may be that he's an immigrant, driven by the need to find a place for himself. Seeking identity, immigrants often lead a split life—trying to succeed in what is

PRESENT

She informed me that she had a tree of mirabelles
told me it was the only one anywhere around
she did not want everyone to realize she had it
it might go for years and bear nothing at all
flowering with the other plums but then nothing
and another year it would be covered with mirabelles
you know they are not so big as all the others
but they are more delicate for those acquainted with them
she promised me mirabelles if it was the year for them
she lived in a house so small she must have been able
to reach anything from where she was and her garden
was scarcely larger she grew corn salad in winter
after Brussels sprouts well it was a cold garden
facing north so it was slow in spring better for summer
one of the knotted gray trees leaning against the wall
to the south was the mirabelle a snow of plum blossoms
swept across the valley in the morning sunlight
of a day in March and moved up the slope hour by hour
she told me later she thought it would be a year
of mirabelles unless it froze when she bent in her garden
she disappeared in the rows it took her a long time
to stand up to turn around to let herself through
the gate to walk to do anything at my age
I have all I need she said if I keep warm
late one day that summer she appeared at the wall
carrying a brown paper bag wet at the bottom
the mirabelles she whispered but she would not come in
we sat on the wall and opened the bag look she said
how you can see through them and each of us held up
a small golden plum filled with the summer evening

—W. S. Merwin

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an intrinsically more forbidding environment than it is for the native, but also drawing upon an alien childhood whose experiences were formative. Camus once said that the whole of a person's artistic expression is the attempt to recapture through art those two or three images in whose presence his soul first opened. For Tom, those images come from a childhood exploded by war.

As we gently unstick the beetle to return it to its bin, it touches the paper and leaves a mark shaped like a Chinese character. When bombardier beetles fire, they aim at the body part being pestered and invariably bathe themselves in poison. Why don't they suffer from it? Scientists don't know. If another bombardier beetle is doused by mistake, it will run off but won't be hurt.

"How many times can he fire?" I ask.

"Oh, twenty or thirty. Then it takes a couple of days to reload a fifth of that."

"What happens in the meantime?" I have visions of a besieged beetle suddenly discovering that its revolver is empty.

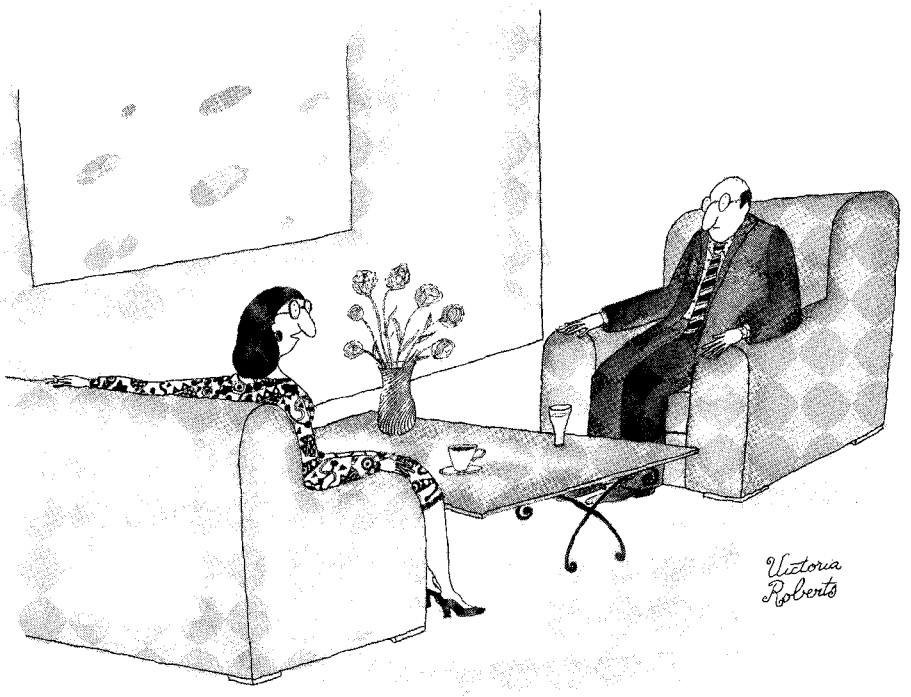
"It's in trouble. But one of the great things about bombardiers is that they rarely have to shoot many times in succession. The first discharge coats them with chemical, and it's repellent. I've run experiments where I took a bombardier, let it bathe in its own defensive secretions, and then put it in a swarm of ants. The ants moved around it but avoided touching it."

Although it may be a little odd to think of smell as a form of armor, it plays many crucial roles in an insect's life. It's like a telephone wire over which different kinds of messages can flow: threat, invitation, courtship, whereabouts of food, call to arms, passport, death knell, the trail home.

"Why do these beetles have such long necks?"

"That's not a neck," Tom says. "Actually, it's part of the thorax. All insects have a simple body structure, and this beetle is no exception. Let me give you the two-bit tour of an insect. First of all, insects are bilaterally symmetrical—that is, they have the same number of legs, eyes, et cetera, on both sides. What does that tell us? That they move in one direction. If you had to design such an animal, where would you put the sense receptors? Obviously, on the body part that meets the conditions first. So the eyes, mouth, antennae are all out front, on the head. Then you've got the thorax, which is little more than a box of muscles—nothing, really, but a motor for the appendages. The gut runs through the thorax, weaving among the muscles. All six legs are on the thorax, and so are the wings—and, by the way, these beetles are good fliers. The abdomen is this large area here." He runs his fingertip over the widest part of the beetle. "An abdomen in a beetle—and in us—is a part of the body that's unencumbered by appendages and can therefore undergo a certain amount of distension. It needs to house the expanding gonads, fertile eggs, testes, sperm packages, and also to engorge with food. So that's the insect design. Very successful. With that combination of brain, gut, and gonads, what have you got?" He pauses dramatically. "Either an insect or the average male."

It is nearly ten o'clock when we finish with the bombardier beetles, put them back under their silver tents, turn off the lights, and lock the lab up for the night. When we step outside Mudd Hall into the dark, we instinctively turn and look back at the building, quiet for once, and otherworldly in its carapace of light.



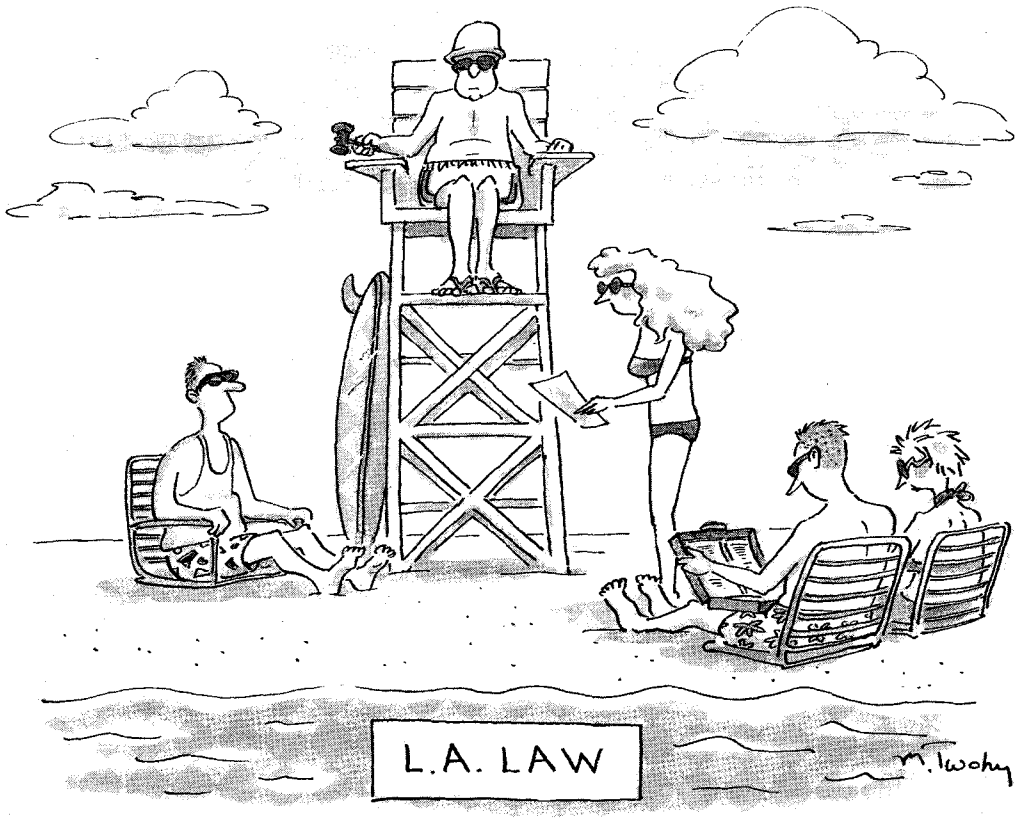
"I can hear myself think—in a sort of vibrato."

• •

LIFE's theatre appeals to Tom; he has a rare talent for finding a story in nature and telling it. If you are a human physiologist, there are just so many topics to explore—just so many glands, just so many nerve centers, just so many things that go wrong with the human body. Your focus will be narrower. But if you are one of the few researchers travelling across the almost unlimited wilderness of insect diversity—some ten million species, the great majority of which do not even have a scientific name—you tend to move from one pinpoint puzzle to another.

Tom's best friend, E. O. Wilson, said one day not long ago when Wilson and I were sitting in his office at Harvard eating shards of Rainforest Crunch, "The way Tom works is that he goes into the field, sees an interesting-looking insect, or a familiar insect doing something unusual, and studies it with a wide range of paraphernalia—camera, preliminary chemical test, observation chamber—and finds out what it's doing, why it's unusual, where it fits in. He develops it as a story and brings it back to the laboratory." Wilson, a renowned ant specialist and the fa-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



• •

ther of sociobiology—a field that explores the biological basis for social customs and habits—is intimately aware of what it takes to prevail in science. "Then he turns to a collaborator in chemistry who can identify the chemicals produced by that species, since he grasped years ago that most of what insects do is chemical. They communicate chemically, they defend themselves chemically—they are magnificent chemical factories. So Tom treats his subjects not just as visible objects with fascinating behaviors but as chemical wonders."

Once an insect yields its secret, Tom is likely to move on to the next mystery. Because there are only a handful of investigators with his drive and ability exploring the hordes of insect species, that is probably a good strategy. You might think that this would just go on indefinitely—that in some Borgesian way he would move through an infinite library of stories, and end up holding the same small lamp he started out with. But what he has learned over the years has formed patterns, and he has begun to tie the stories together, producing some of the first principles of chemical ecology.

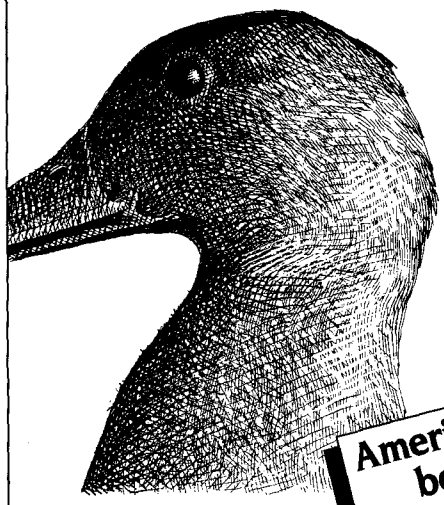
"The result of all this is that Tom is a pointillist," Wilson said thoughtfully. "He daubs touches of color on a broad canvas, which at first seem to be a random splattering of bright pigment but, as more and more spaces are filled in, reveal an extremely interesting picture of a little-known part of the living world."

ON the home planet, in the high latitudes, near the eastern edge of the North American continent, between two glacier-carved mountains, at the foot of a lake where human beings balance at speed on knife blades, under gray skies, while ice pellets cover the ground with a thin layer of gooseflesh, in the waking sleep of a December whose labored breathing is as familiar as a dozing spouse's, near a country airport where steel mastodons land calmly but Canada geese circle in honking mad wedges, among islands of urban forest browsed by white-tailed deer, in a cul-de-sac at the end of a key-shaped lane, behind a modest white house whose windows drink in the sky, one discovers a small part of one's address: that tilt of planet and mind we call winter.

At home in Ithaca, packing for a trip to Florida's Archbold Biological Station, near Lake Placid in south-central Florida, I let my thoughts wander over "biodiversity," a notion that dominates Tom Eisner's life and career. Like many environmentalists, including Ed Wilson, he has evolved a zealous insight into the biological future of the planet. What it boils down to is a living kaleidoscope, in which all the pieces can change and link up in many different ways. One can see biodiversity at work in the complex dramas of any yard. For example, my back yard, despite the cold, contains a riot of species. On two apple trees, mummified fruits hang like rusty bells. Although I cannot hear or smell them, I know that to the deer they are tolling with scent. A Japanese maple outside my study window has lost most of its leaves; the few lifeless, brown, twisted ones that still dangle have so little weight they're constantly twitching and shivering. On the hunched redbud, dry seedpods rattle in the wind like tiny gourds. Cardinals, chickadees, and squirrels use the interlocking branches of the redbud and the maple as a highway. Occasionally, when the winds swivel fast, they tumble from an ice-jacketed branch. They're used to seeing me, behind a windowpane, safely distant. Although I don't disturb them, they help me judge the direction and force of the wind, which I take into account before venturing out in search of food, companionship, or exercise. For warmth, they stand with the wind blowing the same way their fur or feathers grow. Today, the cardinals are puffed up like wads of cotton candy, and they're all pointing east.

Although I rarely spot field mice or shrews, I can often follow them tunnelling beneath the snow. Prowling cats can, too. Sometimes a rabbit or a groundhog strays from its nest. Five raccoons now balled up in the trunk of a half-dead maple tree on the north side of the house wore a path across my lawn all summer, tumbled the garbage cans, and skittered across the roof. I know just where their den is—a hundred feet up, where a bolus of wood has been gouged out—because one pantingly hot summer day they crept slowly out of their nest and draped themselves on the branches to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

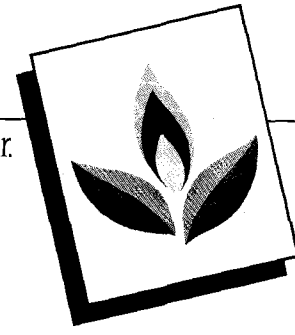


America doesn't have to be a sitting duck.

America has over a million miles of pipeline — coast to coast — to deliver natural gas. And enough natural gas to make us more energy-independent for a long time to come. To generate electricity, power our industry, heat our homes and our water, even run our vehicles and cool our buildings. It's not only plentiful, it's more affordable than foreign oil. What's more, pipelines are the safest, most efficient way to move energy. And since they're underground, they're also the best looking.

© 1992 AMERICAN GAS ASSOCIATION

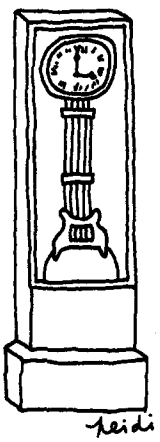
Use natural gas. We'll all breathe easier.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cool off. I'm not sure where the garter snakes have gone for the winter. Some years, in springtime, I find them waking indoors, so I suspect they've found a toasty hole in one of the walls or near the furnace. Three brown bats are hibernating under an eave. Crows as big as eggplants weigh down the trees. Other birds visit the feeders, leaving footprint hieroglyphics in the snow. I miss seeing the frogs and beetles and spiders and butterflies that combine in warm weather to make a tapestry of fidget and color stretching from below ground to the sky. I miss the flowers, whose buoyant colors and smells drench one's senses. But even in winter many life forms homestead in this small piece of the planet.

At one time or another, life has auditioned all over the earth. About forty million different species probably share our planet right now, and that seems a cornucopia, but at least ten times that number have lived here over time. Some scientists put the estimate at close to fifty billion species. Because the human life span is short, record-keeping recent, and the collective memory so poor, we assume that species will last forever, that *we* are forever. Evolution, that slow and steady plodder, will protect us through sheer sloth, won't it? We feel secure about the *gradualness* of time. And, after all, according to myth and religion, we are evolution's goal. But ninety-nine per cent of the species on the planet have become extinct, including some of our own close relatives. Just because we have evolved brains that crave order doesn't mean that nature is orderly. Evolution is a sleeping watchdog. It is possible for us to disturb it; or it may just wake up on its own. Either way, expect commotion.



Five deer leaped into my yard this morning, to eat fallen apples beneath the two trees by my study. Their coats were so thick and dark that they looked like burros. There was a time when dinosaurs grazed where this yard is now, and I lament their passing. But if dinosaurs still ruled the planet we would not be here. It was their extinction that made room for the small, timid, nocturnal mammals that led to us.

Since extinction is normal, those who champion a laissez-faire relationship with nature have nothing to fret about. The earth will lose some species, gain others. But people who relish life on earth as it is now should indeed be worried. So many animals vanishing may be an indication that we're not far from the brink ourselves. Human beings could be among the fossils that future life forms speculate about one day—if they do speculate—puzzling over our tragedy as we puzzle over the dinosaurs'. If we'd like our species to hang around awhile, we must be vigilant about what we're doing to other species, because evolution is a set of handshakes, not a list of winners. Gregory Bateson points out in "Sacred Unity: Further Steps to an Ecology of Mind":

> The horse isn't the thing that evolved. What evolved actually was a *relationship* between horse and grass. . . . Thus the unit of what's called evolution out there, is really not this species or that species. It is an entire interlocking business of species. . . . The grass changes and the horse changes, and the grass changes and the horse changes, and they change in such a way that the relationship between them may stay constant.

The biological mosaic of life on earth is fragile, requiring insects, as well as spiders, snakes, and other at-first-glance disposable creatures. Why does biodiversity have so much to do with insects and the other arthropods? It's tempting to think just of large, attractive animals as being endangered. Most people aren't much concerned about ants and flies, for instance, and even think that the world would be improved if more insects became extinct. But insects aerate the soil, clean up decay, help in pollination, produce foods for us (honey, for instance), and teach us about genetics and chemistry. Life on earth needs its insects, just as it needs its bacteria.

A genetic palette of many colors, biodiversity is so crucial to the survival of life on earth, and also to our health, that, in a burst of ego, we are tempted to picture a sort of rigid morality play: multitudes of uninvestigated plants, insects, and fish put on earth to provide the perfect antidote to specific human diseases. As digitalis (foxglove), quinine (cinchona), aspirin (willow), and countless other drugs have shown us, the forest's pharmacopoeia is indeed richly healing. But this is so only because a chemical Esperanto is spoken by all life forms. A segmented worm seems radically different in shape, function, and form from a hydrangea or an ocelot or a college swim team. We picture life on earth as a feast of wildly distinct entities. But on the molecular level there's little difference between them. They all have cells, organs, fluids, which all contain similar stuffs, perform similar functions. Earth's chemicals can cancel, inflame, dilute, calm, deflect, powerfully alter one another's effects—just as pigments do when you mix them—because, essentially, they all consist of the same raw materials. A chimpanzee seems radically different from a human being, but human genes differ from chimpanzee genes by only about one per cent. There is a deep-down kinship among all living things—not just spiritually, or morally, or through some happenstance of our being neighbors, but physically, functionally, in our habits, in our hungers, in our genes. Our common ancestor was life—earth life, which developed its own basic shapes, symbioses, and motives. That will always make us more closely related to a bombardier beetle than to a stone, and probably also more closely related to any facet of earth life than to life forms we may discover elsewhere in the universe. Superficially, an armadillo looks different from a kumquat, but earth's families are close cousins. As more and more species become rare, angles of color will be deleted from this living kaleidoscope, reducing the possible combinations. Variety is not just the spice of life but the indispensable ingredient. So should we preserve the last remaining smallpox virus, kept in containment at the Centers for Disease Control in Atlanta? "What good has smallpox ever done anyone?" some people argue. "Think of all the suffering it's caused. Let's obliterate it once and for all." I'm glad it's locked up safe, and I pray that it will never escape from its plastic prison; but it may one day offer us an insight into or a solution of a biological trauma we can't now imagine. A gene is a terrible thing to waste; remedial creation isn't possible. That's why I vote for preserving the smallpox virus, and also the malaria mosquito, the voracious sand flea, the Lyme tick, and all their cousins.

It's hard enough for Tom to explain

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

biodiversity to people, let alone the important role that insects play. One strategy that seems to be working well is appealing to plain, old-fashioned human greed. Drug companies are eager to protect some rain forests because of the medicinal plants in them, but Tom has been proving that there are medicinal insects, too. Obsessed with sex, poison, and death, insects live like Lilliputian Lucrezia Borgias, wielding sophisticated weapons, concocting lethal potions, refining aphrodisiacs. Their scourge or weaponry sometimes proves to be a tonic for us. As a direct result of Tom's work, Merck & Company, in a conservation coup, has agreed to help protect the rich Costa Rican tropical forest for "chemical prospecting." Of course, Tom now has to prove that there's an orient of treasures to be found among insects. Many of his voyages to the land of the small take place at the Archbold Station, and that is why I have decided to join him on his annual pilgrimage to Florida.

"Daddy, what collar is a novelist, white or blue?"

• •

ONE bright, cold February day, after driving two hours northeast from Fort Myers, past one-story towns with romantic names—Venus, La Belle, Arcadia—I turn at the Archbold Station sign and drive through a gantlet of trees to a large clearing. There I find the station's main building, which houses a dining hall, two dormitories, a suite of lounges and offices, and four research laboratories. A huge strangler fig covers the walls, framing the doors and windows. The brick and glass are only temporary, it implies; soon everything will return to nature. Flanked by a grass-tufted tennis court and a garage filled with Ford Broncos, the main building faces a semicircle of cottages tucked in the woods. At the office, a secretary points me in the direction of the Eisners' cottage—No. 2, next to the water tower—and I soon see it, surrounded by pink azalea bushes. Two bicycles (one male, one female) nestle together under one of several wasp-patrolled gray-and-white awnings. Organ music pours across the screened porch. I let myself in and find Tom in the parlor, sitting at an electronic keyboard and playing Bach's Fantasia and Fugue in A minor, with Maria poised beside him, turning the pages. A slender woman with short brown hair, large green eyes, and delicate skin, she is wearing a pink-and-white checked shirt and khaki trousers. Tom's hands pause over the keys for a moment as he returns from a different world. Then we greet one another and swap news of friends. The Eisners show me the latest snapshots of their children and grandchildren, and give me a tour of their cottage, the whole back half of which is a laboratory dominated by high-power microscopes, a hive of vials, and live insects and plants. Tom usually takes an evening walk, since many insects become active at night, and I decide to join him. A flashlight on a headband frees the hands for work, and he lends me one; looking like coal miners or spelunkers, we set out on a stroll through the caverns of twilight.

The evening is full of chirping crickets and the occasional saxophone melody of a bird. But human beings are poor connoisseurs of insect song, which can be too high, too fast, or too percussive for us to hear. It helps a little to picture how a cricket "sings"—by moving a file on one wing over a ridged scraper on the other. It's similar to a guiro, the serrated gourd scraped with a stick which one finds in a mariachi band. "The poetry of earth is never dead": so begins one of Keats's loveliest sonnets, referring to the sounds made by cricket and grasshopper. Although crickets have several songs, the loudest and longest are made by males hoping to mate. We are surrounded by the sexual yearning of countless crickets as we stroll down a sandy road, under a mother-of-pearl-colored full moon. When darkness falls, it makes the woods feel closer, and, in the absence of reassuring cues, the mind endows the shadows with menace: rattlesnakes, scorpions, wild boars. A fast whoosh-plod-whoosh-plod off to our left is probably a member of a herd of white-tailed deer that shares the station. My flashlight beam picks up deep cloven-hoof tracks in the sand, and we follow them for a short distance, until they disappear in the brush. It's a little like surgery, walking through the night world—assuming what must be where, using instruments to help you feel your way along.

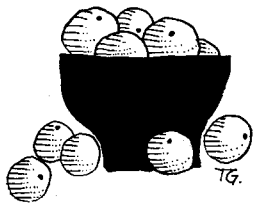
A green light blinks in a tree. "There's a firefly!" Tom calls, and he

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stalks it slowly, pouncing at the last moment to cage it in his hand. "Have a look," he says, handing the insect to me.

Holding its wings between my thumb and forefinger, I inspect the small lantern of its body as it flashes a cold green light. It looks like the sight that pilots long for late at night: the green rotating beacon of an airport. I slip the firefly into a small white-capped vial. It stops flashing. I tap the vial. It flashes again.

"See, the flashing is a defensive thing," Tom explains. "It produces one of the brightest cold lights ever devised. You can read by it."



A scintillation catches my eye, and I turn to see a swarm of lights silhouetted against the trees. If we were looking at the sky through a telescope, it would be easy to confuse the firefly-bedecked woods with a glimpse of the Beehive star cluster. Watching fireflies is one of the treats of summer nights, especially since they don't photograph well. Because we human beings are dark-adapted, they seem quite bright to us, but photographs barely catch a trace of them. In a dim light, our eyes are more sensitive than Tri-X film.

Fireflies flash by mixing two hypergolic chemicals. Unremarkable by themselves, these stuffs combine with a poetic flourish to build strange and powerful new substances. For example, two of them, nitric acid and glycerin, produce dynamite. In fireflies, the match is between luciferin and luciferase: when those chemicals mix in the insect's light organ, under the abdomen, they give off a yellowish-green light. Manufacturers have begun to take advantage of firefly dynamics by creating beacons for stranded motorists—or trick-or-treaters—that begin to glow when you mix the two chemicals together.

"How can they do it so quickly—mix up those little beacons?" I ask.

"How can you start a heartbeat suddenly? It's amazing it was all done in six days, isn't it?" Tom says, with a wink in his voice.

"Everything fun happened on the afternoon of the third day," I reply. "Before that, it was mainly darkness and light, and afterward bureaucracy."

"Good scientific method! If you're going to do an important experiment, you don't wait until the last day, or you could screw the whole thing up. Hey! Just look at that flash! Isn't it wonderful?"

For some time now, Tom has been studying "femme-fatale fireflies"—work that his graduate student James Lloyd has made famous. As it turns out, femmes fatales flash either when they're hungry or when they want sex, and males flash only for sex. In the flash-as-semaphore-of-lust scenario, the female waits on the ground or in the vegetation as the male flies around, advertising his eagerness by flashing like a neon sign. If it's his female, she'll reply with a come-and-get-me flash. When they're both reassured by this Morse code, they'll mate. What makes the luminous dance unique for the mates is the length of the pause between the flashes. But the femmes fatales also lure males of other species, by mimicking their flash-code. When a male dives down, expecting to mate, the femme fatale eats him—not just from hunger but because females hunt males of other species who carry defensive chemicals in their bodies. By eating such a male, the female saturates herself with a chemical armor that makes her distasteful to birds, spiders, and other predators. There's enough of this heart stimulant in ten fireflies to make a human sick. So, armed and dangerous, mates rely on visual passwords during courtship. Everything is at stake, so they personalize the pause. What we see is a night decorated with their detailed yens and hesitations, a small opera in light.

But elsewhere in the world—near rivers in Borneo and Thailand, for instance—there are "firefly trees" swarming with males that flash in unison to attract females from the forest. Along those midways, females, schooled in the neon of desire, come to look for mates in the green-light district.

"Have you seen the firefly trees?" I ask.

"No, but I'm told they're magical," Tom says.

"You'd think the twinkling stars would confuse the fireflies."

"Their eyesight isn't that good," Tom explains. "Human settlements bother them, though. The air is different, the noise level, the lighting. There's really very little human activity that's compatible with the rest of the world." He sighs.

I'm glad the darkness hides my smile. After all, Tom and Maria have brought up three children and have lived very much in civilization. I have, too. Part of the irony of environmentalism is questing for solutions when you know you're part of the problem.

The firefly in the vial I'm holding flashes green with an afterglow of yellow.

"I'll tell you something that really blows my mind," Tom says. "Nobody knows the life cycle of some of the commonest fireflies."

"Why not?"

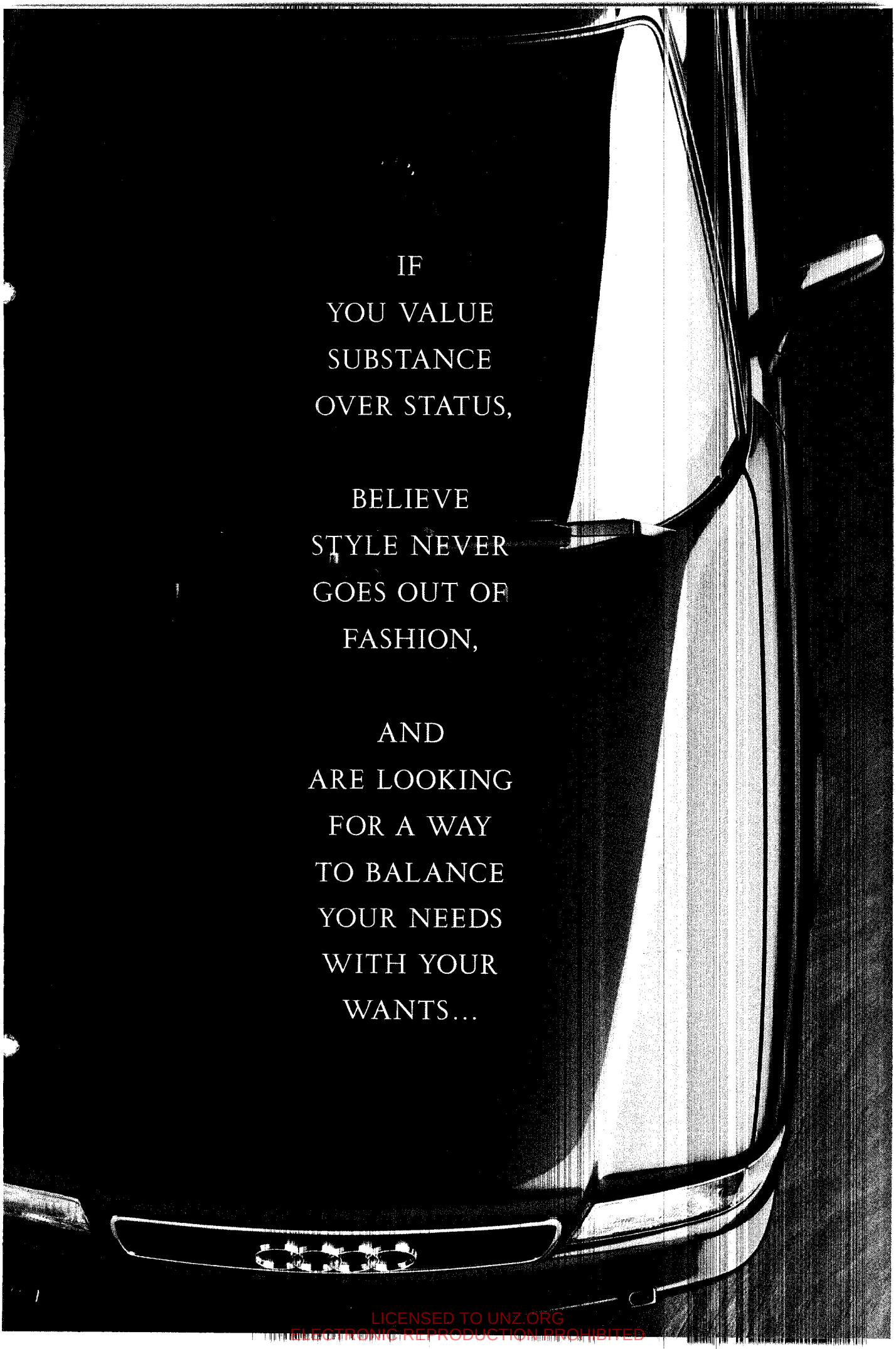
"Because nobody knows where the larvae hang out. Can you imagine that? One of the most familiar insects in the world, and yet we're still in the dark about it."

As we stroll back to camp, small eyes peer at us from the vegetation. Some animals have a mirrorlike membrane in their eyes which reflects light. If you aim a flashlight at the woods, you can often "shine" their eyes. This works with alligators and with spiders: alligator eyes shine red, like two glowing cigarette butts, but many spider eyes shine green. There are guidebooks to animal tracks, and even waterproof guides to reef dwellers, which you can take skin diving with you, but I don't know of any night guides to animal eyes.

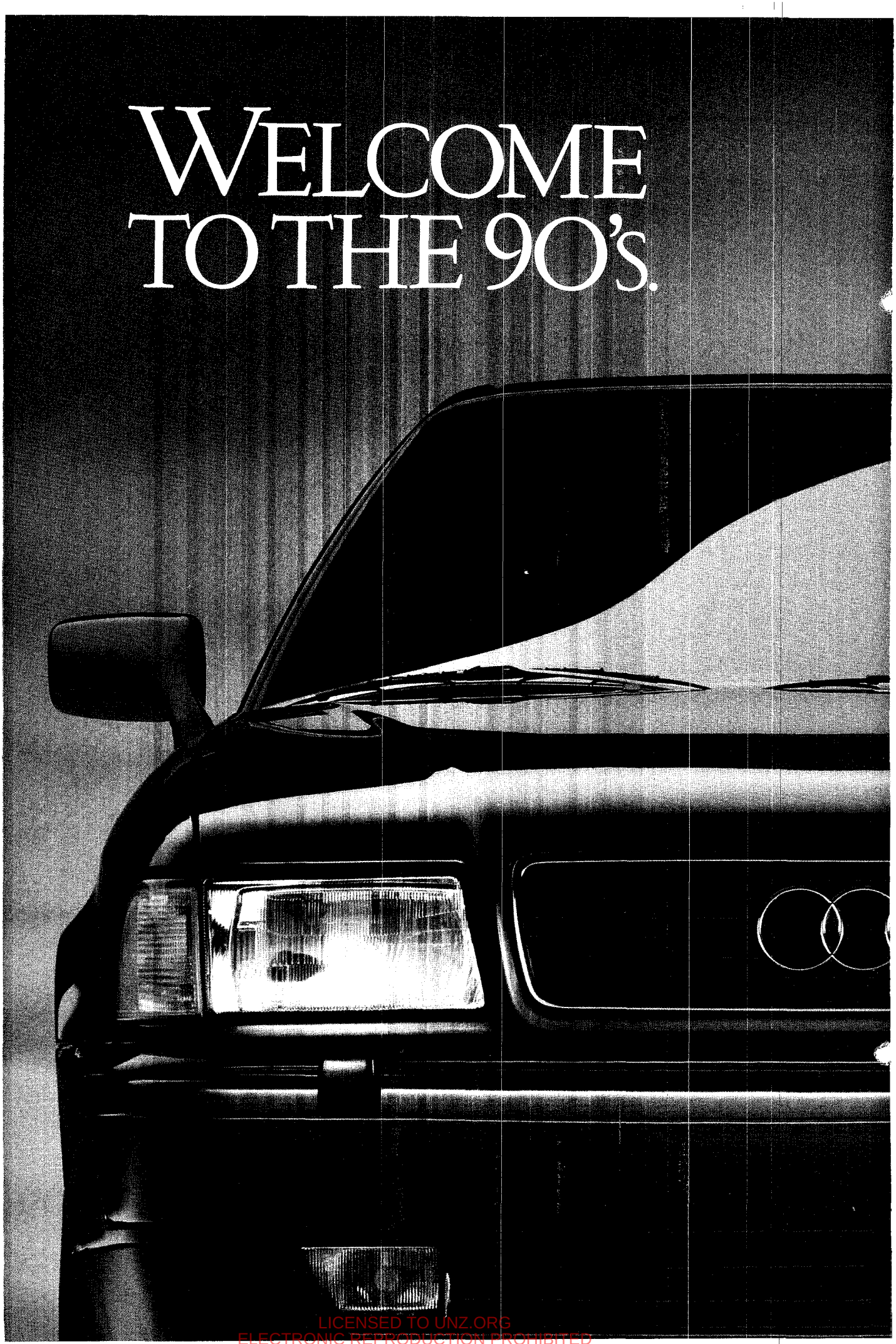
"Shining spiders" is a favorite pastime of night-prowling naturalists. Once, at an arts center on the east coast of Florida, I was attracted by eye shine and found a six-by-six-foot spiderweb stretching from my cottage roof to the porch steps. Its maker, a fawn-colored spider almost as large as my fist, took the web down each dawn and rewove it each evening. She always left the guy wires in place, and spun slowly across them like a hand moving over an Autoharp. I named her Anna the Aranha (*aranha* is Portuguese for "spider"), and often watched her build that gossamer net. She would wait in a high corner, and when something vibrated the web she knew just where to pounce.

Tom and I share a fondness for spiders. I like the way they weave and how they homestead the sky. Tom likes their dietary savvy, which makes them important to his trade. Spiders are his taste-testers. He feeds them all sorts of bugs, and if they refuse to eat one he asks himself why. Tomorrow, we plan to visit some of his royal taste-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



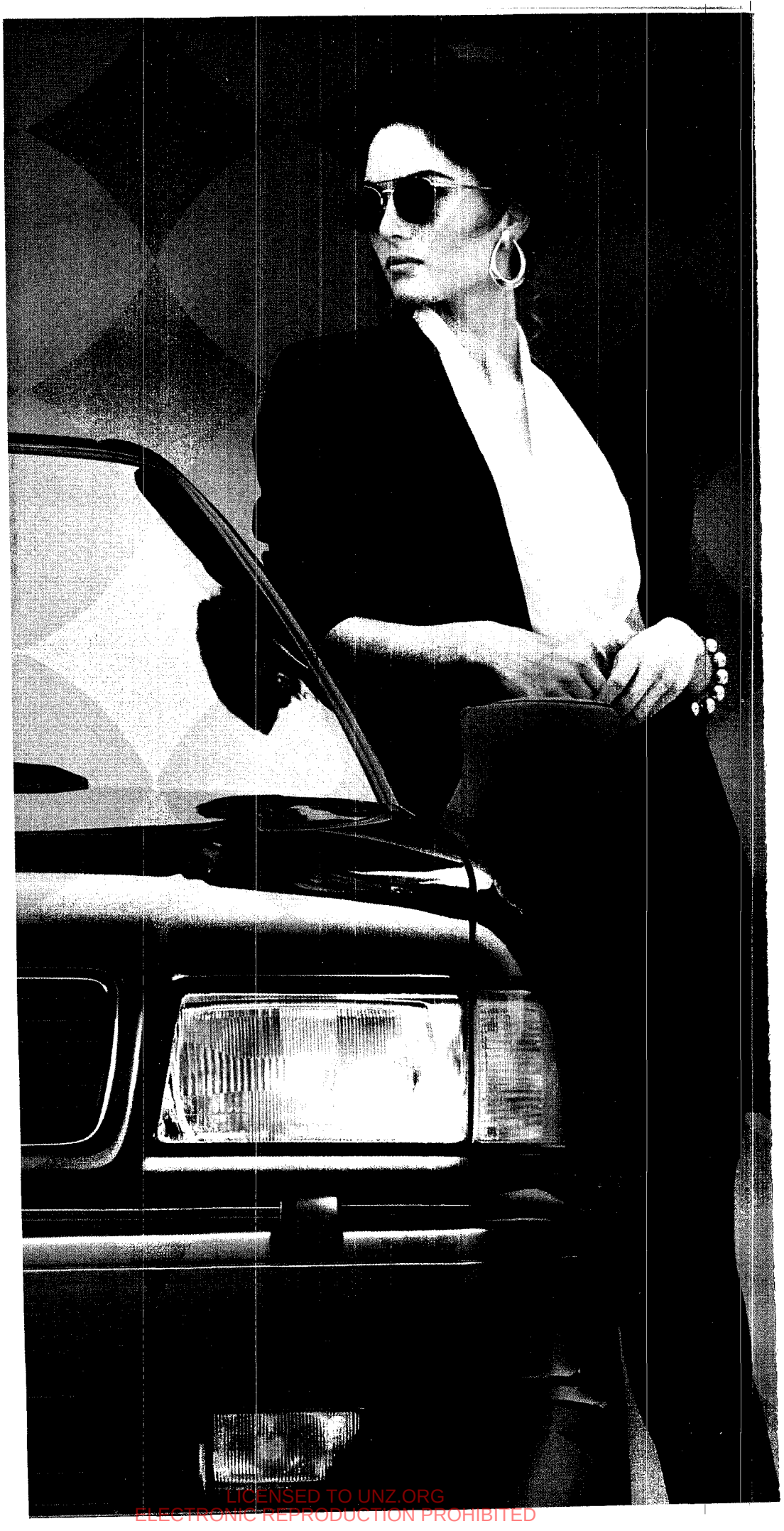
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



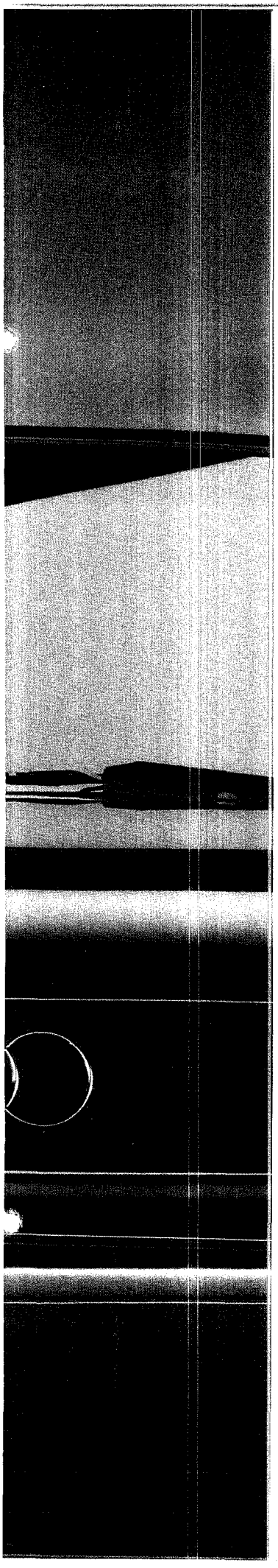
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Interior shown, Audi 90 CS.

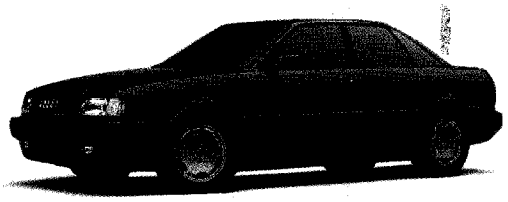
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



If the 90s are a time of getting more for your money, the new Audi 90 is ideally suited for the times.



Slip behind the wheel of the sporty new Audi 90 and you'll leave the excesses of the 80s, and just about everything else, behind.

The classic interior of the 90CS is an invitation to drive. Real wood, soft leather seats, and ingenious ergonomics combine to make your journey as comfortable as possible.

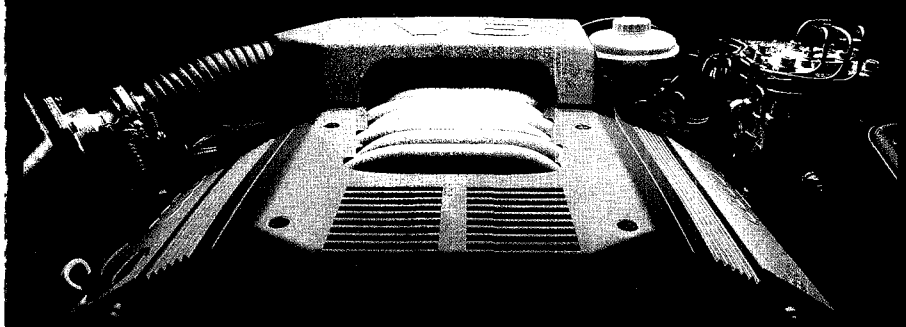
While a driver's-side airbag (supplemental restraint system) and self-tensioning front seat belts help make it safe as well.

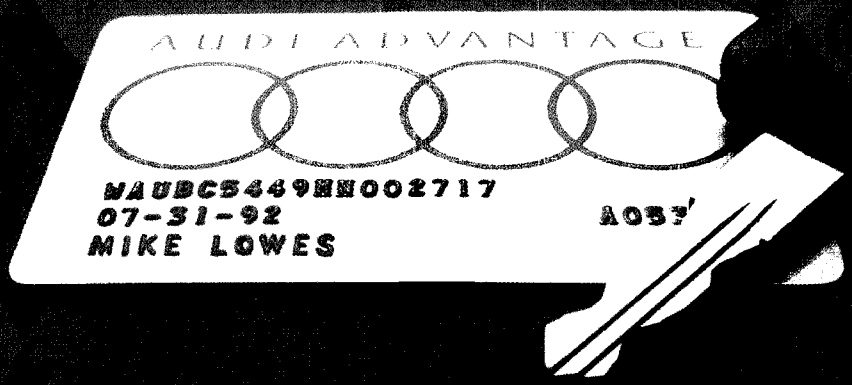
Push the accelerator and you'll be greeted by the same responsive engine that powers the highly acclaimed Audi 100.

Head into the nearest turn and you'll experience what it means to take control.

TAKE CONTROL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





1993 Audi 90 S.

A personal luxury sedan that belongs to this decade as surely as BMW and Mercedes did to the last, the Audi 90 is the perfect balance of German engineering and Japanese prices.

Its front-wheel drive inspires confidence at every turn. Its V-6 engine responds smoothly and swiftly to your touch. And its anti-lock brakes add an extra measure of security to every situation.

The 90's trunk is a spacious 14 cubic feet, which can be made even bigger by folding down the rear seats.

*And the Audi Advantage lets you take control of expenses by covering all scheduled maintenance costs for 3 years or 50,000 miles, and includes 24-hour roadside assistance.**

Starting at under $26,000,† today's Audi 90 is more than equipped for the times. It's made for them.

For more information please call 1-800-FOR-AUDI.

*Roadside assistance provided by U.S. Auto Club, Motoring Division, Inc. See dealer for details.

†Manufacturer's suggested retail price for Audi 90 S, excluding taxes, registration, transportation and dealer charges.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

testers, and, bidding Tom good night, I return to the dormitory on the second floor of the main building and read a little before going to sleep. The book, which I've borrowed from a station interne, is "Leave Me Never," by Suzanne Carey, a steamy, bodice-torn Silhouette Desire romance set at Archbold Station. Laughing at such sentences as "Before she could cry out or even speak, his other arm had come crushingly around her, pulling her up against the remembered male length of him," I finally fall asleep, thinking about the codes of courtship preferred by human beings and fireflies.

After breakfast the next morning, I set out with Tom, Maria, and Mark Deyrup, another entomologist, for Highlands Hammock, an area of dense vegetation about an hour's drive north. Because Tom is interested in the orange-pink-and-white spotted ornate moth, which may contain some intriguing poison, we're going to do some experiments involving spiders. En route, we stop along the roadside and stroll in the brush, hoping to be lucky enough to find a Tequesta scrub grasshopper—a member of an endangered species that Mark is studying. This season, he has walked many miles along these highways and found precious few of them. A zebra swallowtail flutters across our path like a piece of newsprint, and, though it seems oblivious of the gush of traffic only a few yards away, the four-lane superhighway creates its own jet streams, transporting careless insects to who knows where, who knows when.

"I think I see one!" Maria calls. We hurry toward her with careful steps. Her keen eyes have zeroed in on a tiny twitch of black-and-white spots under a thatch of grass. The insect we're searching for is wingless, but it can hop quite a distance thanks to powerful leg muscles. Maria glues her gaze to the bouncing grasshopper, pointing to it, hop by hop, until Mark can catch it in his hands.

"Pretty big fellow," he says, turning it over. "Actually, it's a female."

We huddle around him to have a closer look at the tiny greenish-gray creature, which is both striped and spotted. In profile, it looks like a graph.

"The female is larger than the male," Mark explains. "She lays her eggs underground, so she has these complicated little trowels at the rear end."

Bending down for a closer look, I follow her golden belly to a diminutive pair of diggers. Then I look at the two compound eyes, surprised to discover black-and-white spots running right through them, too. Each domed eye is composed of hundreds of clear facets, in which the polka dots seem suspended.

"One of the peculiar things about scrub grasshoppers is that they stay in coitus for many hours," Mark says. "You'll see them hopping around together, attached."

"Ultimate togetherness," Tom says. "They're *an item*."

Maria laughs; it was only yesterday that Tom and Maria first heard that expression about a twosome, and they like the late-breaking-news sound of it.

"How long do these grasshoppers live?" I ask.

"Almost a year," Mark says as we get back in the car, stow the grasshopper safely away, and continue our drive. "But it's hard to study their relationships, because ridges of scrub, which they prefer, are sometimes separated by highways or housing tracts or orange groves. Luckily, grasshoppers seem to change genital shape very readily, and we can use those changes to identify which ones have been living close together and which ones have travelled. With insects, there's something called runaway evolution. Genitals change very fast within a group. It's apparently based on female preference. One group will develop a few little extra prongs on the male genitalia, although there's nothing particularly adaptive about them."

"If they don't help the animal adapt to its environment, why do they develop?" I ask.

"Just because the females like them. A little prong starts for some reason, the females prefer the prongs, mate with those males, and the offspring carry genes for prongs."

One might wonder why female grasshoppers prefer the prongs in the first place. Nobody really knows. One theory is that it's very important for females to know that they have actually mated. The males have to transmit clearly the message that copulation took place. Among insects, copulation is often interrupted by predators or weather or something else, so it's important that both partners realize that sperm has been transferred. If a male stimulates a female by using a lot of ballyhoo or a novel design, he'll succeed in procreating, because the female can be absolutely sure that copulation took place, and will tend to reject other males: there's no point in her spending a lot of time mating if it's not necessary. These genital changes become extraordinarily elaborate; they can involve bundles of hair, little growths of hooks, peculiar reversible sacs with hairs on the end, and unusual knobs pointing in opposite directions. They're adaptive only in the sense that they assure the female that she's mating with a male of the right species. They have no external use at all—they're just decorative.

"Tom and I are very different entomologists," Mark continues. "A lot of his work has an old-fashioned natural-history base, but he's in the vanguard of what's being discovered now. Almost nothing that I do couldn't have been done a hundred years ago."

"Both of us have been dragged kicking and screaming into the nineteenth century," Tom says, correcting him.

"No, my kind of work is catching-up work," Mark says. "A lot of the natural-history and survey studies that took place in Europe in the eighteen-hundreds were never done in Florida. People were busy doing other things. So I spend a lot of time just listing insects, finding out where they live, how they live. It's not something you can be paid to do."

When we think of science, we often picture arcane quests after minutiae, or efforts to explain underlying principles, but the amazing fact is that in a civilization as complex as ours we are still engaged in Adam's task, the naming of the animals.

"There are very few places where you can actually look at a whole ecosystem and say how many of various things live there," Mark says. "At the station, we're beginning to be able to do that. We've just put together a new moth-and-butterfly list, for instance,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with eleven hundred and sixteen species on it. And five hundred or so species still have to be identified. That's just moths and butterflies! We have roughly nine hundred species of beetles listed, but we assume there are about two thousand. And the ants, bees, and wasps probably make up an even larger group. We've also listed about five hundred flies. So the total number of different kinds of insects in Archbold's small habitat is about ten thousand. And that's nothing compared with what you'd find in a deciduous forest. The Endangered Species List is barely a start. Most insects aren't even known, so how can we tell which ones are endangered?"

When we arrive at Highlands Hammock, a state park, we walk along carefully laid out pathways, enjoying the primal feel of the dense forest. It contains a mixture of northern and southern trees: vast woods of sweet gums and hackberries, red maples, hickories, and pines and live oaks. Flowering poison-ivy vines, at least twenty feet long, cling to the trees, along with Spanish moss, epiphytes, and orchids. Flexing open a broad palmetto leaf, I see lots of insect life—a small white moth, a shit-covered beetle larva, an iridescent blue beetle, a spider in its web, ants, and a wax-covered flatid bug. On this one leaf, three feet above the ground, a complex and competitive ecosystem thrives. These creatures are not found in the normal leaf litter on the forest floor; it is filled with different spiders, ants, and centipedes, and is an even more dangerous place to live. Instead, they raise their new generations on a sort of penthouse forest floor. It's odd to think of a specialized habitat as being no larger than a palmetto leaf.

"Aha!" Tom calls gleefully.

We find him up the road a few yards, happily inspecting a huge spiderweb that is billowing at eye level between two trees. A big furry spider with a crazy-eight-shaped body and eight many-knuckled legs, which is known as a golden-web spider, sits in the upper part of the web. Tom takes a vial out of his pocket, pulls an ornate moth from it, and tosses the moth, which is still alive, onto the web. In a flash, the spider scrambles down the silk and cages the moth in its legs.

"So much for the moth," I say, with a sigh.

"Wait." Tom raises a cautionary finger as the spider begins cutting the moth loose from the web, using sharp fangs at either side of her mouth. "See, now she's decided she doesn't want it. See how she backed away? Now the question is: How will she treat it? She's cutting—see the cutting? There are two palps, which are like two short hands around the mouth—if we had palps, we could eat and play music at the same time!—and she's taking the thread with those two palps and snipping it with her fangs. The moth is going to be cut loose in a second. Now she's starting to pull back, so the moth doesn't damage more of the web."

The spider has cut a perfect window in the web with her sharp fangs. Lying doggo, the moth finally falls free, and then it takes flight. The spider returns to her watch at the hub of the web.

"Good heavens! Why did she do that? I thought spiders liked moths."

"Only edible ones," Tom says.

"Even so, why clip it from the web?"

"Because the spider would have trouble locating the next prey item in the web. So she takes the high ground and waits. When something vibrates the web, she can read the vibrations to tell exactly where it is. But if her web is cluttered with debris she'll get a faulty signal."

I picture pilots jamming radar in the Second World War by dropping tinfoil. "How come the moth didn't try to escape?" I ask.

"Because it didn't have a damn thing to worry about. Instead of fluttering in the web, it let the spider do the work."

In the sunlight, this golden-web spider's shimmery silk stands out brightly. With his fingertip, Tom pulls one thread farther and farther to show how it can stretch. The silk is so elastic that, when an insect that has fallen in flails, it's like kicking against rubber bands. A struggling insect never really puts tension on the web; it just wraps itself up.

"The elasticity of these threads is truly fantastic," Tom says. "There isn't a single human synthetic material that has that kind of elasticity. It's better than rubber, and the toughness is out of sight." He plucks at the silk.

"Why isn't the spider running down to your finger?"

"A big movement like that? She knows exactly what fight to pick. And she has all kinds of strategies. She has lots of escape routes, and if I touch the web too hard she will know just where to go. But I don't want to freak her out. She's a nice little gal."

Experiments must be repeatable and must include a control group, so Tom has brought two flavors of ornate moth—a naturally poisonous one and a harmless one, raised on poison-free food. Time after time, the spider devours a safe moth and releases a toxic one. When Tom is satisfied with the evidence, we head back to the station, and Tom promises that before the day is over we'll get a second opinion from equally picky eaters—Florida scrub jays.

BACK at camp, Tom adjusts the focus of a large gray Wild microscope set up in the laboratory room of his cottage. "Romance," he says, "and deceit."

The insect world is filled with tales of seduction, deception, and death. When he passes an ornate moth to me,

IN THE WOODS

Night, and a candle guttering on the table.
Three low stools. Father spoons
his mush, growling just a little now.
Mother intently watches her men.

Am I the only one who hears the cry?—
a scared girl stumbling on and on
through the dark and dripping woods, hungry, cold.
But yellow hair, so not our kind.

Speech beyond us still, we growl softly,
nuzzle, and—our claws retracted—stroke.
Father scrapes the bowl. Mother, rising,
sighs me far away and lost.

—LEONARD NATHAN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

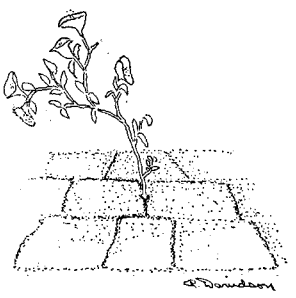
I hold it under the microscope and peer at its beautiful pattern. Suddenly, two pinkish-yellow feather dusters unfurl from its rear end.

"Amazing! What are *they*?"

Tom takes a look. "Scent brushes," he says. "Males use them in courtship. These brushes are actually modified scales, and each hair is hollow and perforated."

"Like a straw?"

"Very much. Vapor rises up through each of the hairs on the brush. One day, I saw one of these guys fly into a spiderweb. I knew that moths usually flutter themselves loose, leaving some of their scales behind, but this moth simply folded its wings and played dead. The spider came up, touched it, and cut it free, and it flew away. I didn't think much about it. Then, a year later, I saw exactly the same phenomenon, and I decided I'd better take a look at the moth. I found out that as a caterpillar the moth feeds on a poisonous pea plant. So we tried to see if we could raise the caterpillar on a synthetic, poison-free diet, and it worked. We knew that the pea plant had a certain type of alkaloid which is very toxic, even to human beings. Every once in a while, cows browse on these plants, and *they* die. It's a liver poison—really bad stuff. And this alkaloid turns out to be distasteful to spiders. Any animal that can feed on these plants with impunity has got it made, because it can build up a storehouse of poison in its body and use it for defense. And that's the strategy of these moths."



"Why don't they die from it themselves?"

"Great question," he says excitedly, his tone making it clear that in his private vocabulary "question" is the same word as "puzzle." "It turns out that when you eat these chemicals you don't actually eat them as poison; you eat a chemical that your liver converts into a poison. And doing that requires certain enzymes. I think what the moth has done is shut off that kind of enzymatic system. Then it can take these chemicals in and not convert them. It uses them the same way the plant does. That's really very clever." He smiles.

"So out we came with moths raised on a poison-free diet," he goes on. "We spent the whole damn winter raising these moths. We wanted to see whether they would be palatable. We threw them in spiderwebs, and, one after another, they got eaten by the spiders. I felt as if I were seventeen, on my first date, and I'd just got my first kiss. It was mind-boggling. Then my student Bill Conner and I decided to look into the courtship of the moths. We knew that the males have these nifty scent brushes that they pull out for courtship. And we knew that the females attract the males. The female sits on the plant and calls, and the male flutters slowly in her direction. If you follow their line of flight, you can find the female moth that is doing the calling."

"How does this siren moth call? With scent?"

"Yes, she makes an aphrodisiac in a special gland in her abdomen. I turned over extracts from those glands to my partner, Jerry Meinwald, and in due course Jerry and his people came up with a formula. Actually, there are three compounds in that chemical—all simple straight-chain hydrocarbon molecules, all sex attractants. We sometimes take the chemical and put it out in traps to bring in males. When the male is within range of the female, fluttering around her, those brushes come out in a fraction of a second—once, twice, three, four times as he flies around her." Tom makes a slow circle with one closed hand, gradually opening it to mimic the unfolding brushes.

"But there was one question in particular that bothered me. I wanted to know who was in control of this courtship. Was it the male? If so, then it was a case of metabolic expedience. The male has a useful chemical, some of which he uses for defense, and he converts the rest into a chemical that works to 'seduce the female.' Sounds good. But suppose this was really female choice instead."

"You mean he would advertise how much defensive chemical he has?"

"That's what I mean, and that's exactly what ended up being the case. And I remember the moment that occurred to me. I was watching sea otters in California. A question was bothering me. Was there some subtle thing that the moth could accomplish by using a derivative of this alkaloid? And the

TALES OF AN ART DEALER

How to Get an 8 Foot by 6 Foot Painting in the Back of a Car

by Robert C. Vose, Jr.

In upstate New York during the early fifties, I found a wonderful early American painting, *Pocahontas and John Smith* by Victor Nehlig. I paid a local dealer $100 for the picture who then smiled as I tried in vain to stuff the 8 foot canvas into the back of my old wooden Ford wagon. I soon realized that it would cost several times the price of the painting to have it trucked back to Boston.

Necessity being the mother of invention, I bought several old whiskey barrels from the general store and nailed them end to end, took the painting off its stretcher, and gently rolled the painting around the barrels, paint-side out. I put some screw-eyes on the inside wooden roof of the wagon and suspended the roll so it wouldn't chafe. It stuck out the end several feet, but dry weather prevailed and I steered the Pocahontas-mobile gingerly through the snarls of Boston traffic.

Safely back in her frame and newly cleaned, Pocahontas and John quickly found a new home in a spectacular apartment in New York City. This time, they arrived in a moving van.

SHIP PORTRAITS AND MARINE PAINTINGS: A SALUTE TO THE AGE OF SAIL.

A wall to wall show of over fifty paintings through September 25.

Vose

GALLERIES OF BOSTON, INC.

Dealers in fine paintings for five generations
238 NEWBURY STREET, BOSTON MA 02116
TEL. (617) 536-6176 • FAX (617) 247-VOSE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

idea came to me that this wasn't a case of seducing the female at all. It just looked like seduction. No, the male had to prove his worth to the female in some way. It was the female who was choosy."

"So she wants a warrior?"

"She wants to have some evidence that he's worth his salt, or whatever the insect equivalent is."

"But he's proving he has enough defensive chemical to protect him."

"That's what I thought at first—that the male was flexing his muscles, saying, 'If you take me as your husband, your sons and daughters are going to be good at getting a lot of alkaloid out of the plant. The more of it they have, the better defended they'll be, and this will make them better able to compete for seeds with other larvae on the food plant. Wouldn't you like to have a suitor who can prove to you that he's genetically fit?' Well, we published that interpretation, and we were very proud of ourselves. But then the story got even better. We found out that the egg of this animal also has the alkaloid in it. So we assumed that the female actually laid eggs containing the alkaloid. But how does it get there? Does the female use her own alkaloid or does she also get some from the male to put in the egg?"

Male insects often ejaculate nutrient gifts into the female along with their sperm, I recall, to make sure the offspring will have nourishment on which to grow. I remember being able to feel ball-bearing-like sperm packages in the soft bellies of pregnant monarch butterflies when I was tagging them in California a few years ago. Insects produce some of the largest sperm packages in the world relative to their body mass. There are male beetles that donate as much as fifteen per cent of their body weight.

Turning away from the microscope, Tom warms to the telling of his story. "We thought that the females might say, 'Look, I'm putting all the yolk into these eggs; what are you going to do for your offspring?' So we thought that maybe the male was in effect saying to the female, 'Not only do I come from a lineage that's good at competing for the seeds from the food plant but I'm also willing to give you direct payment in the form of a gift with which you can enrich your own defenses, or you can put some of it in your eggs to protect them, or do both.' And another student of mine, Dave Dussourd, proved this to be the case. The amount of the alkaloid transferred by the male to the female is proportional to the amount of alkaloid that the male has, which is, in turn, proportional to the amount of scent that he produces on his scent brushes. In other words, he really is telling the female exactly how much he's got in his bank account."

"Call me a cynic, but why wouldn't it be in his interest to lie?"

"You tell me! Of course, we can't say categorically that some males don't lie. For example, if a male has very little alkaloid, could he convert it all into the scent message on the brushes and dupe the female into thinking that he has a big bank account? In theory, I suppose so. But they really don't appear to be lying. And if they don't lie, it can only be because lying doesn't pay off. They must get found out in some way. The next question is *how* they get found out. Is it possible that the female can check after mating whether he was a liar, and discriminate against the sperm? We don't know yet."

"It sounds as if only the muscle men could win in this scenario."

"Not always. At one point, we released males into the field, just like the ones you saw with the spider today—some with the alkaloid and some without. In other words, some had scent on their brushes and some didn't. We wing-notched them all, so we'd recognize them; baited them with sexy females we knew would start broadcasting at a certain time of the night; and got the females to sit on a little wire perch, which we treated chemically with an extract of the pea plant, to make it attractive for them to sit on. And we waited. A male would come in and court. We knew from the wing-notching whether he had alkaloid or not. Males with the alkaloid proved to have about a thirty-per-cent higher chance of being accepted. That's a major edge—if you have a thirty-per-cent higher chance of fathering offspring, that's quite an advantage. But the ones without alkaloid didn't just get turned away. The female can get sperm from the male, but she also has to take a big gamble. She has to ask herself, 'Is this the last male I'm likely to attract in the next five days? What do I do?' At the very least, she can get nutrients from a sperm package. So she mates with as many as thirteen different males, gets nutrients from all of them, and alkaloid from as many of them as possible."

"Doesn't she get awfully heavy?"

"Yes. But she's also laying eggs."

"So she'll be inseminated, lay eggs, be inseminated, lay eggs?"

"Lay *some* eggs. In fact, we know that if she gets inseminated by two males she doesn't lay half the eggs from the first male and half from the second. No, she tends to lay eggs sired by one male only. After mating, she's still putting the male to the test in other ways. As Craig LaMunyon showed in my lab, the eggs will be sired by the largest male. How does she tell the largest male? Probably from the size of the sperm package. It's mind-boggling. And the interesting thing is that the size of the male is proportional to the amount of the alkaloid he carries. It's truth in advertising. So before mating she's asking him, 'Hey, how much alkaloid do you have?' And after mating she's double-checking him on the size of the sperm package."

"Just leafing through the bills, to make sure all the fives and tens are there?"

"Exactly!"

Over a hundred years ago, I reflect, Darwin was speculating about intrigues like this one, which involve female choice and sexual selection. Since the female puts so much investment into the offspring, he thought, she might be the choosy one.

"The male strategy, almost always, is to inseminate as many females as possible, without paying much attention to them," Tom says. "But there are some exceptions. For example, I once worked on a beetle that transfers the equivalent of half the weight of the eggs that the female will produce. That's really a major contribution. And, sure enough, the female has a way of conning something from the male—a gift—and then not letting him inseminate her. This female can't mate more than once every so many days, but she tries to get gifts from males anyway. A male doesn't want to give her gifts if she's going to produce another male's offspring, so he goes around to the rear end of the female—though she tries to prevent him—and smells her to see if she's a virgin, something he prizes very highly."

"What a complex courtship!"

"People have this idea that human

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

predicaments are too complicated for an insect. Nonsense! There's an enormous amount of biology you can pack into something the size of an insect. The only reason we know so little about insects is that they're so small."

"I wonder how people would respond to insects if insects were larger—say, the size of dogs and cats."

"It all depends on whether people grew up with negative ideas about insects. If the world was full of huge grasshoppers, leaping around at the speed they actually do leap, and carrying the momentum that they do carry, they'd be bloody hazardous. I tell you, suits of armor would still be very fashionable. Moms would say, 'Don't forget your suit of armor, dear. The grasshoppers are out!' "

The ornate-moth saga is one of Tom's favorites. He's been studying this insect's habits for some twenty years and is always discovering something new. Although he's usually working on a number of insect stories—sometimes just by being alert to them—one theme running through them is about female choice.

"Is it possible to study insect societies and not extrapolate to human beings?" I ask.

"I'm a dyed-in-the-wool sociobiologist," he replies, laughing. "It's not surprising to me that much of what the human animal does can be described in animal terms."

"Like giving big engagement rings?"

"Sure. Our whole courtship story can be told romantically, of course—clothing it in cultural traditions, if you wish—but the fundamental biology is that someone is trying to perpetuate his genes in the next generation. The female is fundamentally choosy, and that makes darn good sense if you're going to sit on an egg for nine months. The male doesn't want to waste his seed, as they say in the Bible."

"So she tests the male in various ways."

"Absolutely. And that gets built into the culture—the whole idea of the athlete, the winner, the contests, the warrior. I can't explain it all, but I have absolute faith that biology is in the background of much of what we do as human beings."

"Sometimes people think of insects as cold-blooded automatons. Comparing any of our actions with theirs then becomes doubly frightening."

"The concept of free will is fundamental. Do we have free will or don't we? I don't worry much about that, because I'm so absolutely fascinated by entering a world of other species and trying to figure out what they do. As someone who is not religious, who doesn't believe in free will in the traditional way, who believes in evolution and that we're part of the evolutionary process, I still consider us unique, in the sense that we can sit here and talk about it and understand it. But we're clearly not unique in terms of what we do with our muscles, we're not unique in what we do with our gametes when we're mating, we're not unique when we're part of a courtship strategy that involves female choosiness. In those ways, we're just animals of a different sort—ones with four legs fewer than insects."

There is a knock at the door, and we find a tall, chestnut-haired woman in a sweater and pants standing next to a man of about the same height, whose dark hair is tied back in a ponytail. Tom introduces us, and I'm delighted to discover that they're the nature photographers Susan Middleton and David Liittschwager, who are busy locating and photographing a host of endangered animals and plants. On a three-year journey around the United States, they are visually cataloguing our vanishing life forms, one of which is the grasshopper we found this morning. Tom is excited that Susan and David will be recording it for posterity.

"We're on our way to shoot some jays," Susan explains. "We found a great spot yesterday. Want to drive out with us?"

"Absolutely!" Tom says. "Let me grab some moths." He adds, "Oh, by the way, we've got the grasshopper for you."

Susan and David cheer, and start planning their evening's work as I help Tom pluck ornate moths from a cage and tuck them, all silk and flutter, into separate vials. Then we get into the Bronco and head for the far end of the station. With a slightly maniacal grin, David keeps going until the road becomes a river of deep sand. At last, we park in a maze of dwarf oak trees and clean white sand. Because the trees aren't much higher than eye level, it's like wandering through a

Antarctica.
Your Quest Stops Here.

You've imagined the pristine beauty, the mystery of Antarctica. Now experience this magnificent continent as few have ever seen it – on SeaQuest's 22-day exploration voyages. Cruise on the only vessel which takes the Australia route – the route of the original explorers.

Zodiac will transport you to places inhabited only by wildlife and ecosystems unique to Antarctica. Your expedition leaders, a diverse team of naturalists, enhance each day's adventures and discoveries.

Your Ship, the M.S. Frontier Spirit was designed to provide comfortable on-board style that enhances exploration travel. Superior cuisine, and other unexpected amenities renew travelers for the discoveries of each new day.

For your free 32-page *New Explorer*℠ magazine describing Antarctica and other unique SeaQuest voyages, call your Travel Agent, mail this coupon or call 1-800-854-8999.

If you've dreamed of exploring Antarctica, your quest stops here.

SEAQUEST CRUISES

SeaQuest Cruises™
600 Corporate Drive., Suite 410, Fort Lauderdale, Fl 33334
Please send me your free 32-page *New Explorer*℠ magazine.

NY ANT 8.92

Name

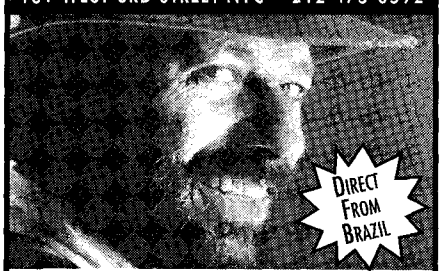
Address

City/State/Zip

Travel Agent

©1992 SeaQuest Cruises. All rights reserved. Ship's Registry: Bahamas

Blue Note
WORLD'S FINEST JAZZ CLUB & RESTAURANT
131 WEST 3RD STREET NYC • 212 475-8592



JOAO BOSCO
Aug 11 Thru Aug 16 at 9 & 11:30pm

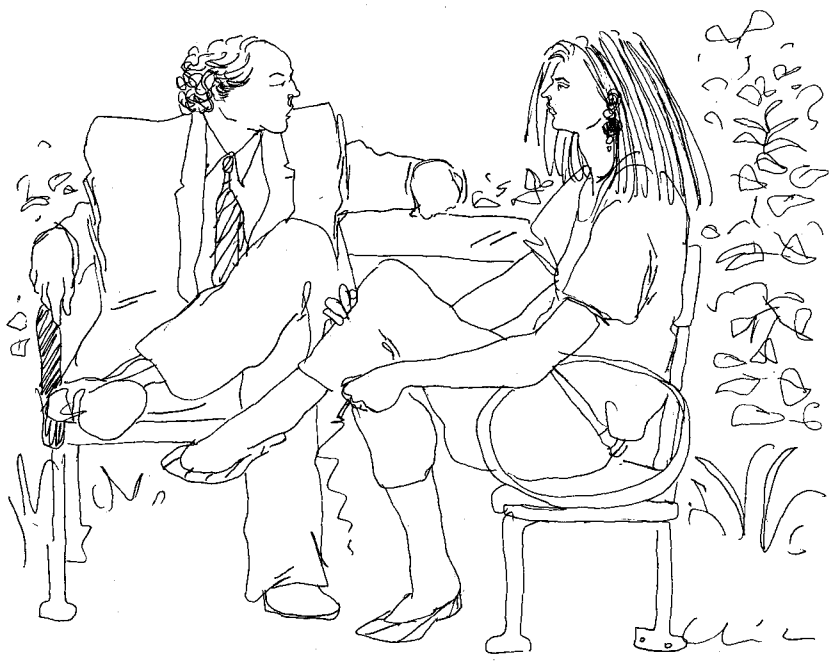
GATO BARBIERI
Aug 18 thru 23 at 9 & 11:30pm • 3rd Show Fri/Sat at 1:30 am

NUMBER SIXTEEN

Four Victorian Town Houses form this exquisite hotel with the unique atmosphere of the home in the heart of South Kensington.

16 SUMNER PLACE, LONDON SW7 3EG
TEL: 071-589 5232 TELEX: 266638
FAX: 071-584 8615

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Married, then divorced, to make a long story short."

• •

scene from a Shakespearean comedy, in which an outsider can hear voices but can't see the speakers, who, in turn, don't know that the outsider is there. All around us, the Florida scrub is picture perfect. Its name suggests that it's useless, disposable land, but it's an area of deep, sterile sand, in which fire and soil have forged a simple, elemental relationship that has survived for ages. One of its attractions is that, in so simple a landscape, the concerns of organisms are easy to spot. Except that sand is at its heart, it's like simple habitats elsewhere. New York City, for example, has a lot of wild insects caught between the concrete and the unrelenting human activity above it, and those insects are interesting because they've somehow coped with overwhelming environmental difficulties. Life in the scrub is chastened by the tremendous sterility of the area—the lack of water in the winter, and the fires that sweep over it again and again, century after century. Many of the insect species came originally, at the end of the Pliocene, from savanna areas around the Gulf of Mexico, together with antelopes, giant gophers, tortoises, and ground sloths. While these insect species may have died out elsewhere, some of them survived on the scrub ridges, where the sand dries fast.

Now the insects remain only on the tops of a few ridges. The scrub itself is endangered, including the Atlantic coastal ridge, which is much younger than this inland ridge; the Marion uplands; a very thin band of scrub in the Panhandle; and little knolls of scrub in small areas of western Florida. Scrubland, in fact, is almost totally Floridian. And there are many creatures unique to the Florida scrub.

The best-known endangered resident is the scrub jay, which is in trouble because it requires large areas of land in which to forage. Each jay family needs about twenty acres, and since jays can't mate within the family, there have to be many other families around. Even though they're long-lived birds and are well adjusted to scrub, their population is very small. Thousands of other species ride in the media wake of the jays: just as golden-lion tamarins are the cute and cuddly poster animals of the Mata Atlantica rain forest in Brazil, the jays symbolize the plight of the scrub habitat. People find them easier to identify with than insects, snakes, or trees. Northern crested blue jays are tough, hoodlum birds with bad tempers—street-corner bullies. But scrub jays seem smaller and gentler—more like the bluebird of cartoon and song. The unstated agenda of any "Save the Jays" campaign is to save the jays' habitat and all their less photogenic neighbors.

A flock of blue wheels low over the maze of trees. The birds look like falling shards of sky. For many years, Archbold researchers have been banding and studying these jay families, so the birds aren't frightened when they spot us. The scrub jay is dressed in Civil War colors: it has a blue helmet and blue wing and tail feathers, while its chest, chin feathers, and eyebrows are gray. Acorns and insects are its favorite fare. Tom pulls a vial from one of his many pockets, removes a moth, and holds it in the air. A jay glides down and lands on his raised arm, hops to his wrist, tightens its feet like grappling hooks, and turns an eye to the moth, perhaps smelling it. Then it flies away. We try the experiment again. Pulling a moth carefully from a vial, I hold it aloft. Three jays bicker as they approach. One lands at the base of my thumb, wrapping a claw tightly around it. When it leans over to inspect the moth, its soft belly brushes my skin. The feathers are delicate, igniting nerve cells in only a tiny patch of skin, and yet my whole body responds to that rare touch. So does the jay. It cocks its head sidewise and stares at me, one eye like a rebus. Then it watches the moth as intently as I am watching the jay. After a moment or two, deciding that the moth is inedible, the jay flies off. Tom smiles. There is definitely a powerful drug in that moth. Spiders won't eat it and birds won't eat it. A bag of ornate moths will become part of the biological treasure chest he sends to a pharmaceutical company for testing.

SOON the sun burns fiercely off the sand, and we head back to camp for shade and lunch. While the others go to their cottages, I climb the water tower's spiral staircase. The surge of the wind grows louder as I climb away from all the cozy details of the human world, up a hundred and forty-six silver-coated steps. At the top, I find a gently swaying platform, red plastic streamers fluttering from a turret, and a wasp, whose fiefdom I've breached. Below stands the main building—chamois-colored stucco, red slate roof, and six rooflets running south like cresting waves. The noon sun cuts triangular sails under the eaves, and the long building seems to float on the vast ocean of scrub.

Tom is in his cottage, most likely working on an upcoming lecture. In a few weeks, he will testify before the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

United States Senate, asking that the Endangered Species Act be reauthorized. He has spent his life probing barely visible worlds, but it's a far cry from explorer to counsel, from rapt devotee to public defender. He plans to recite a long list of medicines derived from plants and animals, and stress that most species have never been investigated. He'll point out that, although our culture is embarrassed by goods that are "worn out," there is no such thing as chemical obsolescence, and he'll caution the senators that if an insect has been scanned for chemical assets and has been found to lack any, it shouldn't be dismissed as of no interest and allowed to become extinct, because even the best-studied species may contain a wealth of chemicals that can be revealed only by future techniques. Therefore, an endangered habitat like the Florida scrub must be saved, if only for the sake of the unique insects it allows. He will tell his favorite stories, involving familiar, nonthreatening bugs. Since chemical prospecting is so lucrative, the senators stand to profit mightily while looking virtuous. Some of those who vote green may do so for that reason, but all will claim altruism as their motive, and that's just fine with Tom. In politics, as in insect society, virtue is never its own reward.

Lake Placid lies in the distance like a puddle of mercury. The scrub looks stark, exhausted, uninhabited: the environmental equivalent of an empty lot. And yet I know that millions of animals are going about their daily chores down there, caught up in acts of murder, marriage, feast, birth. Countless life-and-death dramas are playing themselves out. There are marauding bands of hunters; sculptors of leaf and bark; some of the first papermakers on earth; rustlers and ranchers with their own stockyards; gatherers of fruit and petal; architects working in clay; nurseries for the young; catacombs, lean-tos, and towers; weavers of silk and cotton; builders of cities; practitioners of order; many different tribes and societies. All these can tumble in the throes of a storm, or when giants walk among them. What a shame we seldom behold their wondrous cities. Looking out over the scrub, silently praising their hidden world, I remember with what conviction Walt Whitman wrote, "The bright suns I see and the dark

"We believe that, over time, profitable, successful companies are apt to become profitable, successful investments. Mediocre companies are the reason most people are disappointed investors."

William M.B. Berger

We're proud of the past performance of the no-load Berger 100 Fund and the Berger 101 Fund. But more important is our investment philosophy which is designed to enable our investors to both eat well and sleep well. Call (800) 333-1001 for more information and a prospectus; study it carefully before investing. The Berger Funds are offered for a minimum investment of $250.

BERGER ASSOCIATES, INC.
(303) 329-0200 / (800) 333-1001

FANTASY NOW.

Fantasy Fest in Key West
"Halloween in the Devil's Triangle"
Oct. 24 - Nov. 1, 1992.
Costume competitions, concerts, the unbelievable **Twilight Fantasy Parade** down Duval Street. Parties, Parties, Parties! Pack up your costumes. Call your favorite Key West resort or your travel agent.
For more information, call or write:
Fantasy Fest
P.O. Box 230-B
Key West, FL 33041
1-800-LAST KEY

Fantasy Fest

THE FLORIDA KEYS℠ & KEY WEST
Key Largo, Islamorada, Marathon, Lower Keys, Key West

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

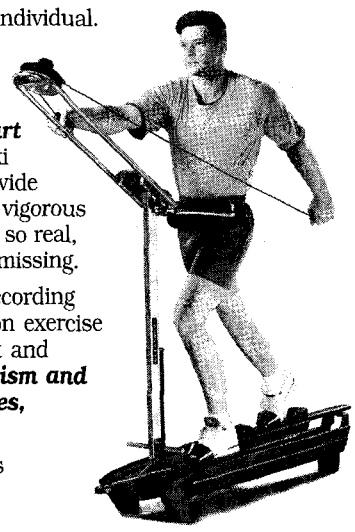
"ONE MAN OF OUR TIME WHO MAY BE SAID TO BE A MASTER OF REALITY."
—HENRY MILLER

Aldous Huxley called Krishnamurti's writings "a clear contemporary statement of the fundamental human problem." *On Freedom, On Nature and the Environment, On Relationship,* and *On Living and Dying* all reflect both the clarity and complexity of his insights into the human condition and the nature of intelligence.

HarperSanFrancisco
A Division of HarperCollins*Publishers*
Also available from HarperCollins Canada Ltd.

The High-Tech Weight Loss System.

There are weight loss programs for the average individual. And then there's NordicSport™ Ski, from NordicTrack. The high-tech, world-class way to ***lose weight and keep it off. For good.***



Weight loss never felt so good. ***Our state-of-the-art graphite construction*** allows the NordicSport™ Ski to move and react to your body's motion, to provide the most authentic sport simulation for the most vigorous ***total-body workout.*** It's a ski motion so smooth, so real, so challenging—you'll hardly notice the snow is missing.

And you'll ***burn up to 1,100 calories per hour*** according to fitness experts. That's more than you would on exercise bikes, stairclimbers or treadmills. You'll burn fat and increase lean muscle tissue, ***raise your metabolism and tone your entire body in as little as 20 minutes, three times a week.***

Experience NordicSport™ Ski. The one weight loss program you can stick to, succeed at, and enjoy.

Call today for a 30 day in-home trial!

nordic sport™ by NordicTrack

Graphite Edge

For more information call 1-800-445-2231 ext. 67MH2

NordicTrack, Dept. #67MH2, 141 Jonathan Blvd. N., Chaska, MN 55318
© 1992 NordicTrack, Inc., A CML Company • All rights reserved.

suns I cannot see are in their place."

Two human beings stroll languidly toward the dining hall. I think they are male and female, but I can't see their faces well enough to tell whether they're clean-shaven or are wearing makeup, nor can I see how they style their hair or what they carry in their pockets. Astronauts returning from orbit have marvelled at how little of human life can be seen from space—not the wars or the political boundaries, not the cities or the farms, not the subtleties of custom, adolescence, or love. The couple seem to shrink further as they cross the veranda. Suddenly, what I now recognize as the male raises his chin and grins; his teeth flash in the sunlight. The female crosses her hands high on her chest and stoops briefly from the waist. She twists her face, and her teeth flash, too. Then the male bows at an angle, swings his head up, and opens his mouth. I assume he said something funny, to which she replied with something funny, and that led to this suite of laughing bows. Are they "an item"? Are they colleagues? Have they spent the morning working or making love? From this height, I can't begin to understand their complex relationship, any more than human beings peering down at insects can know how complicated *their* lives are. So much slips through the seams of our senses. Involved in a conversation older than words, the two human beings enter the building, where they will satisfy their hunger, like any jay or beetle. —DIANE ACKERMAN

•

He feels now that he may only find inner peace or true happiness if he leaves and goes to live on his own for an indefinite period. He says he wants to know if he can make it on his own. He believes we will e and goes to live on his own for an indefinite period. He says he wants to know if he can make it on his own. He believes we will e and goes to live on his own for an indefinite period. He says he wants to know if he can make it on his own. He believes we will e and goes to live on his own for an indefinite period. He says he wants to know if he can make it on his own. He believes we will e and goes to live on his own for an indefinite period. He says he wants to know if he can make it on his own. He believes we will eventually get back together. He also hopes that I will be waiting patiently for him.—*Letter to the "Confidential Chat" column in the Boston Sunday Globe.*

Maybe he just wants a little peace and quiet.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POPULAR MUSIC

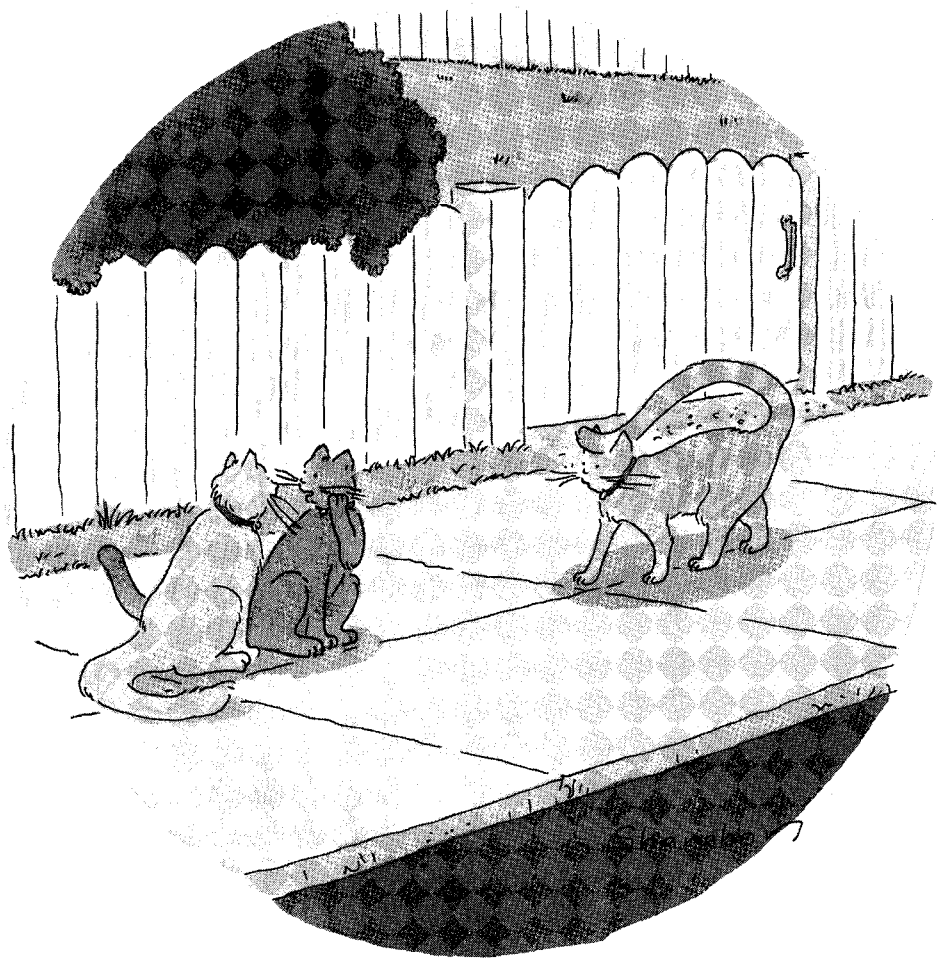
Family Values

Bruce Springsteen has for more than two decades been playing to an audience that has grown ever larger and more devoted and fanatical with each new album, but the bloom may now be off the rose, for sales of his two recent simultaneous releases, "Human Touch" and "Lucky Town" (Columbia), have sagged well below expectations. The pair did make their début at No. 2 and No. 3 on *Billboard's* album chart, and both albums have been certified platinum. But after the initial hysteria, and after all the diehard fans did their buying, the albums slipped slowly down the charts, until finally "Lucky Town" bottomed out at No. 116. (A few weeks ago, Springsteen kicked off his first American tour since 1988, and sales have increased slightly.) In response to this poor chart performance, *Entertainment Weekly* ran a cover of a black-and-white silk screen of the Boss looking ashen and anguished, and asked the question "What Ever Happened to Bruce?"

In a recent *Rolling Stone* cover story, such criticism was referred to as an anti-Springsteen backlash, the idea being that certain people might take a perverse pleasure in seeing the Boss fail. There may be some truth to this, but I think that to view Springsteen's new albums' failure to dominate the charts as reflexive kill-the-rock-star schadenfreude is to deny his fans their due. People who love Bruce (and I count myself among them) love him so much that all they want is more great music from him, more reasons to love him more; and they usually get what they want every few years, at just about the moment when withdrawal is kicking in and a fresh shot of "Bruce Juice" is (and to Springsteen fans this is not hyperbole) *necessary*. But somehow "Human Touch" and "Lucky Town" didn't deliver.

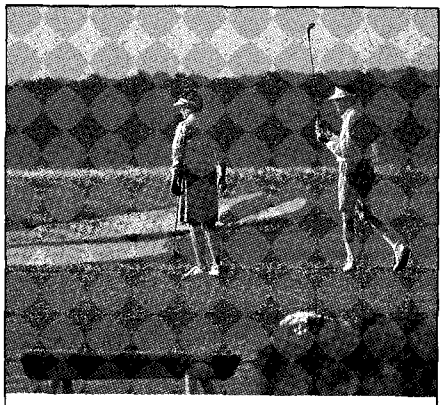
It is tempting to blame marketing mistakes or changing demographics for the relative failure of Bruce's latest works, but the explanation is actually simpler: these are not very good albums—at least, by Springsteen standards—and they have left the audience with little to respond or relate to. As someone remarked to me about the records, listening to them is a bit like looking at photographs of someone else's vacation: they're nice, but you don't care much about them because you weren't there. Springsteen's special ability to connect so strongly with his audience has always made his fans feel that *we are there*. Working in the factory with Bruce's father, driving in a car with a girl named Wendy or Sandy or Sherry, walking on the boardwalk and riding the Tilt-A-Whirl in Asbury Park, standing outside the window serenading Rosalita, boarding a downbound train, or fantasizing about a mansion on the hill—regardless of the particular socioeconomic circumstances of any of his fans, we all became brothers and sisters in suffering and in glory when we listened to Bruce Springsteen. The only time I've ever heard some twenty thousand people sing in perfect unison was at a Springsteen concert at the Philadelphia Spectrum in 1980: everyone chanted the first verse and chorus of his then hit single "Hungry Heart" with almost no prompting from Springsteen himself. That was how powerfully he made his fans feel that his story was their story.

But no more. To release one mediocre album would have been bad enough, but to expect people to respond to two fairly uninspired works simultaneously takes a kind of chutzpah that is surprising in Bruce Springsteen. In the *Rolling Stone* piece—an interview with the music editor, James Henke—Springsteen says that making these albums was at first a difficult creative process, more craft than art, and that he was more concerned with getting the job done than with anything else. "At first, I had nothing to say," he admits. "I was just sort of rehashing. I didn't have a new song to sing. . . . What I started to do were little writing exercises. I tried to write something that was soul-oriented. Or I'd play around with existing pop structures. And that's kind of how I did the 'Human Touch' record. A lot of it is generic, in a certain sense. . . . It was like a job." In other words, creating that album involved the kind of worka-



"Don't mention hair loss."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



GOLF REDEFINED.
Come build your game at the new Golf Learning Center. Set up a lesson with Hall of Famer Louise Suggs or Golf Digest pros.
It's all here. The history of Retreat Plantation, championship play over 54 holes. Golf in its most basic, challenging forms. The Cloister and Sea Island play gracious hosts. With spa and beach club, superb dining, dancing—much more than your usual game.
The Cloister,® Sea Island, GA 31561. Call 800-SEA-ISLAND.
Sea Island® THE CLOISTER®
Reserve now for Investing and Estate Planning Seminars in November.

Free Catalog
Teak and Mahogany Outdoor Furniture
Precision-cut Kits or Fully Assembled
All-weather furniture of enduring beauty and character, crafted to last a lifetime. Classic garden benches, porch swings, chairs, tables, rockers and lounges. Available fully assembled or as precision cut kits that are easy and fun to put together. Call or write for FREE COLOR CATALOG.
WOOD CLASSICS
Box 2Y33, Gardiner, NY 12525
(914) 255-7871

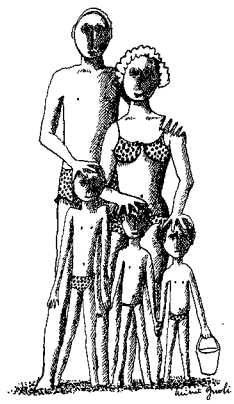
TRUBEY DESIGNS™ NEEDLEPOINT CATALOG

Christmas Creche Set. Catalog $3.00. Refundable with purchase.
1-800-877-6343 1140 7th Court, Suite D, Vero Beach, Fla. 32960

Carolina Lowcountry
SHE-CRAB SOUP
Three cans of delicately flavored She-Crab Soup — a favorite for over 200 years — in a wooden crate, $16.99. She-Crab Six Pack $28.99. Distinctive gifts. Add $3.50 S&H. Free catalog of Lowcountry foods and gifts. Sea Island Mercantile, Dept. NYM, 928 Bay Street, P.O. Box 100, Beaufort, SC 29901. 1-800-735-3215

day labor that Springsteen had originally turned to music to avoid. He says that he had even considered not releasing "Human Touch" at all, since it was basically just a bridge to the more fully realized material on "Lucky Town." (In fact, there is probably one good album's worth of material here. Springsteen seems to regard the pair as conceptually different, and thus as two separate works, but I don't think the audience experiences them that way.)

PERHAPS some history would be useful here, because history is crucial to understanding the trajectory of Bruce Springsteen's career—possibly more than it is with any other current performer. To contrast Springsteen with another singer/songwriter/icon: the fact that Bob Dylan is a Jew from Hibbing, Minnesota, who arrived in Greenwich Village determined to be Woody Guthrie and instead became an "unwashed phenomenon"—as his sometime love, Joan Baez, once called him in a song—is an interesting detail for Dylan fans to know, but it has never seemed central to his artistic vision or to his music, because any one of his albums or any one of his songs can function as well in isolation as it does in the context of the rest of his work. The myth of Dylan, while formidable, derives mainly from his misogyny, misanthropy, alienation, and strange dislikableness; D. A. Pennebaker's documentary about Dylan's 1965 British tour, "Don't Look Back," presented him as a difficult, obnoxious person. Bob Dylan has always been a performer who functions at a remove from his audience, doing his own odd thing in his own odd world. While many of his songs are autobiographical and heartbreaking, in many others his attitude makes him the original punk rocker, a singer whose sneering snideness—think of the acidic condescension of "Positively 4th Street" or "Like a Rolling Stone"—has much more in common with Johnny Rotten than with a sensitive crooner like James Taylor.



Bruce Springsteen, on the other hand, is a nice guy, everybody's all-American, the kind of man who'd pick you up if you were hitching a ride. (This actually happened to someone I know.) To his fans, he has always been such a powerful symbol of goodness and decency that many of them took it very hard when it was revealed that Springsteen had been cheating on his first wife, Julianne Phillips, with his backup singer, Patti Scialfa—whom he later married and had two kids with (though not exactly in that order). Although his albums presented him as a complex and frequently confused man, he was not supposed to do things like that. The idea that Bruce the person could commit acts that seemed at odds with Bruce the persona—for Bruce the person was committing adultery while Bruce the persona was telling listeners, in "Tunnel of Love," that "you've got to learn to live with what you can't rise above"—was a letdown to his fans in a way that almost nothing Bob Dylan did (except, of course, to make a string of lousy albums and become a born-again Christian) could ever be. For many people, Bruce represented the last incorruptible force—the one person who could become a rock star, live on a fourteen-million-dollar estate in Beverly Hills, and still be just a regular guy, just one of us. Since Springsteen puts so much of himself into his music, if you don't like the person he is (as opposed to the persona he presents) you can't like his music. And even to imagine Bruce Springsteen out of his particular context—he was raised in Freehold, a town in central New Jersey, but is very much a product of the Jersey Shore and its music scene—is to deny the essence of his character as an artist.

Yet the man who made these most recent albums is a person taken out of context—removed entirely from his history, and from the place where his fans first discovered him and first fell in love with him. While he may occasionally drop by the Stone Pony or other Asbury Park clubs to make surprise appearances with favored young bands, he just doesn't belong in that scene any longer. He has even replaced his E Street Band, which had been with him since the early seventies—including his longtime sidekick and saxophonist, Clarence (The Big Man) Clemons—with a group of high-gloss session men. Of course, one can hardly blame Spring-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

steen for wanting to work with a new cast of characters after so many years of the same old thing, and so many performances of an act that was once renowned for its spontaneity. It's disconcerting, though, to see the old E Street ethic—the band members weren't necessarily the best players, but they were a kind of family—displaced by the slick perfectionism of L.A. studio hands.

If "Human Touch" and "Lucky Town" don't ring true to most Springsteen fans, it is because they are the work of a man who can no longer deliver what an audience wants since he is no longer the person that the audience wants him to be. In other words, his position is hopeless—a fact that he himself acknowledges in the single "Better Days," when he laments, "It's a sad funny ending to find yourself pretending/A rich man in a poor man's shirt," and adds, "Now a life of leisure and a pirate's treasure/Don't make much for tragedy." The trouble, from a fan's viewpoint, is that admitting you have nothing to complain about doesn't justify complaining about it anyway. So what is Bruce Springsteen to do?

I RECEIVED advance tapes of the new Springsteen albums a couple of weeks before their release, and I was told by his publicist that this was music I ought to listen to a lot—while I was cleaning my apartment or cooking dinner, she suggested—because it was so deep and had such a range that it would take time and both conscious and partly distracted attention to absorb it completely. Neither album made much of an impression on me after the first playing or the second or the third, but after a while individual songs emerged as gems. The cut "Human Touch," despite the triteness of its title, had a classic Springsteen riff, some traditional but imaginative use of his Telecaster guitar, and a message about needing love and tenderness and understanding which might seem corny to some people but struck me as timely and true: "You might need somethin' to hold on to/When all the answers they don't amount to much,/Somebody that you can just talk to/And a little of that human touch./Baby, in a world without pity/Do you think what I'm askin's too much?/I just want to feel you in my arms/And share a little of that human touch." The dryly amusing story, in the bass-heavy "57 Channels (And Nothin' On)," of an upwardly mobile man in the Hollywood Hills whose life is given over to cable TV was instantly familiar. "I Wish I Were Blind" proved that even a happily homebound Springsteen could still come up with a heart-wrenching love song. "All or Nothin' at All" was a fun, funny, old-fashioned rocker, and "Man's Job" was a Sam-and-Dave-style soul song, in which Springsteen plays the romantic leading man trying to convince his lady that she should stay away from some silly young guy, because she needs a real man to love her. (This has long been a favored role in Springsteen songs.)

The album "Lucky Town," which many critics have perceived as being superior to "Human Touch," is really much less affecting, although "Leap of Faith" is both jubilant and thoughtful, and "If I Should Fall Behind" is practically a paradigm of the kind of mature love song that everyone expects Springsteen to come up with at this stage of his career. "The Big Muddy," inspired by the Pete Dexter novel "Paris Trout," has a mystical, underworld darkness that is atypical of Springsteen's work, while the blissful wedding-day scenario of "Book of Dreams" has an undisguised euphoria that is also rare. But, while these and other individual songs resonate very strongly, they never came together for me as a whole; there were great moments and great cuts, but they didn't make great albums. I was disappointed, I think, because for me hearing a Springsteen record for the first time has always been a journey into the heart of the matter. "Human Touch" and "Lucky Town" were more like a collection of short stories than like the focussed, single-minded novels he used to produce. Most of his albums follow a pattern of conflict, crisis, and resolution, and while these two make a joint attempt at that—the first song of the pair is asking for some "Human Touch," while "Lucky Town" concludes with the discovery of "My Beautiful Reward"—they aren't really coherent or thematic.

The fact that neither album comes across as an obsessive, desperate rant, the way Springsteen's previous work does, is probably a testament to his newfound stability. People who are close to Bruce Springsteen say that he has always suffered from depression, though a certain working-class reti-

TEACH YOURSELF FRENCH!

Not just a phrasebook, but a *real* language course! More than 40 hours of recorded material make this unique self-instructional cassette/book course a truly effective way to learn French.

The course consists of a series of cassettes recorded by *native* French speakers, and accompanying textbook. You'll learn to speak French the way you learned English — by listening and repeating. It's easy, and takes only 25 minutes a day. Your cassette player becomes your "teaching machine." You learn where and when you want to, and at your own pace.

The course was developed by the Foreign Service Institute to train U.S. State Department personnel. In addition, it has been used successfully by thousands of our mail-order customers.

Packaged in handsome vinyl binders, the course is available in two parts. Order either, or save 10% by ordering both:

☐ **Basic French, Part A:** 12 cassettes (15 hr.) and 194-p. text, $175.

☐ **Basic French, Part B:** 18 cassettes (25 hr.) and 290-p. text, $195.

(CT residents add sales tax)

Full 3-week money-back guarantee.

Phone orders call toll-free: **1-800-243-1234**

230 courses in 78 other languages available. Call or write for free 52-page catalog. Our 20th year.

AUDIO-FORUM®

Room F840, 96 Broad Street, Guilford,CT 06437 (203) 453-9794

Behold~

THE TILLEY HAT!

One has been eaten by an elephant — three times; others have sailed in America's Cup, and gone to war with the Canadians in the Gulf. Acknowledged *the world's best outdoor hat,* the 'Tilley' FLOATS, TIES ON, REPELS RAIN, WON'T SHRINK AND LASTS. Natural-coloured, strong, soft, USA-treated, cotton duck blocks UVA & B radiation. British brass hardware. Sewn with care in Canada. Four-page Owner's Manual. *Every* size. $45; $3 s/h. Free *but priceless* 64-page catalogue of the *world's best travel and adventure clothing.* (**Sir Edmund Hillary:** "I wear it; it's jolly good stuff.") **Refund? Any time.**

Tilley Endurables 1-800-338-2797
3525 Seneca St., West Seneca, NY 14224
Visit our unique stores in Toronto, Vancouver, Montreal

LONDON FLATS

English Charm with American Standards
Selective Locations & Prices
Weekly and Long Term Lets

FARNUM & CHRIST

1-800-366-2048

CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA

Retire to Fearrington, a Country Village full of bluebirds, hollyhocks and fascinating people of all ages. Please write, call, or come and see us.

2000N Fearrington Post, Pittsboro, NC 27312, 1-800-277-0130

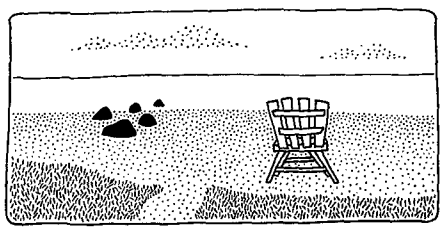
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cence about sex roles has kept him silent on the subject. Nonetheless, anguish tended to creep into his music—most notably in "Darkness on the Edge of Town" and in the bleak, all-acoustic "Nebraska," which found Springsteen, in the title track, identifying with the convicted murderer Charles Starkweather—the man who in the staid, stable fifties got in a car with his girlfriend and shot everyone who came near them. At one point in the song, Springsteen-as-Starkweather faces death by electric chair with the creepy admission "I can't say that I'm sorry for the things that we done/At least for a little while sir me and her we had us some fun."

The contradictions between hotheaded fright and alienated chill that Springsteen conveyed in his bitterest songs—"Adam Raised a Cain," "Something in the Night," "Stolen Car," "Born in the U.S.A.," "Brilliant Disguise," the bootlegged "Don't Look Back"—ought to have indicated to most people that the image of an optimistic, American-pie, working-class boy-who-makes-good was in fact way off the mark. People who didn't pay attention to the words—like the Reagan speechwriter who included a reference to Bruce in one of the President's 1984 campaign speeches—thought that "Born in the U.S.A." was a proud anthem, a testament to the American dream, whereas the narrator of the song was actually a Vietnam veteran who'd fallen into a monstrous gothic nightmare brought about by years of negligent social policy and endless bureaucracy: "Down in the shadow of the penitentiary/Out by the gas fires of the refinery/I'm ten years burning down the road/Nowhere to run ain't got nowhere to go." When there was a move in the New Jersey legislature in 1980 to make "Born to Run" the official state song, none of the people involved seemed to realize that the lyrics were about getting the hell out of New Jersey. Somehow, Springsteen's rage was often mistaken for enthusiasm.

THERE came a time when it was simply not hip to be into Springsteen, and I think a lot of that had to do with the way people have misconstrued him as a poster boy for jingoism, a flat and suburban phenomenon, lacking any sort of edge or any of the twisted character traits that draw people to apparently subversive rockers like David Bowie, with his chameleonlike sexuality, and Ice-T and his exhortations to kill the cops, and the guys in Nirvana, who are apathetic and proud of it. It seems to me that when Springsteen was at his peak he was a subtler and cleverer rebel than any of these more obviously weird acts could hope to be. The big difference was that Springsteen's nihilism was always punctuated with some small amount of hope, while the "cool" rock and rollers were just negative and down. To people who didn't know his work well he was almost the Ronald Reagan of rock and roll—an empty symbol with a bizarrely loyal following. In any case, whatever his music did for other people, for Springsteen it was virtually a life-support system, and that's what gave it its power. "I had locked into what was pretty much a hectic obsession, which gave me enormous focus and energy and fire to burn, because it was coming out of pure fear and self-loathing and self-hatred," he told *Rolling Stone*. "I'd get on stage and it was hard for me to stop. That's why my shows were so long. They weren't long because I had an idea or a plan that they should be that long. I couldn't stop until I felt burnt, period. Thoroughly burnt. It's funny, because the results of the show or the music might have been positive for other people, but there was an element of it that was abusive for me."

One hates to say that the inspiration for good art is profound sadness, but it seems to be so for Springsteen. He is now, he says, extremely happy as a husband and father, and the music that his contentedness has inspired is like a low-calorie version of his earlier work—call it Bruce Lite. It bears a superficial resemblance to the old stuff, but it lacks the power and conviction that turned good songs into great rock-and-roll moments. In a 1978 *Rolling Stone* cover story, the Springsteen biographer Dave Marsh wrote that the Boss was so devoted to music that it was hard to imagine him getting married or raising a family; and once Springsteen, fending off a question about why he didn't settle down with some nice woman, told a reporter, "I'm not ready to write married music yet." What Springsteen has given us on these two albums is precisely that—"married music." If his earlier work came from an isolation that he's given up in favor of a happy family life, we've got in its place some excellent, well-crafted tunes. One can listen and hear how he went back to his boyhood favorites—his old Stax-Volt and early Motown records—for ideas. On a number of these songs, Sam Moore (of Sam and Dave) does background vocals, and on many of the inspirational tunes on "Lucky Town" a trio of female vocalists create a church-choir-like effect. In many ways, these albums mark a stylistic breakthrough for Springsteen, because they are more surefooted attempts to work in the soul, gospel, and rhythm-and-blues genres.



THE central question that the albums address is: What happens to rock stars when they grow up? In the sixties, young people were told not to trust anyone over thirty, and Pete Townshend went as far as to say, "Hope I die before I get old." In the eighties, there was a backlash against that attitude, as many rock and rollers—the Who, the Rolling Stones, the various ex-Beatles, all of whom were by then over *forty*—went on the road, sold out shows in arenas and stadiums, and seemed to prove that you're never too old to rock and roll, you can always keep playing in the world of adult contemporary music or VH-1 or the annual summer nostalgia-fest tours. In a sense, the recent flood of boxed sets and CD reissues of earlier material, along with all the summer-reunion tours, has been both kind and cruel to these older musicians: while it has allowed many of them to make money, and lots of it, from their catalogues, it has also underscored the fact that very few people are interested in their new releases. Rock and roll was always meant to be a brash, cutting-edge art form, which instinctively trashed sentimentality and nostalgia. And yet we have on our hands an aging cadre of rock musicians who have somehow managed not to kill themselves with drugs and drink, and need to do *something* with their time.

Bruce Springsteen's remarkable intelligence and thoughtfulness led me to believe that he'd always have something new to say. And, to be fair, he

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

does have something new to say on "Human Touch" and "Lucky Town." It just isn't very interesting. A few years ago, I interviewed Joni Mitchell and asked her why her most recent albums seemed less inspired or less personal than the very raw material she gave us on "Blue" or "Hejira." She explained that she wasn't such a lonely soul anymore, that the settledness of marriage had assuaged many of the demons she once tried to exorcise in song. As it happens, only last year Mitchell made one of the best albums of her career, "Night Ride Home," and one of the reasons the album was so good is that it was apparently the product of a midlife crisis and a lot of personal turmoil.

Bruce Springsteen says, in the recent *Rolling Stone*, that the two best moments of his life were the day he first picked up the guitar and the day he learned to put it down. He says that it wasn't hard to start playing, but it was very hard to stop—to step out of the virtual reality he'd created in his music, and try to bear the trials and vicissitudes of everyday life. Still, he finally managed it. And now playing isn't a form of salvation; it's just something he loves to do. But the whole point of Bruce Springsteen has always been that he's totally into it—a prisoner of rock and roll, as he has frequently proclaimed during his concerts. I'm happy for Bruce when I read the dedication on "Lucky Town"—"All my love, Patti, Evan & Jessie"—but if people first began listening to Bruce Springsteen because they felt that in him they'd discovered rock and roll as some kind of religion, they don't want to wake up in 1992 and discover that God is dead, or that he's at home with his wife and kids but sends his best wishes. Bruce Springsteen will probably find new sources of conflict to draw on, and if he doesn't he'll still be able to make albums that explore different genres and find him working with versatile, talented musicians. Those albums may be good, but they just won't be the same.

—Elizabeth Wurtzel

•

PALMETTO'S
CORDUROY
SLACKS
Ladies 8 or 16 whale

—Flyer for Renys, a Maine department-store chain.

Thar she blows!

THE
NEW YORKER
READER SERVICES

1.800.447.6553

Use our convenient touch-tone phone line to hear special messages about the quality products and services listed below. Call toll-free from any touch-tone phone:

☎

Martell Cognac

Cognac connoisseurs, call for a free subscription to L'Art de Martell, a celebration of the Art of Cognac and of life's finest pleasures.
For your free subscription call:
30167

THE NEW YORKER
"At Large"

Receive the summer 1992 issue of "At Large," THE NEW YORKER *marketing department's quarterly travel newsletter which features in-depth coverage of destinations in Europe with a profile of Greece as well as warm-weather destinations and cruise news.*
For your free copy:
30110

Berger Associates, Inc.

"We believe that profitable, successful companies are apt to become profitable, successful investments. Mediocre companies are the reason most people are disappointed investors."
For a prospectus of the Berger 100 Fund and the Berger 101 Fund call:
30169

Saab Express
Cartoon Caption Contest

You can win the use of a Saab 9000CS from October 5, 1992 to April 2, 1993!
One hundred finalists will be invited to join Saab on the USS Intrepid in New York City on September 30, 1992.
Look for contest details in the August 10, 1992 issue of THE NEW YORKER.

☎

ADVERTISEMENT

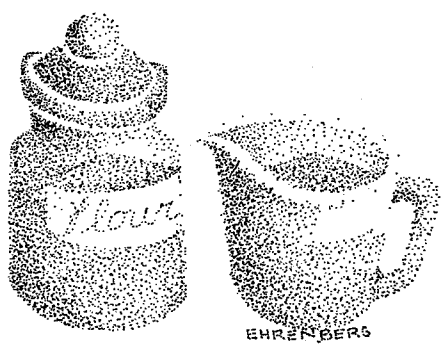
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTER FROM PANAMA

THE teargassing of George Bush in the Plaza Porras last June 11th, at the start of what was supposed to be an easy, feel-good photo op for his ailing reëlection drive, may have been a public-relations fiasco for the White House, but it had the effect of an earthquake on his hosts. Any number of Panamanian politicians and political groups had been competing for the benefits that such an important visit was supposed to confer, and ever since the fumes cleared they have been anxiously trying to scrape the blame off themselves and fling it on their opponents. The country that George Bush had previously tried to save by invading it is very small, with fewer than two and a half million people, and the kind of vicious infighting that goes on among its leaders rarely focusses on substantial issues. The debacle at the plaza was a real event—and a big one—and to the degree that it provided real grist for everyone's mill it could be said that it was almost welcome. The flood of recriminations, counter-accusations, and indignant editorials that followed has kept everyone so busy that hardly anyone has had time to notice that once again, as always, Panama came politically alive only because the United States cast a passing glance in its direction.

The welcoming committee on the platform at the Plaza Porras represented a cross-section of the victors in the struggle against Manuel Antonio Noriega that preceded the December, 1989, invasion by United States forces. They included Mayor Omaira (Mayín) Correa, of Panama City, a tough former journalist and vehement opponent of Noriega; Second Vice-President Guillermo (Billy) Ford, whose bloodied face had become famous around the world following his beating by Noriega's thugs in the aftermath of the 1989 elections; several founders of the Civic Crusade, an organization of private-sector and community leaders that took to the streets in an attempt to force Noriega to acknowledge his defeat in those elections; Deane Hinton, the United States Ambassador, who was appointed in January, 1990, to oversee the present transitional period in Panamanian democracy; and the Panamanian President, Guillermo Endara, and his wife. In a country where members of the ruling class routinely refer to each other in public and in print by their baby names, the rotund, affable Endara carries no diminutives, but in private Panamanians love to call him Pan de Dulce, or Honey Bun. No one has yet hit upon a suitable nickname for his wife, the former Ana Mae Díaz Chen, an outspoken twenty-five-year-old who met him three years ago while he was engaged in a hunger strike to defend his right to the Presidency. The union between a ruling-class widower and a lower-class part-Chinese woman stunned the country's élite, but Mrs. Endara is an eye-catcher. She stood out even at the teargassing, attired in what a White House pool reporter described as a "cocktail dress" worn under something that looked like a see-through baby-doll top. There was no First Vice-President on the welcoming committee. Ricardo Arias Calderón, who, representing the Christian Democrats, held that post in Endara's coalition government, was kicked out of the Cabinet a year ago last April. Although he says that more substantial issues were involved, the common perception is that he and his Party cohorts were dismissed after he crossed Ana Mae's path once too often.

Bush's stopover, on his way to the Earth Summit in Rio de Janeiro, was announced—indeed, it was decided on at the White House—only a few days before the event. According to the hastily planned program, the President was to arrive in Panama in time for welcoming ceremonies, lunch in the lovely old Palace of the Herons, on the colonial waterfront, and a speech on democracy at the Plaza Porras, a pleasantly old-fashioned downtown square. The visit occurred on the day before Bush's birthday, and subsequent editorials bemoaned the risk at which local grade-schoolers had been put when they were ferried to the plaza to wave flags and sing "Happy Birthday" with "no regard for their innocent lives." They didn't get to sing. Within minutes of George and Barbara Bush's arrival at the plaza, the skirmishing that had been taking place since the previous day between protesters and the police swelled into a melee. Someone threw a tear-gas bomb upwind of the dais. The Mayor gasped through her speech. The Presidents sniffled. The Secret Service sprang into action and hustled Mr. and Mrs. Bush into a limousine. Even as editorialists decried this day of shame and (local) Presidential spinelessness, they also referred to it, not without a touch of pride, as "the day that made George Bush weep."



Who *was* to blame? From the safety of a United States Air Force base outside Panama City, President Bush said that it was "a tiny little left-wing" group of demonstrators who had ruined the day, but no one here paid the slightest attention to that, because several of the rowdier demonstrators were too well known; they turn up frequently at public events, and include members of both the Norieguista and the anti-Norieguista opposition, to which the categories of right and left simply do not apply. The point was: Who had handed them such a golden opportunity? In the heated debates that followed the teargassing, the government's defenders put the blame on Mayor Correa, maintaining that she has Presidential ambitions and recklessly insisted on an open-air event for her own greater glory. The Mayor blamed the police, declaring that they had failed to keep the demonstrators at a safe distance and then had used tear gas and unnecessary violence when the situation got out of hand. In the continuing uproar, President Endara ordered an official inquiry, to be headed by Justice and Interior Minister Juan Chevalier—who, it was pointed out, has jurisdiction over the police force and was thus being asked to investigate himself. At a crowded press conference, Chevalier announced listless sanctions against five police officials who had failed to act with sufficient energy; the dismissal of a cop who had

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

turned up, in civvies, among the rock throwers; and the tentative official version of an account that had been making the rounds for a few days. Its main point was that it was the White House planners who had insisted on having the visit include a public event—a cheerful crowd scene for the campaign back home. Embassy and military personnel here had warned Washington that the time had not yet come in Panama for such a display, but they had been ignored. Panama's officials, for their part, had wanted to avoid the possibility of protests, but Bush's people had said no, a little protesting would be fine—it would show the world that there was democracy in Panama at last.

"Can anyone here vouch for Susan Sontag?"

• •

The aftershocks of the Bush visit—which took place a month before Noriega was sentenced, in Miami, to a forty-year prison term on drug and racketeering charges—provided as good an opportunity as any to see what has happened to Panama since the invasion. Indisputably, the country is better off. With occasional lapses, there is press freedom, in which any number of dreadful tabloids revel. The National Assembly has approved, in record time, a package of sensible changes in the Constitution. The oppressive atmosphere of the final days of the Noriega era is gone, and there is probably not a Panamanian alive who doesn't feel free to make fun of President Endara. The economy is recovering, with an astounding growth rate last year of 9.3 per cent—an impressive figure, even if a lot of the growth is drug-fuelled and none of it has so far had any impact on the poorer half of the population, which is in terrible shape. But what the visit, specifically, revealed is that the body politic is in disarray—the various members of the coalition that formed to overthrow Noriega are now at each other's throats, and public disaffection with the government is running perilously high. Endara is viewed at best as incompetent, at worst as corrupt. And the citizens' always ambivalent feelings about the United States seem more tangled than ever. A lot of people here argue that the painful consequences of the United States' intervention—the military and civilian deaths and the destruction of entire neighborhoods; the rampages of looting which took place under the indifferent eyes of United States soldiers; and the very indignity of the invasion itself (which no Panamanian had requested)—were compensated for by the joy of getting rid of Noriega. But others, including many Panamanians who supported the invasion wholeheartedly, are surprised to hear themselves saying now that a lot of things were better in the old days.

A Middle-Class woman I know told me that the main thing she regrets these days is her loss of influence. Like her neighbors, she is constantly figuring out how to make ends meet, and now that her electric bills have increased to eighty dollars a month (even though she gets no electricity after 10 P.M.) she has no one to turn to. In the past, she says, whenever she had a complaint she would get in touch with someone at the National Defense Forces—Noriega's Army. "Let's say that the neighbor had a washerwoman who was married to the shoeshine man who polished some captain's shoes at the barracks every morning—you could say, 'Hey, why don't you tell your husband to tell the captain that no one has come around to check the meter, and that the bills are too high?' It would happen. You had to slip the guy a little tip, of course. But the problem got looked after. The thing about Noriega is that he stole but he let other people eat, too, and everyone knew someone who had access to the levers of power. Now this country is being ruled by a small group that keeps all the power to itself. Hardly anyone has access to the levers." And she repeats a line I've heard everywhere—that people expected things to move forward after the invasion, and instead the country seems to be right back where it was in 1968, when a group of young military officers headed by Omar Torrijos overthrew President Arnulfo (Fufo) Arias and embarked on an authoritarian program of social reform.

Twenty-one years elapsed between Torrijos's rise and Noriega's fall. The civilians who are back in power now refer to that time as La Dictadura, but that isn't what they called it then. By and large, the business class had a tolerant view of Torrijos, who dominated Panama's political landscape until he died, in a plane crash, in 1981. Torrijos

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rewrote the banking laws so they were like Switzerland's, and turned Panama into a major financial center. He also negotiated, in 1977, an alternative to the onerous in-perpetuity Canal Treaty that Teddy Roosevelt had imposed on Panama when he instigated its revolution and its secession from Colombia, in 1903. Torrijos created a bureaucracy that may have strained the state's resources unreasonably, but he also reduced unemployment to respectable levels for the first time in the country's history. He significantly reduced illiteracy and child-mortality rates, and made a lot of Panamanians proud of his role as a major player in the turbulent regional politics of the time. In the course of all this activity, Torrijos grew wary of the power he wielded by fiat. "Power is like a snake," he liked to say. "When you try to hand it over to someone, one of the two of you is bound to get bitten." A former close associate of his told me that Torrijos also said he had no fear of a coup, because he had Noriega to watch his back. On being asked what he would do if he found out that Noriega himself was plotting against him, he said, "Put a gun to my head." When Torrijos died, Noriega was widely suspected of having engineered the plane crash.

Torrijos, who played around arbitrarily with press freedoms and citizens' rights, and who, in the early years of his rule, was directly or indirectly responsible for most of ninety or so politically related deaths that human-rights monitors attribute to the military regime, was nevertheless deeply loved by large numbers of Panamanians, and they maintain to this day that he opened the doors of society and politics to the middle class and the poor. Noriega, though he kept the barracks doors open for people who had problems with their electric bills, and could count on the explicit and reiterated backing of the United States for much of his career, never commanded any affection—not even from hundreds of businessmen who prospered more than ever when he first came to power. He was not friendly, and, in a country that dotes on gossip, he shared his secrets with no one. By the end of his rule, he was widely despised and politically outgunned, but if his opponents were unable to mobilize a popular insurrection against him, and if the party that Torrijos founded, the Partido Revolucionario Democrático, or P.R.D., continues to give shelter to a number of Norieguistas who have managed to get themselves elected to the National Assembly, it is because Noriega always distributed corruption democratically.

Part of what people mean when they say that Panama has gone back to 1968 is that it is again ruled by the very men who were in power when Torrijos and his populist associates took over from President Arias, and that it is ruled in the same style. Endara was Planning and Economic Policy Minister to Arias, who was his mentor. (Arias, who was Panama's leading civilian politician for decades and was elected President three times, died only in 1988, at the age of eighty-seven.) First Vice-President Arias Calderón and Second Vice-President Billy Ford came of age politically during the Arias years. More than individuals, though, a concept of society is what seems to be in fashion again. Those in power today live in glamorous oceanfront apartment towers in what is known as the Golden Stretch. The men wear designer shirts, and their wives wear big gold jewelry and short, tight, double-breasted linen suits. These people make up the lily-white, cosseted, English-speaking élite known collectively as the *rabiblancos*, or whitetails—an incestuous set whose obsession with race, class, and family lineage turns virtually all society gossip into a discussion of genetics. This obsession accounts for a significant proportion of the élite's disaffection with Endara, because of his wife's racial origins. (For the same reason, Mrs. Endara has the makings of a popular following. That became clear early this year when she led a street protest against the Attorney General for his slow progress in improving the appalling conditions in the country's justice and prison systems.)

The ruling élitism harks back to the pre-1968 period, but so do social conditions that, according to Aurelio Barría, who heads the government's Social Emergency Fund, or F.E.S., have not been this bad in a long time. Barría, a businessman who left his job as manager of the local Christian Dior office to found the Civic Crusade, in 1987, is the only one of its leaders currently serving in the government. Although he is reluctant to criticize Endara, he does acknowledge that his contemporaries in the Crusade are impatient, and feel that a government handed such an extraordinary opportunity to break with the past is once again engaged in shopworn economic thinking, cronyism, and intrigue. I had lunch with Barría the other day in a chic nouvelle-cuisine-ish restaurant in the glittery heart of the financial center, and he laid out the figures. "It *is* time for new solutions," he said. "We live in a two-economy country—those of us who live within the Golden Stretch don't even know about the poverty that exists in the other Panama. We have one of the highest per-capita incomes in Latin America, yet we also have one of the lowest levels of income distribution. Fifty per cent of the population lives below the poverty line. Malnutrition is everywhere. In Colón"—the twin port city on the northern, Caribbean end of the Canal—"unemployment is near fifty per cent. In the countryside, the poverty is unbelievable. I have to admit I had no idea what Panama was like before I took this job." Nevertheless, he added, now that twenty million dollars provided to the F.E.S. by the United States Agency for International Development has run out, his program is facing a shutdown. The funds were a onetime grant to help reverse the damage done to Panama's economy by the United States' two-year-long economic siege of Noriega, which paralyzed the banking system and made the gross domestic product drop by fifteen per cent in 1988. Barría is generally given high marks for his handling of the A.I.D. money, but the grant, which amounted to eight dollars per citizen, was not enough to make a dent in the overall poverty level. (The Panamanian government took over the F.E.S. this year, but so far its contribution to the budget has only been three million dollars.)

A POPULAR line has it that Noriega's removal from the government signified the departure of Ali Baba but not of the Forty Thieves. Most opinion makers stop short of accusing Endara directly of corruption, and say instead that he is too pleasant and too weak to deal firmly with the larceny going on around him. "Endara was really not supposed to be President," Barría said. "He was the least

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

controversial choice to head the coalition of parties that ran in 1989 just to show the world how Noriega would steal those elections. Endara was a not very prominent Arnulfista, and it was decided that he could stand as a buffer between Billy Ford's party, the Molirena, and Arias Calderón's party, the Christian Democrats, and keep the movement united." Barría himself belongs to the Molirena, whose most prominent figure is the current Comptroller-General, Rubén (Chinchorro) Carles. Chinchorro is a crusty old man whose voice makes him sound like Vito Corleone. He used to be the local vice-president of Chase Manhattan, and he is known to administer his present office with a stern, watchful eye for the bottom line. He is also presumed to be the real head of the Endara government—a supposition he dismissed when I asked him if he agreed with the frequent cartoon depiction of Endara as a fluffy, wide-eyed pussycat. "Don't be fooled," Chinchorro warned. "He has claws, and he rules. Ask the Christian Democrats, who got kicked out of the government when they messed with La Presidenta." But several political insiders later assured me that it was Chinchorro himself who had forced Endara to dismiss Chinchorro's archenemy, First Vice-President Arias Calderón, on the not very credible grounds that Arias Calderón was plotting a coup and was having his Christian Democrats stockpile weapons.

Chinchorro, who has a sterling reputation for financial honesty, was dismissive when I asked him about corruption—and, specifically, about the general belief that money laundering and drug trafficking have continued unabated despite the removal of Noriega. "There is a difference," he said. "Before, cocaine transshipment and money laundering used to be a government-protected enterprise. It should be no surprise that the most successful Latin-American multinational operation"—he meant the drug trade, of course—"should continue to operate now, despite this government's efforts. The United States would like us to do things it doesn't even do itself. Narcodollars circulate through its financial system—how do they expect them not to circulate through ours? We are capturing more shipments of cocaine and drug dollars than ever before, but the United States wants us to put limits on our banks' acceptance of cash deposits. We just can't limit our country's economic possibilities like that."

BECAUSE it was Washington's rage over Noriega's involvement in drug trafficking that led to his downfall, the question of drug-related corruption under the new regime is taken very seriously here. I heard about the increase in the cocaine trade from, among others, a skinny, much-weathered transport artist called Yoyo. Yoyo, who is black and comes from Colón, paints portraits of famous beauties on the rear-door panels of buses, and mountain landscapes or vistas of the Canal on the small arched panels between the doors and the roofs of buses, and, sometimes, along the buses' sides. Most buses in Panama are decorated, inside and out, with work by painters like Yoyo, at a cost to fleet owners that would be hard to factor into a normal chart of income and profit. But Yoyo claims that, because Panamanian people are strange, they prefer to ride in a bus whose art they like, and that they will actually wait for the bus with their favorite decorations to come along. "Long time ago, I painted a bus with a painting that was called 'El General,'" he says, in Jamaican English, which is what black people in Colón speak. "That was back in Torrijos's day, and it was a very big success. The school kids only wanted to ride on 'El General.'" Yoyo found Jesus some years ago, but he still has a jive walk, and addresses people as "Baby" or, in Spanish, as "Nene" and "Nena." Because he is considerably well acquainted with drugs, which led him into trouble in the past, he still keeps an eye on the market, and he is certain that cocaine is a more serious problem for Panama today than it ever was under Noriega. "In the time that I was doing cocaine, it cost forty dollars a gram, and plenty of people tried to sell you all kinds of junk for that price," he says. "Now it's one dollar a hit. One dollar! And it's pure." He sees addiction spreading among the children in his neighborhood, as they scavenge cans and bottles to get the money for coke, and he sees the police as much less effective than they have ever been before. He is convinced that Torrijos presided over "the best government there ever was," while this one is made up of a bunch of rich men engaged in corruption greater than

Jelly Roll Morton

Pianist Jelly Roll Morton was raised by his godmother, Eulalie Echo, who was the favorite voodoo queen of the Madames. It was rumored that Eulalie had sold his young soul for her power, which was considerable. Jelly Roll had enough soul left over, however, for the piano—nobody ever played it with more.

For a free guide to New Orleans call 1-800-932-1400, or write to New Orleans Tourism Marketing Corp., P.O. Box 61023, New Orleans, LA 70113-1023

BERMUDA'S GEM

"Let's promise to come back"

Some say it's our impeccable service. For others, it's our gourmet restaurant, a popular spot indeed. Perhaps it's our proximity to golf or the famous shops of Hamilton. Or maybe it's just our jewel-like setting on the beach overlooking the sea. No matter...for whatever reason, what our guests remember most is their promise to return.

STONINGTON BEACH HOTEL Paget, Bermuda

See your travel agent or call: PRIMA RESERVATIONS, INC. (800) 447-7462
Owned and Operated by the Bermuda College

PERSONALIZED CARTOUCHE

Your name or initials translated into ancient Egyptian Hieroglyphics

Free Brochure Available
Cartouche shown: "Jane"

18k Gold Pendant from $150
Sterling Silver $40

1-800-237-3358
Discoveries
207 Ramsay Alley, Dept. NY1
Alexandria, VA 22314 (703) 548-9448 (in VA)

HANDMADE IN EGYPT

WOMANSHIP
Learn to Sail Cruises
for and by women
Virgin Islands • Chesapeake Bay • Florida
New England • Pacific Northwest
Flotillas to Greece and New Zealand
"Womanship . . . the unique philosophy that confidence and team work are as important as the skills learned."
800/342-9295

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

what even Noriega fostered. "I wasn't in love with the man," he says. "I could take him or leave him. But I'm telling you, he was better than this. Cocaine couldn't have taken over my neighborhood under him."

Ebrahim Asvat, an equable Christian Democrat politician, who supervised the formation of a post-Noriega police force until Endara kicked his party out of the government, does not think that the police are necessarily accomplishing less than they used to, although he admits that they are demoralized and haven't been overwhelmingly reformed. (Most of the policemen are rehires from the Noriega regime, for in the end only the top officers were purged.) He does think that drug trafficking is on the rise, and finds evidence of the increase in some interesting figures having to do with the current economic recovery. A significant proportion of the boom in productive activity is related to construction, as even the briefest walk along the Golden Stretch will show. High-rise luxury apartment buildings are going up everywhere, but the striking thing about them is that at night there are very few lights on: the buildings are largely unoccupied. Asvat showed me the figures for new-construction loans last year and the year before: the total remained steady, but the total value of the actual construction, in dollar terms, skyrocketed way out of proportion to the loans granted, rising more than three hundred per cent. The point is that most of these empty buildings are being paid for in cash, and Asvat suspects a scam. "Maybe there are one or two people here who are wealthy enough to pay cash," he explained, "but the inescapable conclusion is that most of the money is illegitimate—this is how it's being laundered." There may not be much demand for the buildings now, but, for someone who can afford to park his money for a while, new construction in Panama is a sound investment. "The demand will grow," Asvat feels. "The United States is already relocating some of its high-ranking personnel from the military bases into Panama City, and paying high rent for these apartments." And there is the steady influx of bankers as well. In a few years, money launderers will not only be in a position to recoup their investment, they will have become part of the local moneyed élite.

One of the very few people here who openly challenge the President on the issue of corruption is Tomás Cabal, a correspondent both for ABC television and for the Spanish newsweekly *Cambio16*. He is a corpulent, tense man, and some of his tension may be explained by the fact that for the past year or so he has been documenting Endara's links to the Colombian Cali and Medellín cartels. According to documents reproduced by Cabal and never challenged by the President, who is a former corporate lawyer, Endara helped set up at least six companies that were money-laundering fronts for a United States-based drug ring allegedly headed by two Cuban-Americans, Guillermo Falcón and Salvador Magluta, who have been indicted by a Miami court on drug-trafficking charges. In addition, Endara served on the board of the Banco Interoceánico, commonly known as Interbanco, and owned two per cent of its stock. This bank has lent over twelve million dollars to Celso and Manuel Fernández Espina, whose alleged drug-related activities in their native Spain have been the subject of an ongoing investigation by Spain's best-known prosecuting judge, Baltasar Garzón. The money went to finance the reconstruction of the Hotel El Panamá, the country's largest, and of three other business-class hotels.

The charges against Endara originally surfaced in April, 1991, when a National Assembly representative of the P.R.D., Torrijos's old party, released a United States Drug Enforcement Administration agent's leaked report on the President to journalists. Shortly after that, Endara publicly answered questions on the allegations for the last time. At a press conference, he stated that he had never met with any of the people involved with the corporations he set up or lent money to, and that, since he was a corporate lawyer, setting up companies constituted a routine part of his activity. Furthermore, he said, he had agreed to set up these companies at the behest of "a very good friend of mine," a Cuban-American lawyer named Juan Acosta. Tomás Cabal later found out that the lawyer was known for his connections to the Medellín drug trade, and had been assassinated in Miami in 1989.

Cabal told me that he is currently focussing on the activities of the Attorney General, Rogelio Cruz, who served as a director of another bank, the First Interaméricas Bank. It was owned by the head of the Cali drug traders, Gilberto Rodríguez Orejuela, who was in jail in Spain at the time Cruz served on the bank's board. Cruz, who has had a falling-out with the President since he was appointed, but who remains in office, has called Cabal into his office and warned him to stop his stories, and, according to Cabal, has also threatened to file a suit against him. Cabal, a careful journalist, points out that all his stories are supported by documents in the possession of Spanish and D.E.A. investigators. Nor is he the only reporter making the charges. Similar stories, about both Cruz and Endara, have appeared abroad, notably in the Spanish daily *El País* and in the Baltimore *Sun* and *U.S. News & World Report*. The Panama office of the D.E.A. denied my request for an interview (it is the only D.E.A. office in Latin America that routinely denies press interviews), but the *U.S. News* story printed the reply of a State Department official who was questioned about Endara's involvement with drug-related corporations. "We took the position that if it turns out Endara did something naughty, he'll have to live with it," the official said.

I was hoping to ask Endara directly how he viewed his earlier business links to drug dealers when I went to one of his weekly press conferences at the Palace of the Herons, which is so called because several of these birds stalk around the central fountain in the palace's Moorish-revival tiled courtyard. The conference actually took place at a press center across from the palace, overlooking the bay, and it was an odd event. The conference room is dominated by an enormous portrait of the happy President and his bride. Under the portrait, a couple of dozen reporters laughed openly almost every time the President answered one of their questions, which were sometimes insolent. Endara gamely attempted to address their concerns, but he is not a gifted speaker, or fast on his feet. The central question was whether a referendum scheduled for November to approve the package

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of constitutional reforms passed in late June by the National Assembly would be seen by Panamanians as a referendum on his government, and thus be voted down. "Anyone who thinks that the November vote is a referendum on my government is really out of it, but I mean, really, really out of it," Endara replied, bouncing up and down for emphasis. The reporter next to me tucked his head behind his coat lapel and sniggered. After the press conference, I followed the President out and asked for an interview. "He's not granting any," a handler said, and hustled him away.

WASHINGTON'S unabated support for Endara has sparked a surprising reëvaluation of the need for the 1989 invasion, which earnest young United States officials have insisted be called *la liberación*, to no effect. Chinchorro was among those who justified the invasion to me, saying that "Noriega was the gringos' creation, and it was their job to get him out." Others, however, are now expressing bitterness about the fact that the welfare of Panama was only one of the four reasons—and not even the first—given by the White House to justify the invasion, the others being the defense of American lives, the security of the Canal, and the war on drugs. The president of the Panamanian Human Rights Committee, Roberto Troncoso, argues that even if one feels that the protection of Panamanian democracy was a legitimate cause for a full-scale invasion, there is a troubling disproportion between the total of ninety-odd lives lost during the entire twenty years of the military regime and the three hundred civilian lives lost during the invasion.

The intensive and highly negative United States press coverage that preceded the invasion, much of it fuelled by United States government officials, was intended to demonize Noriega. The truth is that he was nasty, treacherous, occasionally murderous, and thoroughly corrupt, but no more so than any of the other dictators the United States had in the past been pleased to call "*our* son of a bitch." Even his drug dealing now seems relatively modest, at least in cash terms. According to John Dinges' thoroughly documented book "Our Man in Panama," the total amount that Noriega took in bribes for looking the other way while cocaine was shipped through his country en route from Colombia was at most fifteen million dollars—not a huge figure by the standards of Latin-American graft. In any event, Dinges adds, the evidence is that Noriega's dealings with drug lords came to an end in 1985, after which he coöperated with D.E.A. officials and received public praise from them for doing so.

Nothing that emerged in the Miami trial contradicted Dinges' conclusion, which may be why not even the most clued-in political observers I've talked to have been able to explain Washington's sudden, extreme hatred of Noriega. Perhaps it was his brazenness in dealing with and double-crossing intelligence agents in both Washington and Havana. Perhaps it was the exception he took to having his leash yanked, or the energy with which, having taken exception, he yanked back. Perhaps it was truly that, after years of lobbying, Noriega's opposition at last gained an attentive ear in Washington. This is not a strongly convincing explanation, even to people like the editor of *La Prensa*, Roberto Eisenmann, who was the opposition's most prominent Washington lobbyist. Panamanians have a natural attraction to conspiracy theory, so it was widely believed here that Noriega himself would provide an explanation for his misfortune during his seven-month trial. But Noriega's rambling statement during his sentencing hearing, on July 10th, gave no evidence of any secret deals or betrayals involving him and Washington which could have explained the White House's obsession with him, and major political figures were left to ask, as they have asked me, in mid-interview, "Why do *you* think George Bush had it in for Noriega?"

Washington's association with Noriega goes back to the nineteen-sixties, when he was merely a regional Guardia Nacional intelligence chief who got United States counter-intelligence training and coöperated with United States military personnel. By the early seventies, as Dinges' book documents, he faced accusations that he was involved in drug and arms trafficking, but those were overlooked in Washington, because he had proved to be a valuable intelligence asset. When he became head of the Guardia, in 1983, and thus de-facto head of state, the United States Ambassador grew concerned and

Try a package of thick, juicy, world-famous Omaha Steaks®. Luscious FILET MIGNONS, aged to tender perfection. Closely trimmed by hand. Delivered to your door, frozen under dry ice, in a reusable cooler. A FREE COOKBOOK inside. Your satisfaction is Unconditionally Guaranteed!

INTRODUCTORY OFFER...SAVE $22.00!
#469 6 (5 oz.) FILET MIGNONS, each 1" thick
Regularly $51.95...for just $29.95!
(plus $6.50 shipping/handling)
LIMIT OF 2 PKGS. AT THIS SPECIAL PRICE!
NEW CUSTOMERS ONLY, PLEASE.

OFFER (valid in 48 mainland states) EXPIRES 9/30/92
TO ORDER, CALL RIGHT NOW... TOLL FREE
1•800•228•9055
(Ask for Free Catalog & 10% Discount Coupon!)
Omaha Steaks® International®
Dept. AD2081 • 4400 So. 96th Street • Omaha, NE 68127

Martinelli's GOLD MEDAL® Since 1868
Sparkling Cider

DELIGHTFULLY NON-ALCOHOLIC
There's Nothing like it!
Dept. N, Box 549, Watsonville CA 95077

THE POKE BOAT®
IT'S MORE THAN A CANOE BUT WEIGHS ONLY 28 LBS!
Remarkably stable, durable and easy to use. All for less than $800. For a brochure and more information call Phoenix Products® Inc. 1-606-986-2336

IMAGINE A VISIT TO A QUIET COUNTRY INN...

The Innkeepers' Register • the '92 guide to 250 wonderful inns
$9 from Independent Innkeeper's Association 800-344-5244

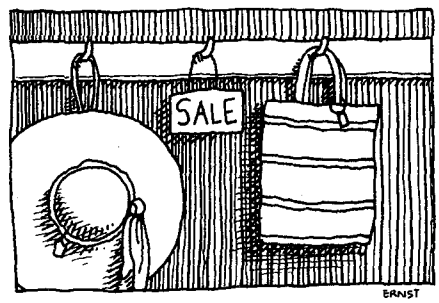
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wanted an investigation, but he was overruled by the C.I.A. station chief, who valued Noriega's coöperation. Over the years, Noriega travelled to Washington several times and was received courteously, and even enthusiastically, at the C.I.A., the Pentagon, and the State Department. In 1983, when, as Vice-President, George Bush travelled to Panama and met with Noriega, he limited his private statements to brief admonitions on the dangers of money laundering. When Noriega's Presidential candidate won the 1984 elections through fraud, the Reagan Administration continued to support Noriega. For the next two years, the opposition's efforts to find a receptive ear in Washington were fruitless. Even as the United States media began to publish accounts of Noriega's illegal activities, Oliver North and his mentor, William Casey, who was then the C.I.A. chief, were interceding in his favor before the Drug Enforcement Administration.

It was only in mid-1987, long after disaffection with Noriega had become widespread and vocal in Panama itself, that Washington changed course. Vice-President Bush announced financial sanctions, looked into possible coup options, and, through back-channel negotiations, offered Noriega an easy way out: all he had to do was resign, and Washington would even see to it that the drug indictment being prepared against him in Miami was dropped. The deal fell through, and in the Presidential elections in May, 1989, Noriega again claimed a fraudulent victory for his candidate.

TUCKED in among the hotels of the Golden Stretch is an American-style coffee shop (it has a rotating display case for pies and jello desserts) where the last of the Noriega faithful gather every morning for coffee and a schmooze. At the unofficial center of this little circle is Assemblyman Mario Rognoni, a witty and highly intelligent man, who became familiar to television viewers in the United States as the bulky, smooth-talking explainer of Noriega on "Nightline" in the days when Washington first turned its fiery stare on the General. Now that most people of any reputation belong to what is known as the I Never Even Knew Him Club, Rognoni is still loyal to El Hombre, for unfathomable reasons of his own. No one accuses him of having grown rich under Noriega. By any of the genetic measurements employed here, he qualifies as a *gente decente:* he is white, and is fluent in English, and a street has been named after his father, who was an eminent physician. He could be eminent himself, but he prefers the company of the unsavory types who frequent the coffee shop, like a former Norieguista radio announcer who arrived there the other morning and ordered a beer-and-tomato-juice on ice for his massive hangover, or a thuggish former P.R.D. leader who once tried to serve an arrest warrant in absentia on the U.S. Generals Maxwell Thurman and Marc Cisneros, and whom the radio announcer described admiringly to me as "serious business, a guy who used to go around throwing contact bombs and starting brawls."

Rognoni wishes that Noriega had followed his advice and got out before he turned into the Rosemary's Baby of United States foreign policy, and while Washington was still offering deals. "It wasn't as if he didn't have the political instincts to know that that was the thing to do," Rognoni said. But he thinks that Noriega was held back by the upper-echelon officers in his Army. "The truth is that Noriega's senior officers had become completely corrupt, and they were saying, 'Noriega can get out with his own goods, but what's going to become of us?' " Rognoni said. "Toward the end, he was living from coup to coup. He couldn't stay, but he couldn't leave." Right to the end, according to Rognoni, Noriega refused to believe in the possibility of an invasion, but when it finally happened he and every other Panamanian understood immediately that his winning streak was over. "From the moment the first bomb fell, on December 20th, no one believed we could win," Rognoni said. "The only question was how long we could last." At the very beginning, Noriega realized that his private walkie-talkie channel was intercepted (thanks to a member of his guard who sold a radio to United States Army Intelligence, Rognoni believes). With his communications gone, he moved from safe house to safe house, with a million-dollar dead-or-alive price on his head, waiting for the promised Latin-American brushfire, which never happened. "We had so many promises that if the United States touched him the region would go up in flames," Rognoni recalled. "But when the time came our so-called allies couldn't get out of Panama fast enough. The Cubans left on a shrimp boat. The Salvadorans *swam* out of here. And we waited and waited for the United Nations to intervene, but it announced that the General Assembly wouldn't meet to consider the Panama case until December 29th. There was no way we could last that long. Noriega had reformed the Army, turned the National Guard into the National Defense Forces. The troops looked very pretty when they marched—we all loved to watch the parades—but it turned out that they couldn't fight worth a damn." Noriega himself joined the flight, leaving behind in his freezer mysterious wrapped packages that were initially described by invasion flacks as cocaine but turned out to be a stash of tamales (street value unknown). The narcotamales incident was followed by the United States Army's death-by-rock-and-roll siege on the Nunciatura—the Vatican Embassy—where Noriega and a few of his aides had sought asylum. The Nuncio—a Basque priest, who was being kept happy by the inspired cooking of one of Noriega's bodyguards, who had learned his technique from a Basque terrorist with gourmet leanings—was himself the protagonist of two mind-boggling episodes: at the gates of his Embassy, he persuaded General Maxwell Thurman, who wanted to storm the Nunciatura, that the only thing standing between the Vatican Embassy and Thurman's encircling tanks was God; and then he convinced Noriega that the only thing standing between him and the lynch hordes—which were not really so large, *reporters recall*—*was the Nuncio himself.* On January 3rd, Noriega, following the Nuncio's advice, surrendered to the occupying troops, and it was all over.



"I DIDN'T expect the invasion would be like this," a Venezuelan woman who married into Panamanian

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

society told me. "We knew something was going on, because we were driving over the Bridge of the Americas one day and we saw all these planes landing at Howard Base. But we thought it would be a matter of surrounding Noriega's headquarters with a few HummVees and forcing him out." Instead, there were the terrifying bombing runs over the city, the tracer bullets lighting up the night sky, test combat flights of the new Stealth attack planes, the mass graves, the looting, and the long occupation by United States military forces, whose objective had been not just the capture of Noriega but the destruction of his military apparatus.

"Before we get going, is this the Big One?"

• •

In the days that followed the invasion, no other group of people was the object of so much foreign press coverage or national concern as the residents of Chorrillo, a neighborhood of some fifteen thousand surrounding the headquarters of Noriega's National Defense Forces. Even in the first few weeks of euphoria, when United States troops were still being cheered on the streets, and *la liberación* was not just United States Embassy newspeak but an accepted description of what had taken place, the fate of Chorrillo was a raw and charged issue. A festering warren of two-story wooden houses just a few blocks from the Palace of the Herons, it was most often described in the foreign media as a slum or shantytown, but that is not all it was. It was also mysterious and beautiful, in the way the Casbah is. The houses were painted in a crazy quilt of bright colors, salsa music blared from the balconies, and geraniums potted in tin cans spilled over the bannisters. Chorrillo had looked this way since the beginning of the century. Construction workers lived here, and maids who served the residential area. In what has always been a rowdy port city, Chorrillo embodied some of its most enduring traditions: prostitutes and pimps, burglars and pickpockets fanned out from here. When Torrijos came to power, he won the Chorrilleros' devotion with small favors and significant public works, but Noriega was reportedly enraged when, in the 1989 Presidential elections, his candidate lost the vote in what he, too, had considered a sure bastion of popular support.

Seven hours after the official start of the invasion, while some United States troops were still patrolling the area with loudspeakers, urging people to evacuate it, a fire began to spread. About a third of the inhabitants took refuge in the local church; others fled in every direction. Within hours, the entire neighborhood was in flames. Eventually all the Chorrilleros ended up in a sports stadium operated by United States emergency-relief personnel. They spent their days in the glaring sun and their nights in flimsy tents. When they finally did return to their neighborhood, weeks later, the Chorrilleros, the poorest of the city's poor, found that they had absolutely nothing left in the world. All that remained in the entire neighborhood was the church, a couple of concrete buildings, and Noah's Ark, a two-story compound of wooden shacks raised on stilts over a layer of reeking mud. The compound's residents felt lucky at the time, but today they wish their compound had burned, too.

The man who told me about the compound is Darío Ospina, a sort of unofficial leader of the forty-seven families that live in it. Most afternoons, when he and his wife can get the money together to buy a box of deep-fried dough cakes, which are known here as tortillas, he earns his living by walking around the downtown area selling them to people looking for an afternoon snack. Mornings, he turns up regularly at the National Assembly and hangs around the offices of the P.R.D. It doesn't matter to Ospina that the party that Torrijos founded and Noriega inherited no longer rules; in his mind, it is still the place where people of his class and degree of desperation stand some chance of getting a hearing. What Ospina would like the P.R.D. to do is convince *someone* that just because his decrepit home was spared by the fire doesn't mean his family is not entitled to a better apartment. A deeply religious man—it was he who first called the compound Noah's Ark—Ospina doesn't like to give up hope, but on the morning I met him in the P.R.D. offices he seemed to feel he wasn't getting anywhere. He had spent months pestering functionaries at the Housing Ministry, but they had stuck to their guns: he had a house to live in and should stay there.

The Agency for International Development was not so mean-spirited. A.I.D. provided funding for the construction of some two thousand housing units. A quarter of those are on the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

site of what was once Chorrillo. The apartments are rudimentary and stiflingly hot, but they are an immeasurable improvement over what existed before: they have bedrooms, running water, indoor toilets and showers, kitchen facilities, and even play areas. After some initial delay in getting the funding and the plans approved, they were built quickly and were turned over, on a one-per-family basis, with a minimum of fuss. Most people believe that this was the least the United States government could do to repair the damage to Chorrillo, since its troops were presumed responsible for the neighborhood's destruction, and A.I.D. has chosen not to argue with that conclusion. But the most credible evidence shows that the fire that destroyed Chorrillo was the work not of United States troops but of Batalloneros—members of Noriega's Dignity Battalions.

The only person I met in the Chorrillo area who was willing to say that he saw a Batallonero pouring gasoline on some wooden constructions in front of the parish church and igniting them with kindling was so terrified that he asked me at least ten times not to mention his name or identify him in any way. Mainly, he was afraid that the virtual strongman of Chorrillo, a former professional soccer player called Héctor Avila, would take revenge on him. Avila is the president of the Chorrillo neighborhood association, but the word around the neighborhood is that he had not lived there for years—that, in fact, he had been living in Ecuador at the time of the invasion, and that when he came back and set up a tenement squat in an abandoned half-finished construction right on the edge of the barrio he invited in a number of raffish families who were not Chorrillo residents, either, and they constitute his shock troops today. By early last year, he had emerged as the leader of the neighborhood's displaced families, and they had learned from him that the most effective lobbying technique of getting the homes they needed was to set tires on fire and close off the Pan-American Highway at the Bridge of the Americas, just outside the capital. Avila and his followers were not at the Plaza Porras on the day it became famous—a rare miscalculation on his part.

When I talked with Avila, in his new, A.I.D.-financed apartment, he appeared to be in such a state of rage that he could hardly sit still. Every two or three minutes, he would break off a sentence and prowl briefly around the small apartment and out into the hallway, while his two little girls went on with their games and his wife went on equably with her cooking. Then he would return to his chair and discuss again, in barking, disconnected sentences, how the Endara government had stolen the A.I.D. money, and how paltry the reparations have been for all that the neighborhood suffered. In reality, though, he has not come out badly: his former neighbors at the squat he founded are still there, but he has a new apartment, which he was really not entitled to. He pops in and out of jail, but when I attended Endara's press conference the President described his relations with Avila as "excellent" and sent compliments to Avila's mother as well.

When I asked Avila how he had missed being on hand for the demonstration at the Plaza Porras, he told me he had figured that his group would have a greater effect if they massed around the Palace of the Herons, where Bush was having lunch, and heckled him from there. He added, with a whiff of sour grapes, "We didn't make the headlines, but he heard us better.

"The point is, the government listens to us because we make life difficult for it. When we close the bridge, it hurts the government economically. We deserve more help than anyone else, because we suffered most from the invasion, which can never justify the thousands of dead and the rape of our sovereignty." Though the most reliable estimate for the number of civilian dead is far lower, of course—just three hundred—Avila wants a higher rate of carnage, because if there were "only" three hundred dead, and if less than thirty of those deaths occurred in Chorrillo, and if the fire that destroyed the neighborhood was not the fault of the invaders, he doesn't have many arguments with which to rouse the Chorrilleros and demand more aid.

Roberto Troncoso, the president of the Panamanian Human Rights Committee, who has been a steadfast critic of the invasion, says that during the first few days after the burning of Chorrillo all the witnesses his office interviewed stated freely that they had seen the fires started at various points around the neighborhood by men whom they either knew as Batalloneros or, because of something indefinable in their aspect, identified as such. There is no good explanation for why the Batalloneros would have wanted to start a fire, but then there is no explanation for why United States forces would have wanted to, either. The United States had a great deal to lose from a heartless attack on civilians, but Noriega had much to gain from making it appear that such an attack had taken place. "The bottom line, though," Troncoso says, "is that it's much more advantageous for everyone now to believe that the United States did it, because there's more money involved that way."

Unfortunately for the residents of Noah's Ark, there is no argument they can muster to turn themselves into either victims or beneficiaries of the United States, and so their lives continue in the Ark as if they and it were invisible. In what was once a colorful barrio, they are now surrounded on all sides by apartment buildings. There are two tall towers that Torrijos put up years ago, which were heavily damaged by the fire and were repaired by the United States; there are the new A.I.D. blocks, where Avila's people rioted a couple of weeks ago to protest the construction of a children's park, on the ground that it would be a superfluous luxury; there are lower apartment buildings on the edge of Chorrillo, where Avila is organizing people to demand the suspension of all utilities payments, on the ground that it wouldn't cost the government much to pick up the expense; and there is a whole new set of buildings going up on a stretch of land close to a muddy inlet of the city's bay. When I spoke to Darío Ospina, he said he thought there was a chance that the government might finally relent and give residents of his tenement some apartments there, but when I visited his wife, Marilyn, in Noah's Ark, she said she didn't think the deal would come off. "They're demanding a minimum income of three hundred dollars a month to live there," she said.

It's doubtful whether any of the residents of the Ark, where parasitic intestinal worms are visible in the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

overflowing public latrines, will be able to meet the new buildings' requirement. Mrs. Ospina knows that her husband cannot guarantee that income. Their life, she feels, has reached the breaking point, and she, too, said that since the barracks burned down there is no one to help. "In the past, we could always go over there and someone would give us a blank slip to get the medicines we needed, or a scholarship for the kids. Now we're desperate." Over the months, the Ark has become something of a favorite cause, but Mrs. Ospina and two of her neighbors, courteous and friendly teen-agers, said that they have grown weary of posing for pictures with politicians in the hope that it will help. "We're tired of being used," Mrs. Ospina said.

LESS than three years after the restoration of democracy, a recent *La Prensa* poll has found, political apathy is at an all-time high and the President's approval ratings are singularly low: barely twelve per cent. Apathy guarantees stability, since no one I've talked to, including the Ospinas, seems to have the energy to do anything about Endara except giggle. On the other hand, apathy bodes ill for those looking forward to a change in 1994, when the next elections are scheduled. Thirty-one per cent of those polled said they didn't like any party at all, and the most popular party, the Christian Democrats, got barely 10.5 points. The figures have led to a popular parlor game, centered on the question "Where's our Fujimori?"—meaning "Where is the unknown candidate who, like Peru's Alberto Fujimori, will sweep all others before him?" At this stage, the bottle tends to stop spinning at the name of the singer and composer Rubén Blades, who has promised for some years now that one day he will quit his singing career and move back here from the United States to run for President. This time, he has gone as far as to found a movement—the Papa Egoró, which means "Mother Earth" in the Emberá language—and he had the distinction of running second to "Nobody" in the recent poll as the candidate most people would choose. But this means only that he has a personal-popularity rating of 11.3 per cent. So far, he's not even a Perot, let alone a Fujimori. More worrisome still, some argue, is the fact that Blades' intricate, demanding, and sophisticated music is hard to dance to—a flaw that could prove fatal in a country that, by my informal count, has twenty-seven first-rate Afro-Caribbean radio stations. No wonder the leaders of the P.R.D. brandish the *La Prensa* poll and point to their own third place (after "None" and the Christian Democrats) in the ratings: it only translates as 8.5 per cent, but it beats Endara's party, the Molirena, by almost a full point. As a P.R.D. leader told me, it means that even after Noriega, even after the invasion, it gives him reason to hope.

The apathy that the Panamanians feel toward their own government does not extend to El Gigante del Norte. No other Latin-American country has Panama's history of dependency on the United States. People here expound constantly on the nature of this relationship, reaching for metaphors that are often painful in their intensity. I asked Roberto Eisenmann at *La Prensa* how he thought people now felt about the United States and the invasion, and he said, "The love part of our relationship has to do with the advantages our unique association brings: the Canal, our trade situation, and so on. The hate part is like what a teen-ager feels about his overprotective father: he knows he should love him, but he wishes that his father would just leave him alone for a while." Ebrahim Asvat, the former head of the restructured police force, put it differently: "We feel like a woman who loves her husband, but he beats her up all the same."

When I visited Asvat, in his law offices, I remarked to him that, apart from the fact that Bush had planned his visit around a birthday party for himself and not around a commemoration for the civilians who died in the invasion, and the fact that Ambassador Hinton is unduly fond of telling Panamanians exactly what he thinks they're doing wrong and precisely what they ought to be doing instead, there didn't seem to be much cause for tension between the two countries right now. After all, I pointed out, the economic siege against Noriega was followed by grants and indirect assistance programs totalling a billion dollars—far more than Nicaragua, say, has received to repair the damage of the Washington-sponsored Contra war. Besides, the Endara government and the Bush Administration are in fundamental agreement on matters of economic

THE EVERYWHERE SKIRT DOES MOROCCO

The cotton muslin easy pullon country skirt and classic roll-sleeve top takes on international flavor in new dusky, hand-dyed colours of the Sahara... Choose Fez, Turban, Desert Sand, Fig or Date Palm. Also available in gutsy linen hopsacking with dyed-to-match handkerchief linen top. For other styles and colours, request our new fall brochure with sketches, swatches and prices...

Call Margo
1-800-343-3062.
Fax 812-867-0004

RUTH KISHLINE'S
COUNTRY CLOTHES SHOP
Evansville, Indiana · Naples, Florida

YOUNG ISLAND
ST. VINCENT, W.I.
"Impossibly romantic private island resort with yachts for Grenadines sailaway options."

Brochure: Ralph Locke Islands, Inc.
Call: 800/223-1108 Nationwide & Canada
or call your Travel Agent

DOGWOOD PIN

Nature's elegance is captured in this Dogwood Pin crafted in sterling by Hand & Hammer Silversmiths. 1.5" $39 PPd. Catalog $2.00
Williamsburg Merchants
223 Parkway Drive
Williamsburg, VA 23185
1 (800) 545-4556
HAND & HAMMER SILVERSMITHS

GALÁPAGOS
You, 9 other adventurers and our licensed naturalist will sail by yacht to explore more islands than any other Galápagos expedition. 60 trip dates. Machu Picchu option. Free brochure.
Inca Floats 510-420-1550
1311-Y 63rd St., Emeryville CA 94608

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

philosophy, and United States businessmen are bidding eagerly for the state-owned companies the government is privatizing.

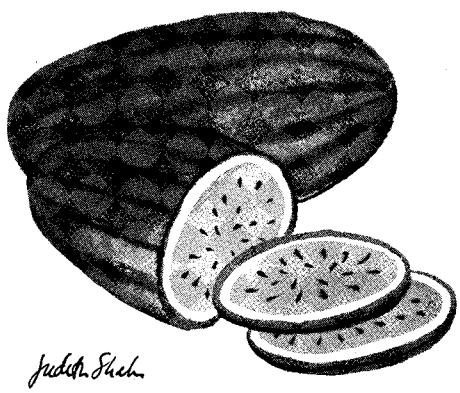
Asvat shook his head. "It's in the control," he said. "What we resent is the control. The Embassy people have any number of ways of putting pressure on us to do things the way they want: they can stigmatize a given individual they don't like; they can shut off the funding valves; they can stop hiring Panamanians to work in the Canal Zone; they can hold back on a loan or halt an investment program or keep critical intelligence about something to themselves. They don't even have to do any of these things; it's enough to know they're possible."

THE Canal remains one of the engineering wonders of the world. From any high point in Panama City, one can look out to the gorgeous bay and see ships interspersed among the islands, lined up and waiting their turn to pass through the three sets of locks that make it possible to navigate the narrow stretch between the Pacific and the Caribbean. I joined a crowd of Panamanian and foreign tourists at the Miraflores locks, less than an hour's drive from the capital, to gawk as the ships plowed through, as big as buildings, on the Canal's two narrow lanes. The locks filled with water from the lake that United States engineers created long ago at the Continental Divide, and the ships rose and fell smoothly on this brief tide before continuing on their way to sea. A guide explained the steps involved with appropriately impressive statistics: it takes fifty-six million gallons of water to raise and lower the ships through the three sets of locks. The gates that make this possible weigh hundreds of tons each, yet are moved by a forty-horsepower electric motor.

The Canal today is a wonder not only of engineering but of administration and maintenance, and it is still the central bond in the extraordinary relationship between the two countries. But not for much longer: on December 31, 1999, the Panama Canal will revert in its entirety to the country on whose soil it was built. The deadline seemed very far away in the heady days when Torrijos used to proclaim, with characteristic panache, that he didn't want a place in history—he just wanted the Canal. Now, under the gradual-reappropriation terms of the historic treaty worked out between him and President Jimmy Carter in 1977, a good bit of the land and the installations surrounding the Canal belong to Panama, and eighty-seven per cent of the work force is made up of Panamanians. Less than forty per cent of the high management positions are occupied by Panamanians, however, and nowadays, when it is the treaty signing that seems the remote event and the millennium that looms frighteningly near, what worries the Panamanians—what turns them into the apprehensive teen-agers of Eisenmann's description—is whether they will be ready to assume responsibility when the time comes.

After all, their experience so far with nationally administered foreign enterprises has been one of dismal failure, and the evidence is highly visible. The trans-Isthmian railroad, for example, built in 1850 as a shortcut for Easterners heading for the Gold Rush in California, survived years of tropical downpours, interludes of neglect, the jungle's ravenous encroachment, and extreme over- and underuse, but it may not survive Panamanian management. Having been turned over by the United States to Panama in 1979, what was once the principal domestic cargo link between Panama City and the Caribbean is now a national embarrassment. The tracks run parallel to the Canal at various points near the Miraflores locks, and what used to be a station is now a scrap yard. The decay seems to stand for the railroad's general disrepair. Vines crawl through abandoned railway cars so rusted that in spots their walls look like lace. The tracks are sprung and twisted. The sight made a Panamanian woman I was travelling with gasp in dismay.

Elsewhere, residential districts turned over to Panama have been allowed to run down and become overgrown. Administration offices have been systematically scavenged. The Canal's future is so worrisome that a seminar on the subject held in June by the Panamanian Business Managers' Association drew a standing-room-only crowd of some of the country's most influential men. The Comptroller-General was there, and the Foreign Minister, and Nicolás Ardito Barletta, who used to be a respected World Bank figure before he became Noriega's puppet President. There were also representatives from A.I.D., and dozens of prominent businessmen.



Throughout the meeting, these normally boisterous men, much given to backslapping, loud laughter, and trumpeting conversations, listened in almost Quaker silence to the speakers. Notes were taken. Thoughtful questions were written out and passed to the podium. During coffee breaks, the factional hatreds that divide the power élite were kept in check. I had the initial impression that I had arrived at the wrong meeting—one that was taking place in a different, and more boring, country. Then I caught an edge of excitement in the air, and asked about it. "This is the first time the issues of the Canal have been debated seriously among Panamanians," one of the speakers explained. "It certainly wasn't a topic for discussion during all the years the United States had complete control. And what Torrijos did was to talk, barter, decide, and sign the treaty all by himself."

Now the Canal was almost in the conferees' possession, and several of them spoke eagerly of the possibility of privatizing it, charging high tolls, and turning it into a profit-making corporation. Wasn't that, after all, what capitalism was all about? And wasn't it what Uncle Sam wanted? Fernando Manfredo, who served for years as the top Panamanian administrator on the Panama Canal Commission, quashed that view. "One of the problems I see is that there is very limited knowledge regarding the terms and conditions of the treaty," he said, and he read one of the *entendimientos* wedged into the treaty by the United States Senate at the last minute, in 1978. In suitably roundabout language, the *entendimiento* makes it clear that the United States will always be able to object if the amount of the toll stands in the way

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of "a maximum increase of international trade."

But could Panama, and the Canal, survive on toll fees based exclusively on operating costs? The lowest-paid Panamanian workers in the Canal Zone—janitors or line handlers, for instance—receive around seven hundred dollars a month through the Panama Canal Commission, and their contracts are regulated by unions affiliated with the A.F.L.-C.I.O. A well-paid Panamanian government employee—a policeman, say—earns barely three hundred dollars a month. Can the country continue to treat one part of itself as a colonial enclave, with the segregation and privilege that that implies? The Canal is supposed to be self-sustaining, but its worn equipment is increasingly expensive to maintain, and what used to be the most important part of the Canal's income, a flourishing marine-services enterprise, has withered. The question was suddenly urgent, and troubling: Can Panama afford the Canal?

In one form or another, a second, and even more highly charged, question came up time and again from the floor: Will Panama know what to do with the Canal? Finally, one conferee ventured an anxious joke: "If the Canal is eighty-seven-per-cent local staff now, why don't we just keep it that way? Look at what happens to enterprises that are one-hundred-per-cent Panamanian, like the government." The question was met with silence.

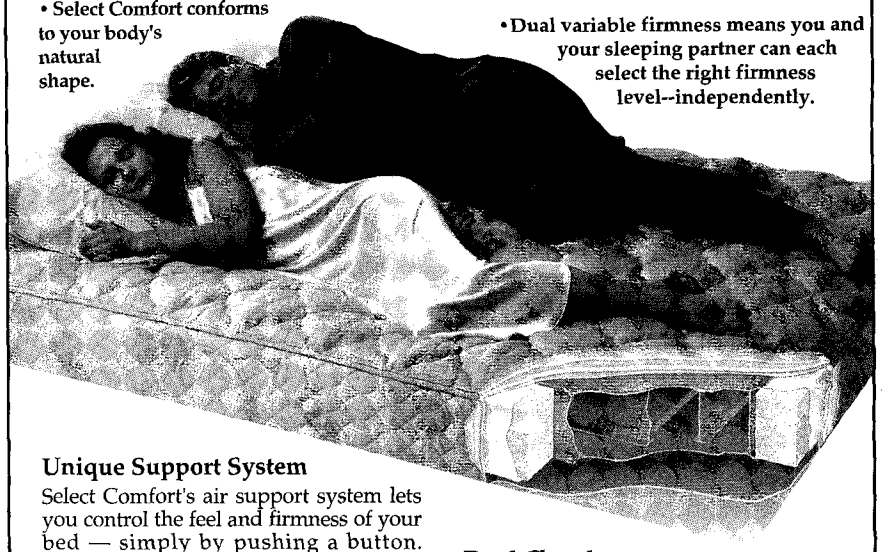
One of the most profound changes in the country's recent history, the abolition of the Army, which was approved in June by the National Assembly, brought other questions: How can the Canal be defended? Whom would it be defended against? Can it, in fact, be defended, Panamanian Army or no? "Is it coherent to have no national Army and yet continue to have United States military bases?" one speaker asked. But the most frequent question of all was: How can we persuade Washington to keep the bases here, along with the two hundred million dollars in wages and the one hundred million dollars in local purchases that they represent? Teddy Roosevelt's ghost might have smiled. Once again, Panamanians were tangled in the ribbons of their relationship with the United States.

—Alma Guillermoprieto

THE BACK SUPPORT YOU NEED
THE COMFORT YOU WANT

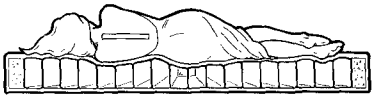
• Select Comfort conforms to your body's natural shape.

• Dual variable firmness means you and your sleeping partner can each select the right firmness level--independently.

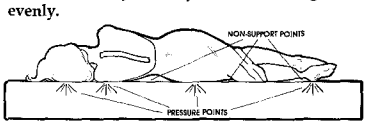


Unique Support System

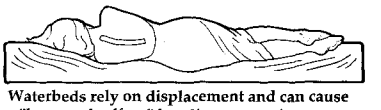
Select Comfort's air support system lets you control the feel and firmness of your bed — simply by pushing a button. Your mattress can be firmer than the firmest innerspring or softer than the softest featherbed...helping you sleep more comfortably, relieving back pain and muscle aches, and providing true support. Because air support is the closest thing to floating, you'll wake up rested and ready for the day.



Select Comfort provides proper back support and contours to your body, distributes weight evenly.



Innersprings polarize body contours, creating pressure points and uneven support.



Waterbeds rely on displacement and can cause a "hammock effect," bending your spine unnaturally.

Dual Chambers Let You Both Sleep Great

You'll both enjoy total body support and true cradling comfort because Select Comfort's dual chambers adjust independently. Choose your preferred firmness without affecting your partner's side of the bed.

Call or Write for a
FREE BROCHURE AND VIDEO
1-800-831-1211

☐ YES! Please send me a FREE Information Packet and Videotape.
☐VHS ☐BETA

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Evening Phone (____) _____

Select Comfort Sleep Systems
11010 89th Ave. N., Maple Grove, MN 55369
1-800-831-1211

© Select Comfort 1991 Dept 473

GREECE
for the Academically-Oriented
Athens, Delphi, Mycenae, Nafplion, Epidaurus, 6 Islands & Ephesus (Turkey)
October 10 - 31 All-Inclusive $2,985
College Level Seminars/Conferences Professional Enrichment
The Institute of Aegean World Studies
World Hellenic Organization
1 (718) 921 7414 / 996 9574 (eve)

REPLACEMENTS, LTD.
A Million Pieces!
Active & Discontinued
China, Crystal & Flatware.
To Buy or Sell:
Call (919) 697-3000. FAX (919) 697-3100
or write:
P.O. Box 26029, Dept. Y082A
Greensboro, NC 27420

The Very Best of PBS

FREE
PBS Home Video Color Catalog

Now bring public television's greatest programs to your home video library—

- Superb dramatic programs, thrillers, science, history, politics, finance, quality children's videos
- See the landmark shows you missed
- No-risk return privilege. Wonderful gifts!

PBS HOME VIDEO
Dept. 2G106, 11858 La Grange, Los Angeles, CA 90025
Toll Free: 1-800-538-5856

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MUSICAL EVENTS

Not Much Mostly

COMING after last year's anniversary deluge, the Mostly Mozart Festival this summer has the feeling of a mopping-up operation, and the more so because one of its tasks is to tick off the Köchel numbers that remain unheard in Lincoln Center's bicentennial slam. Not all of them are also-rans. "Lucio Silla," on the favorite Enlightenment operatic theme of friendship and statecraft at war with amorousness in an antique Roman setting, finds Mozart in his mid-teens fired by a subject he would treat rather differently almost twenty years later, in "La Clemenza di Tito." "Il Sogno di Scipione" and "Ascanio in Alba," two masques from the same period as "Silla," are full of charming things; astonishingly, neither has yet been performed in this country. All three of these works can be heard in concert performances next week, as can several of the so-called "concert arias," many of which were written for the theatre, and show, as much as the numbers of "Figaro" do, Mozart's ready response to character and situation.

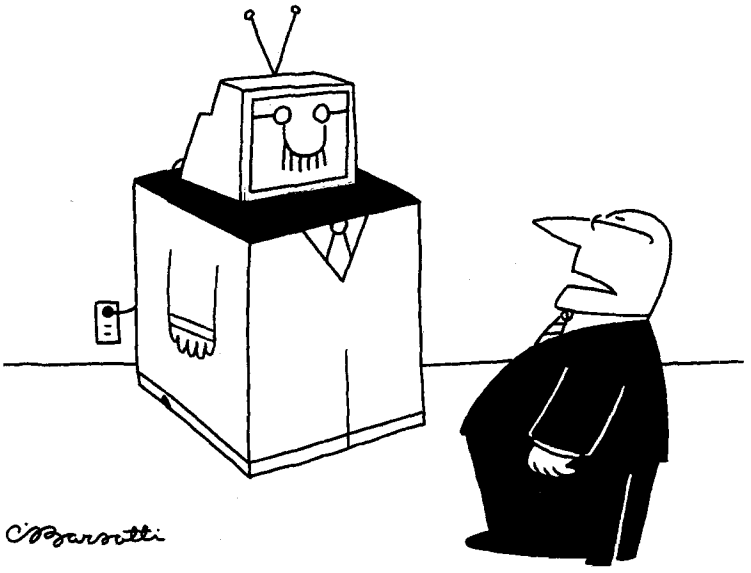
The pleasures to come seem keener, I daresay, because the only Mozart I heard at Avery Fisher Hall this time around was so dismal. It was a Monday evening. The audience was large and jolly. The Emerson Quartet was playing spectacularly well. And André Previn looked as if he were regretting ever having accepted the invitation to take part with three of the Emersons in this performance of the E-flat-major Piano Quartet. (Originally, the G-minor companion piece had been programmed, too, but there wisdom or luck prevailed.) His phrasing plodded; three simple chords in the strings' accompaniment could be more interesting than his theme; of musical companionship with the other players there was nothing above the most basic level of keeping in step. And though some of the harmonic landfalls in the slow movement are indeed unexpected, they don't have to come as a surprise to the pianist, who on this occasion would look nonplussed at a subverted cadence, and sound as if he didn't know what to make of it. He should have been spared the embarrassment. It surely doesn't need saying that there are a thousand pianists in this country who could have offered a more subtle and interesting performance; that a different choice was made wasn't Mr. Previn's fault but the organization's.

All was not lost. Around the Mozart the Emersons, fully together and alone, offered two works big enough to have made a concert in themselves: Schubert's A-minor Quartet and the third of Beethoven's "Razumovsky" set. Not only that but the performances were richly fulfilling. In the Schubert, it was the sustained quality of trailing, wistful delicacy that was most remarkable—the feeling for the importance of quietness, the sense of nothing being pushed or hurried or emphasized, and yet of a continuous movement, a glide. Glides, too, were a feature of the serene, sensitive playing of Philip Setzer on the top line. (In the way of this admirably democratic team, Eugene Drucker surrendered his place in the first violin's chair here, then resumed it to give an appropriately nervier lead to the Beethoven.) Dexterous and tasteful, Mr. Setzer used the occasional introductory swoop to increase the intimacy with which melodies were being drawn; even in this hall, too large for quartets, there were moments when the music seemed only a breath away.

The peculiarly Schubertian challenge, however, is to convey the effect not only of intimacy but of an intimate orchestra—at the opening of the third movement, the players have to feel the slow pulse as if they were one unit, without any individual entries to give clues to timing—and here again the Emersons were in supreme form. So they were in the Beethoven. I particularly enjoyed the soft musical care of David Finckel, who appears to have decided that all the greatest cello music in the world resides in the quartet repertory; and he may well be right. At the end of the minuet, he required his colleagues to play toward his beautifully placed tones, to fold into him. But then, just when there was the risk of its all beginning to seem too gentlemanly, the violist, Lawrence Dutton, set off for the finale at a pace one thought impossible to maintain. Of course, one was wrong.

WHILE Mostly Mozart was going on at the Philharmonic's regular home, Kurt Masur and his orchestra had moved back to Carnegie Hall for a few concerts of Tchiefly Tchaikovsky. It's no doubt unfair to compare their approach to the composer with that of the Kirov Opera orchestra, which was still playing at the Met, but chance is unfair, and, as chance would have it, I caught a preconcert recital in this series right before going to the Kirov "Queen of Spades," and so heard a Philharmonic ensemble playing the D-major Quartet. This was not a good idea, for me, for them, or for Tchaikovsky: the piece needs a more elegant drive, and surer tuning, if its first movement is not to seem a long meander to nowhere and if its imitative textures are not to appear excessively busy about proclaiming themselves quartettish.

However, the full orchestral concert I heard, with Mr. Masur conducting "Romeo and Juliet," the Second Symphony, and the Serenade, offered a more impressive alternative to the Russian way. Where the Kirov's con-



"Good grief, Bradbury! How long have you been working at home?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ductor, Valery Gergiev, steered the music from underneath, making the fateful threat that runs through "The Queen of Spades" passionately real, Mr. Masur fingered his selections from on top. The result was less brooding Russian soul, and certainly less closeness of ensemble playing, but more fineness of string figuration (a lovely moment in the middle of "Romeo," which spurred the performance on toward graphic drama) and more freedom for soloists to find their own courses. Against that, though, Mr. Masur insisted on some almost manically fast tempos, especially in the finale to the Serenade, looking for justification more in the letter of the score (or, rather, the number) than in musical sense.

In the Second Symphony—which perhaps we should learn to call the "Ukrainian" rather than the "Little Russian," now that the source of the tunes is an independent state—the classical lightness and the glass-clear play of woodwinds against strings reminded one that this was a piece Stravinsky often programmed: could the high bassoon solo near the start, sounding good here after an unfortunate accident to the horn, have been somewhere in his mind when "The Rite of Spring" was beginning to take shape? Stravinsky also conducted the Serenade several times with American orchestras, and I wonder if his performances brought, as this one by Mr. Masur and the Philharmonic did, a moment of cool breeze from the Copland direction, where the finale's theme starts by dipping a fifth, then up again. Nothing like that from Mr. Gergiev and his orchestra in "The Queen of Spades"—only the kind of forward-moving intensity that could make a snarl sound wonderful.

JUST as the Kirov was coming to the end of its engagement, City Opera started its season. For the first couple of weeks, it took no risks. "Bohème," "Cav and Pag," and "Traviata" constituted the opening repertory, joined by an unbelievably corny musical comedy, "110 in the Shade," for which the original team of Harvey Schmidt (music), Tom Jones (lyrics), and N. Richard Nash (book) had got together again, nearly thirty years on, to make a trimmed version with a couple of new songs. Unlike the earlier Schmidt-Jones show "The Fantasticks," this tale of the drought-stricken West, and of a farm girl's choice between family and fantasy, somehow never established itself. Everybody involved in this production was determined to prove the work's neglect undeserved: the conductor, Paul Gemignani; the director, Scott Ellis; the choreographer, Susan Stroman; and, not least, the set designer, Michael Anania, who'd provided a fine selection of slatted silhouettes to suggest farm buildings rippled by heat haze. If there were any doubts in the heads of the main performers—Karen Ziémba as the plain, sensible heroine, Brian Sutherland as the self-styled rainmaker who touches a spark in her, Richard Muenz as the utterly dependable sheriff—they never for a moment revealed them. I liked the rain.

The schedule of other new productions indicates that this is not going to be one of City Opera's more adventurous seasons. In the fall, it will be dusting off another Broadway sleeper, "Regina," and the roster looks even thinner since the postponement of one of its two more keenly anticipated novelties, the New York première of Janáček's touching, fantastical comedy "The Excursions of Mr. Brouček." The other, a first New York staging of Busoni's "Doktor Faust," goes ahead.

But back to "Bohème." This was done in a performance of such vulgarity that I had to leave after the second act. Patricia Racette, making her company début as Musetta, gave encouraging signs of confident brightness and sure pitch, but, like everyone else onstage, she aimed her singing and her gags at quick applause, while Mark Gibson, conducting, splashed crème Chantilly all over the score. I was prepared to put this down to the demands of matinée performance, to reckon on hearing Ms. Racette later in the season as Micaela, and to abandon hope for the next afternoon's "Cav and Pag." As it turned out, however, the old ill-matched duo—which one visits now and then, knowing one will find them, like certain couples, still warring with each other—were having a good day.

The orchestra, under Steven Sloane, was now smartly to the point; singing and acting were vivid and contained, not splaying out toward the audience. Possibly the tightness was coming above all from the director, Jonathan Eaton, and from Paul Shortt's set, which gives both works a transatlantic passage to Mulberry Street. This may not be the first production to situate Italian opera in downtown Manhattan: "Rigoletto" has had the treatment more than once, and by now such relocation is even in danger of appearing a cliché. However, Mr. Eaton and Mr. Shortt succeed partly by virtue of the charm of incongruity (Alfio arriving by bicycle, even as he sings of cart and horses), partly because their Little Italy scenes are in accord not only with the operas but also with the difference between them—the difference between Mascagni's brute force and Leoncavallo's sophistication. In "Cavalleria Rusticana," the stage picture is dark: tenement buildings block out the sun, and the little square is overpowered by its church. But by the time we get to "Pagliacci" the El has arrived; a great girdered highway slashes across the stage toward brighter fortunes; electric light floods the space; and the immigrants have clearly prospered, since now they all have new suits and hats to replace the drab clothes and uniforms they brought with them from their Sicilian villages. The whole place is livelier, more colorful, more self-conscious; the comparison exactly matches that between the scores. Turiddu, poor chap, would have loved it in the later period.

He was, in the performance I attended, Vincenzo Scuderi: a lusty singer, free with his passion but not willful or careless. RoseMarie Freni was a strong, appealing Santuzza. Max Wittges as Alfio was a man with the look of a lion and a voice the size of the north wind, though his singing would be even more effective for a touch more focus. In "Pagliacci," Gwynne Geyer as Nedda showed at once steely power and the flexibility to make that power flick with the speed and accuracy of a flayer's knife; she could thus easily negotiate the moves she had to make in the last stages of the opera between harlequinade and resolve, the life-or-death resolve of a fighting animal. Also outstanding was Sigmund Cowan as Tonio: dark-toned and true, intelligent with the words, a great watcher, and commanding sympathy by his entire involvement. His Rigoletto later in the season is a fair prospect.

"La Traviata" brought a rude reminder that updating is not a universal operatic panacea. Having been warned by reports on Nicholas Muni's production last season, when it was new, I can't claim to have been shocked: more bemused and depressed. Each stage picture, designed by John Conklin, ap-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

10th Annual
BMW
VINTAGE FESTIVAL
Lime Rock Park, Connecticut
1992 Labor Day Weekend

LABOR DAY WEEKEND
Four Big Days, Sept. 4, 5, 6, 7
Over 300 Historic & Vintage Race Cars
The Allure of Yesteryear Returns!
Tribute To British Racing Specials
with Listers, Jaguars, Lotus, Morgans and Allards... *Plus* Shelbys, Ferraris, Mercedes, Kurtis, BMWs and many more!

* Sunday Show of Shelbys
With Special Guest Carroll Shelby
* First Ever Lister Reunion
With Special Guest Brian Lister
* Reenactment of Lime Rock's First Race, April 27, 1957
With Special Guest John Fitch
*Automotive Swap Meet & More!

LIME ROCK PARK
In Beautiful Litchfield County, Conn.
Call 1-800-RACE-LRP for Ticket Info
or See Your Nearby TICKETMASTER

BEST MUSICAL
1992 TONY® AWARD
CRAZY FOR YOU
The new GERSHWIN musical comedy
TELE-CHARGE®: 1-800-432-7250
In NY/NJ/CT: 212-239-6200

FLOUNDER PIN
Catch this silvery flounder from silversmith James Breakell's studio. In sterling $35. 14k gold $340. Add $3.50 handling.
VISA/MC/AMEX
1-800-767-6411
Brochure on request.
2" long
J.H. Breakell & Co.
69 Mill St. Dept. NYFL
Newport, RI 02840

A professional travel planning service providing detailed information and personalized itinerary planning that discerning travelers require including bookings in special, high-value hotels.
Marjorie Shaw's
INSIDER'S ITALY
For a brochure:
7 EDGEHILL ROAD
NEW HAVEN, CT 06511
TEL/FAX 203.865.8605

pears to have been calculated to be more scandalous than the last. From a Manhattan penthouse, inhabited by a magenta-swathed Violetta and her coke-sniffing cronies, the action moves to a country retreat with a swimming pool and people in tennis clothes, then to an effortfully funky party (where, in one of the production's dispiriting attempts to create a *frisson*, guests are pointedly not watching a movie version of the same story), and finally to a public ward in a hospital. The objection is not to the revamping itself but to the fact that all the investment of energy has gone into that revamping rather than into the opera. What we are shown, very deliberately, is this team's view of "La Traviata"; the piece itself is scorned. Even more shameful is the cheating that pulls the rug from under one narrative only by substituting another—and distinctly balder—one. If we're to be asked what "La Traviata" is really about—if the libretto's claims to tell the story are to be so doubted—then thought and sensitivity and imagination have to work a great deal harder than this, as they have, say, in some of the great unlocking productions that have come out of the East German school of opera directors: Walter Felsenstein, Joachim Herz, Harry Kupfer, and Ruth Berghaus.

Another irritation of Mr. Muni's version is that it simply doesn't work as an exercise in taking the action to another time and place. The whole basis for old Germont's appeal to Violetta—that her liaison with his son will ruin his daughter's prospects of making a good marriage—becomes laughable when these people are shown as belonging in the present. There must be equivalent taboos in modern society; the production might have searched harder and found something to make us pause. It might also have avoided making Germont's offer of money, in the same scene, so brutal. What we saw was untrue to the character, and to the gentleness, if rather distant gentleness, of Victor Ledbetter in the role. This was an unassuming début, but thoughtful acting (as far as the production allowed) and musical singing promised well for the future. The company's makeup department, though, needs some help in the presentation of old men.

Mr. Ledbetter's fellow-principals also gave some reason for enthusiasm, during an evening made the gloomier by the length of the scene change in the middle of the second act. Michael Rees Davis, as Alfredo, proved himself a wonderfully stylish singer, with a lustrous and elegant, beautifully formed tone, neat discipline, and certainty in ornament; his performance, at once polished and frank, further showed up the false sophistication of the production's resetting. Gail Dobish, as Violetta, was not his match for vocal control: her tone flared under pressure and slipped from the note. (There were a couple of awkward moments where she and Mr. Ledbetter had to sing together unaccompanied.) However, it could well be that she was hampered by the personality she had to project; there is a spirited instrument here waiting to be brought more definitely under harness. Guido Ajmone-Marsan conducted a performance that had the right rhythmic temper but was coarse in sound, especially when the violins were exposed.

ALSO last month, just down the road from Lincoln Center, in the crypt of St. Paul the Apostle Church, Hell's Kitchen Opera presented the New York première of "Emma," a work by Murray Boren, in which all ten roles are female. That in itself would have made for a distinctly monochrome sound world, but Mr. Boren went further, in his disinclination to vary the pace, and in his provision of an ensemble accompaniment that often sounded merely flustered in a Ligeti-like manner. It didn't help that the instruments were put behind a screen, nor did it help that the performance was taking place in an auditorium with the look and the acoustics of a low-roofed aircraft hangar. Almost nothing of Eric Samuelsen's libretto was audible, but that didn't matter too much because almost nothing was happening. Emma, widow of the Mormon prophet Joseph Smith, was wondering whether she should join the trek to Utah; the other ladies, one of them mad, were giving her conflicting advice; and at the end she seemed to be deciding to stay at home. Mr. Boren conducted his score; Linda Lehr was the director. And though the cast included some perfectly capable singers (as far as one could judge through the boom), the only positive impression was made by Victoria Brandt as Eliza, whose determination to be away was perfectly plausible. —PAUL GRIFFITHS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

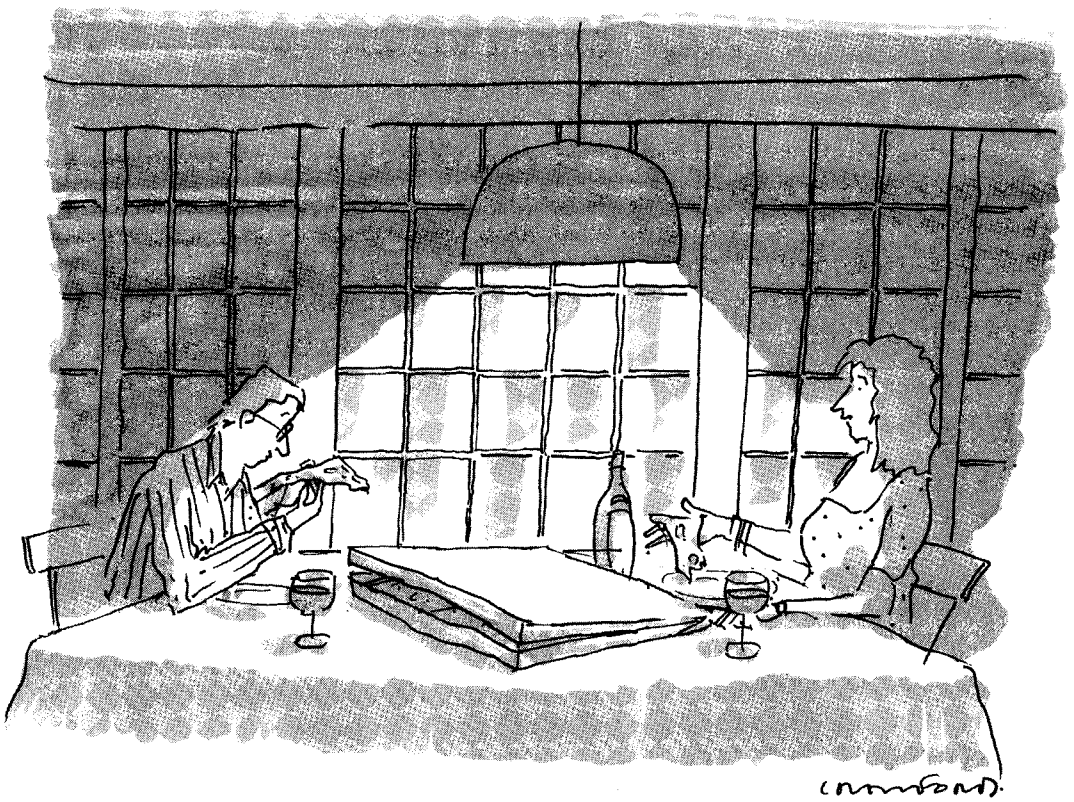
THE SPORTING SCENE

DINOSAUR

I'M sitting in the owner's box, watching the Yankees, and a baby has just crawled under my chair. We're in the second inning, and a delicious evening coolness has begun to rise out of the grass and spread itself into the deep tree shadows in right field, eating into the warmth of the day. The visitors' No. 8 batter raps a sharp bouncer to Yankee third baseman Blaise Kozeniewski, who collars the ball and waits for an instant before firing across the diamond, putting a dab of style on the play ("Good arm" goes into my notes), to retire the batter for the third out. The baby's mother apologetically retrieves her offspring, who has been gumming the laces on one of my Keds, and plumps the child down on her lap in an adjoining box. The teams change sides, and when Yankee first-base coach Gordon Sanchez comes past us on his way to the dugout, the owner says, "Keep it up. As long as we win, you've got the job." Sanchez smiles and shrugs; he's a catcher with the Yanks, actually, and anyway the owner doesn't mean it. The Yankees are already ahead in the game, and a few moments later their second baseman, Robert Hinds, coming up to bat for the second time in two innings, rips an inside pitch the other way, into right field, sending a teammate neatly around to third. The next batter singles, and so does the next, and the Yanks are up by 4–0. The crowd claps and cheers, and the owner gives me an expressive lift of the eyebrows, above his perpetual smile. There's a pause while the visitors' manager pays a call on his pitcher, out on the mound, and I sit back and let my gaze follow the painted left-field line out to the foul pole (a white stick above the dark-red wooden outfield wall) and beyond, past trees and street lights, to a steeply sloping distant hill, almost a mountain, where I can still make out a horseshoe-shaped meadow, just yellow enough to hold its shape against the summer dark.

Idle moments are rare in this ballpark. The concession booths, just beyond the little home grandstand, have been doing heavy business, and now a cluster of kids cuts off the Yankees' d.h., Nick DelVecchio (who is sitting out this game with a damaged finger), on his way back from the clubhouse, and they extract some autographs before he can make his way through the field gate and to the dugout. The inning ends, and the public-address announcer reads off another lucky-number giveaway. He's been handing out Yankee caps, Yankee batting gloves, and Yankee wristbands ever since the game started, but this one is special: a Jerry Jeff Walker tape of his hit baseball single, "Nolan Ryan." There's a little excitement this time, and I hear a "Yow!" from the winner, somewhere behind me in the first-base-side grandstand; Jerry Jeff is a local boy, and last year, as part of the town bicentennial observances, he did a sell-out concert right here at Damaschke Field.

This is an ancient diamond, much older than Yankee Stadium—they've been playing baseball here ever since 1905—but on this particular evening, just before the Fourth of July weekend, it feels young. This, my first visit, has coincided with Kids Nite, whose opening event, well before the anthem, turned out to be the Egg Toss—ten lucky boys and girls teaming up with ten Yankee players ("Introduce yourself to your partner," the announcer commanded) and then lining up face to face along the first-base line, where each contestant tossed an egg, in a gingerly parabola, to his or her opposite number. The distance was increased at the end of each round, with the losers stickily plucking fragments of goo and eggshell from their fingers or shirts as they withdrew, until the partners in each of the last two pairs were separated by a space that required an infield-fly sort of toss ("Oooooh!" we went), and laughter convulsed the players watching from the front of their dugouts. The winning kid (a boy of about thirteen) and his partner in pinstripes were each handed a ten-dollar bill for first prize—a deal that seemed eminently fair, since it had



"This is actually quite good. Remember the first time you tried to order pizza?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been clear all along that the kids and the players were enjoying the event equally, possibly because they were so close in age.

All this—the baseball and the baseball sideshow—was happening in Oneonta, New York, a hundred and sixty-odd hilly miles to the north and west of Yankee Stadium—a distance I had driven, in company with my wife, Carol, in full flight from Diamond-Vision commercials, four-hour games, ill-tempered crowds, skulking tabloid sports tales, slump-haunted millionaire players, owner-commissioner squabbles, another major-league drug suspension, another overpriced Mets team apparently gone sour (so soon!), another vapid evening of game-to-game channel-switching, or, by contrast, another late, inch-by-inch fight for a lane out of the heat-ticking, hellish parking lots at Shea. I wasn't running away from baseball (I reminded myself)—only from modern major-league ball and the wearying distractions that accrue at the top of the sport, which now require a perpetual private sorting out and setting aside as we fans try to keep alive our old hopes and affiliations, and to hold on to joys that once seemed closer at hand. I wasn't giving up (I told myself), but only taking a baseball vacation. Friends of ours, good Shea companions, had been urging us to make the trip for years; they have some mountain acres in Bovina, New York, just forty minutes away from the steep Susquehanna River Valley that has Oneonta and the Oneonta Yankees on its farther bank. "It's fun," they said. "It's easy—you'll see." When I looked up Oneonta on the map, I saw that it lay in serious baseball country, some thirty miles south of Cooperstown and about half that distance, in the other direction, from Delhi, where (baseball scholars tell us) a game called "bass-ball," probably a variation on the British rounders, was sometimes played in a meadow in 1825. And when I mentioned the possibility of my trip to a Yankee executive, up at the Stadium one night, he said, "Go—it'll be good for you."

Few prescriptions have worked more quickly. The Oneonta Yankees—the O Yanks, in local parlance—play in the Class A New York–Penn League, whose fourteen teams range from Hamilton and Welland, in Ontario, eastward to Pittsfield, Mass., and whose players, or the great majority of them, have very recently graduated from college. They are twenty or twenty-one or twenty-two years old, and are beginning professional careers (some of short standing, to be sure) with baby farm teams—the Erie Sailors, the Watertown Indians, the Utica Blue Sox, the Pittsfield Mets, the Geneva Cubs, and so forth—of the major-league clubs that drafted them earlier in the year. One does not watch baseball at this level with a dour or critical eye, I soon discovered, and whatever tendency one might have to patronize the participants is washed away by the radiantly visible pleasure of the young men out there at finding themselves at exactly this juncture in their lives. It was fun, I mean.

My front-office friend had said, "Look up Sam—he'll take care of you," and this, too, was instantly the case. I think, rather, that he found us, the moment we came through the gate. "Hi, I'm Sam—Sam Nader, the owner," he said. Beaming, he took us to his little ground-level box, just beyond the home-team dugout, and insisted that we take in the game with him. Hot dogs, programs, souvenir O Yanks cushions, souvenir O Yanks caps, and souvenir O Yanks sports socks were pushed into our hands, and whatever qualms I felt that I, a visiting impartial scribe, was perhaps being suborned by management gave way to the notion that Carol and I were possibly the only people in the park that night who were strangers to Sam Nader. Every third or fourth ticket-holder who came by our box paused to greet him, and he responded like a Franklin stove in January, throwing off warmth and comfort, and a flood of first names. I wasn't entirely startled when he told us, an inning or two along in the game, that he had been mayor of Oneonta for two terms, back in the sixties, during which era he had been responsible for bringing baseball to this city.

"Those were hard times, you remember," he said. "Everything was being torn down, the same here as everyplace, and we needed a flag to fly. Kids have to have idols, you know, and these players are idols to my little guys. It's almost the same today. Now they want to tell us that even George Washington stole a little. But George Washington is still my hero, so I say 'Go away, don't bother me.' " He laughed delightedly. "Say, doesn't this field look good—they've got it in great shape! Now all we need is to win tonight. We just got beat twice, over in Geneva, and we need to get back on top."

I asked Sam about the name of the park, and he said, "Ernest C. Damaschke Field. He was director of parks and recreation around here for about thirty-five years. He was a bachelor, no kids of his own, but he did great things for the boys and girls here. I decided to name the field for him. Let him smell the roses. Dutch Damaschke was a good man."

We were interrupted by a P.A. announcement of the New York Yankees' score in a game played that afternoon—a 7–6 win over the Royals, it turned out.

"Way to go, Buck," Sam said, and added, "Did you know that Buck Showalter was our manager here in '85 and '86? He did a great job—two outstanding teams. That '85 team had the best record in league history. Buck's pitching coach, Monk Meyer, is doing the same sort of work for him in New York now, and Jack Gillis, another coach on that team, is our manager here now. Kevin Maas and the new kid Andy Stankiewicz were both here in '86. We thought they'd go far!"

I did know most of this, as it happened, because it was in my game program, which bore a photograph of Buck Showalter, the current New York manager, on the front cover. Inside I'd found a photo of the 1985 team; a letter from Showalter, on Yankee stationery, addressed, "To Sam and all the great fans of Oneonta"; and a brief biography of Showalter, which included the lines "William Nathaniel Showalter III and his pretty wife Angela fit into the Damaschke Field scene immediately. . . . This intense young man made it known he was here to win." Most game programs make predictable reading, but this one, to my surprise, listed the name and the home town of every player who'd ever played for the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

O Yanks, going back to 1967—five full pages of names, under the heading "OUR ALUMNI." Farther on, there was a smaller boxed list, with the headline "OUR GUYS WHO MADE IT!" There were about a hundred names of past and present major-leaguers there, among them Don Mattingly, Doc Medich, Gary Allenson, Willie McGee, Rafael Santana, Tippy Martinez, Dan Pasqua, and Bob Tewksbury—the last a Cardinals right-hander who is currently at the top of the National League pitching leaders. The program suggested a high-school yearbook, and Sam had already shifted in my estimation—not just an owner but a legendary school principal.

Each year, I realized, he had to learn a whole new team—players the parent Yankees had drafted and sent along to him, and who would make their departures, almost every one, to a higher-level Yankee team by the next season.

"Sam," I said, "do you know all these Yankees already—this whole team?"

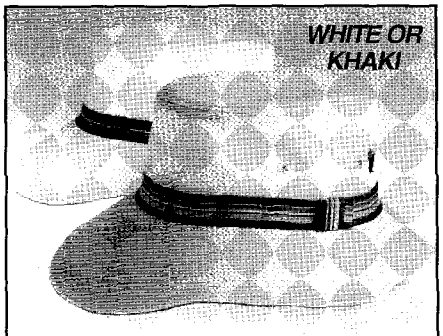
"Oh, sure," he said. "Look, they're just kids and they're all away from home, starting a career here. I want them to think that Sam Nader was a good guy. I tell them, 'Hey, I don't want to see you around here next year, you know!' "

I HAVE met a good many major-league baseball owners—enough of them, at least, to realize that it's difficult to squeeze them into a single mold or prototype—but Nader did not remind me of any of them. He was midsized, with a thick, short body and a tan complexion; he is of Lebanese descent. He had combed-back gray hair and a seamed, gentle face, and looked his age, which is seventy-three. He wore a thick baseball ring on one hand, with a diamond-shaped diamond in its center—a gift from the parent Yankees in honor of the O Yanks' 1990 championship, when the team won its division and then whipped Erie for the McNamara Cup. I had looked up the Oneonta record before coming north, and learned that the team has been a considerable baseball power down the years, having made the playoff finals ten times since Sam acquired the team, in 1967, and winning eight championships. Because there had been no playoffs in '67 or from 1969 to 1976, this meant ten pennants in sixteen seasons—a record that the docile Bronx Bombers had not nearly matched in the same period. (Sam Nader's son, John, who is the team business manager in the summer and a professor of economics in the winter, told me later that the O Yanks' cumulative record, of 1,116–728, since 1967 is probably the best in professional ball.) The Oneontas' prolonged success was primarily a tribute to Yankee scouting and drafting and coaching, to be sure, but after my visit I couldn't help wondering if a little touch of Sam hadn't helped along the way.

The N.Y. and the O Yankees are connected by a five-year "working agreement," which runs out next year but will almost surely be renewed. I asked Sam to explain which expenses and responsibilities fell to him and which were picked up by the parent Yankees, but we were distracted by a ten- or eleven-year-old boy who had slipped into a front-row seat a couple of boxes away from us. Sam had been shooting headmasterish looks at him and some companions, and the boy now essayed diplomacy. "Mr. Nader," he said, "is it O.K. if we sit here, please? Nobody else is in these seats, and if they come they can have them back. I promise."

"No," Sam said. "Can't be done." He wagged his thumb in an "out" sign and the boys disappeared.

"You've got to protect the season-ticket box-holders," he said placidly. "It looks bad in a small town if you don't. About the Yankees, we have the standard Player Development Contract. They provide the players, the staff, and the trainers, and they pay them. They also pay for two sets of uniforms and the bats and balls. The umps are in a development program of their own. We provide the field—we lease it from the city—and the bus transportation, and lodging, which is thirteen rooms for twenty-six players, here and on the road. We put up most of the kids in college housing when they're here. We have Hartwick and SUNY Oneonta right here in town, and I go around in the spring and arrange for all the rooms. It all works out pretty good. I also throw in twenty-five bucks apiece to every player who hits us a home run and for every pitcher's shutout—a little bonus. It's in our budget. Listen, it wasn't always this way. We used to pay for the bats and balls, too. When Mike Pagliarulo



START FIGHTING SKIN CANCER NOW!
Dermatologists Recommend The Sun Crusher™

The Duckster Sun Crusher™ offers many advantages:

- Wider brim All around. 2¾" min. vs 1" on most bucket hats.
- No Exposure At The Temple, plenty of shade for side of face and back of neck.
- 4" visor-like reinforced front brim with green underside to Fight Glare.
- Poly/cotton fabric is Cool and absorbent.
- Stitched eyelets for Ventilation.
- Lightweight.
- Great Looking. Traditional look with enough flare to provide Excellent Protection.
- Made by Duckster™, the quality hat maker, with Duckster's logo embroidered on back of hat.

Color: Traditional Light Khaki with traditional Maroon Club band. Chalk White with traditional Navy Club band.

Sizes: S (6¾-6⅞); M (7-7⅛); L (7¼-7⅜); XL (7½-7⅝); XXL (7¾-7⅞)

Price: $20 + $3.50 postage & handling per order.

Call (615) 886-5189 with MC or Visa 9 am-5 pm M-F
Or Send Check or Money Order to:

Andrew Thompson Co.
843 Arden Way, Dept. N
Signal Mountain, TN 37377

FINE GOODS Andrew Thompson Co. of Chattanooga

Your Satisfaction Guaranteed Or Your Money Back

DISTINCTIVE AMERICAN INDIAN ART AND JEWELRY ■ OLD NAVAJO TEXTILES ■ CONTEMPORARY ART SPANISH COLONIAL FURNISHINGS

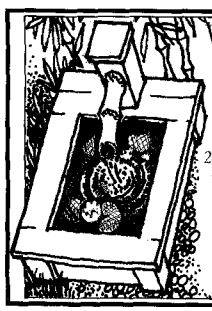
DEWEY GALLERIES, LTD.

ALL IN AN HISTORIC SETTING ON THE PLAZA IN SANTA FE

CALL 1·800·327·7721

FOR OUR INFORMATIVE VIDEO

$5.00 INCLUDES SHIPPING



WATER FLUTE
Our cedar and bamboo fountain sings a simple and soothing song. Indoor or outdoor, complete and ready to fill, plug in and relax.
24"x 30" $265 – 28"x 41" $295
+$18 UPS–VISA, MC, Check
Information? 703/823-3404
ADAMS & ADKINS
104 S. EARLY STREET
ALEXANDRIA, VA
22304

THE PELHAM HOTEL
London

In the Tradition of Excellence

15/16 Cromwell Place, London, SW7 2LA
Telephone: 071-589 8288, Fax: 071-584 8444
Telex: 8814714 Tudor G
USA Toll Free:- 1-800-553-6671

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

started out here, he broke thirty-four bats, at eleven bucks apiece. Thirty-four bats in one season! I still remind him whenever we meet." The smile was back.

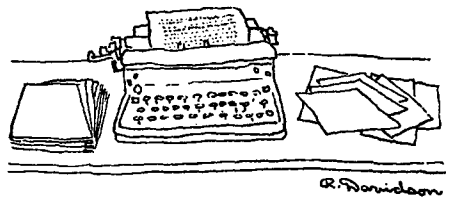
Sustaining a ball team at this level is done in very small increments, I had begun to understand. At one point, Sam gestured at the billboards set around the red outfield wall—Ace Glass, Morey's Family Restaurant, McPhail's Pharmacy, and the rest—and said, "Those go at four hundred and fifty bucks apiece, and we repaint them every spring. There's a big waiting list, but you gotta say the price is right. Concessions are a very good source of revenue, and merchandising—you know, the souvenir stuff—does better all the time. We'd be better off if we sold beer, but we don't. Beer and baseball go back a long time, I guess, but we do without it. I like beer myself, but I don't like what it does in ballparks. It was just a decision we made."

On top of this, or to one side of it, are the local business sponsors, more than three hundred of them, who buy up promotional nights (Wilber Bank Nite, Amphenol Nite, Sidney Federal Credit Union Nite, etc.), or work out tie-ins for the between-inning giveaways. "People think these promotions are something new," Sam said, "but we've always had them. We had a Jalopy Night here once, years ago, and the winning number was held by Rafael Santana, our shortstop. He didn't even know how to drive, it turned out—he was just a kid—so the trainer had to come out and drive the thing away. Before that, a long way back, we had Pony Nights—gave the winning kid a live pony. There was this once when I heard a boy who'd won calling on the office phone to his father—I knew the boy and his family—and I could hear his dad saying, 'No, no—you *didn't* win a pony! There's no pony coming home with you tonight!' After a while, we gave up Pony Night."

OUR game had been zipping along—Carol was keeping score—with the Oneonta starter, John Sutherland, a saturnine right-hander from U.C.L.A., briskly dismissing the Pioneers with his down-breaking stuff. In the bottom of the fifth—it was full dark by now, and sweater cool—Ray Suplee, the strong-looking Oneonta right fielder, stood in and rocketed a triple to the right-side corner, driving in the fifth run of the game and ruining what remained of the evening for the Elmira starter, Craig Bush, who was shortly permitted to depart the scene. His successor wasn't much better—well, he was *worse*—and the home-town cheering and laughter had become just about non-stop by the time Suplee came up to bat again, still in the fifth, and this time whacked a single, plating the seventh and eighth runs of the inning: a costly stanza for the local Subway fast-food outlet, which offers a free sub (relentlessly plugged by the announcer) to each O Yank hitting a double or a triple. The score was 12–0 by now—perhaps almost enough. A couple of rows behind us, some very young boys had begun to emit falsetto screams, cracking themselves up with their irony: "Won-derful pitching, Mister Pitcher! Oh, whatta pitcher, Mister Pitcher Man!" John Nader, who had joined us in the box a little earlier, was staring unhappily out toward center field. "Hey, can't our scoreboard handle double digits in the runs slot?" he said. "I forget—I really do." But then the board corrected itself and put up the fat, illuminated "12" out there. Unplacated, John began to wonder what the club single-game record for hits might be—there were sixteen so far—and hurried away to his office to look it up.

"A pretty good night," Sam said, sitting back in his chair. "It's nice when you get some hits, for a change." He took off his glasses and, in a practiced gesture, balanced them upside down by their earpieces in the low chain-link fence in front of us, and rubbed his eyes. He'd probably seen a couple of other good Oneonta moments, I decided, in the sixty-five or seventy years he'd been watching baseball on this diamond.

MINOR-LEAGUE baseball, which encompassed fifty-nine leagues and perhaps ten thousand players at its peak, in the late forties, is now reduced to less than a third of that size; most of the twenty-six (soon to be twenty-eight) major-league teams make do with a single Class AAA farm team,

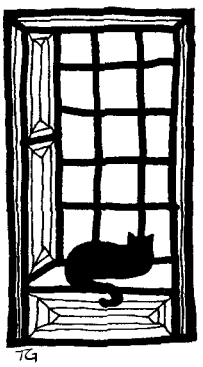


from which they will call up most of their replacement selections during the season and to which, in return, they send their washouts and spare parts. Each of the major-league teams also has an AA club just below this, and two or three Class A teams, in descending order of player ability and experience, underneath. The still lower Rookie Leagues are a separate category, since they focus largely on instruction. Class B, C, and D teams, once multitudinous, have disappeared, and, with them, many of the fabled, bushy circuits whose names entranced generations of fans and hopeful kid athletes: the Evangeline League, the Soo League, the Cotton States League, the Anthracite League, the Three-I League (for Indiana, Illinois, and Iowa), the PONY League (for Pennsylvania, Ohio, and New York), which once counted Oneonta among its teams, and so on. The Mets currently list five minor-league teams, and the Yankees six: the Columbus Class AAA Clippers (which has sometimes suggested a crowded bus terminal in recent decades, thanks to George Steinbrenner's angry or impetuous summonings and demotions of his troops), the AA Albany-Colonie (N.Y.) Yankees, the Prince William (Va.) Cannons, the Fort Lauderdale Yankees, the Greensboro (N.C.) Hornets, and the Oneonta Yankees. The latter four are designated as Class A teams, but a descending A, B, C, D scale might identify them more precisely.

The O Yanks, in any case, play a seventy-eight-game season (as against a hundred and forty-four games at the next-higher level), which begins on June 15th and closes down, except for a brief playoff and championship schedule, before Labor Day. The late start is required because the great majority of the players are just-graduated college seniors, who have been selected in the annual amateur draft, in which the major-league clubs, picking in a repeated rotation that is based on the previous year's standings, select fifteen hundred-odd high-school and college players to staff their minor and eventually (they hope) major-league teams. College teams now compete briskly to recruit promising high-school players, and college-level coaching is far more expert and intense than it used to be, even eight or ten years ago; national powers like Southern California, Stanford, Arizona, Arizona State, Texas,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Oklahoma, Auburn, Wichita State, Pepperdine, Florida, and Florida State play winter-to-spring schedules of up to seventy games. College ball supplies the great majority of the fresh players who come into the profession each spring, and has thus supplanted, if not exactly replaced, the evaporated minors. A few high-school super-prospects are pursued and drafted before college—among them the Yankees' Brien Taylor, a much-scouted North Carolina high-school pitcher, who was No. 1 in the 1991 draft and was signed, after prolonged negotiations, for more than one and a half million dollars, and the Athletics' Todd Van Poppel a year earlier—and these heirloom properties may be started a rung or two above their peers, but most young players begin together in the short-season leagues, and most are given the leeway of two seasons, the second in a higher-grade league, in which to strut their stuff before the cutting-out process begins. Fifteen of the twenty-five O Yanks on the field on my first evening were twenty-one years old, and none of the rest were under nineteen or over twenty-three. They ranged considerably in build and weight, of course, and also in experience (some players from warm-weather schools had almost twice as many college games under their belts as the left-batting Harvard slugger, Nick DelVecchio, or Jeff Antolick, a pitcher from Lafayette College), but there was something close to a family resemblance among them, which I couldn't quite account for when I first saw them. Then I got it: they were all young together.

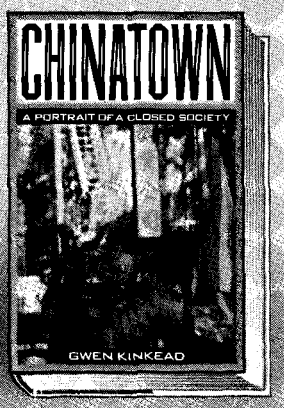


Watching the O Yanks and their league rivals in a handful of New York–Penn League games, I often wondered what the odds were that any one of the young men on the field would ever make it to a full career at the major-league level; I could have found out, I suppose, by consulting player-development directors among the various organizations, or even by checking off names on team rosters over the past five or ten years, but I held back in the end, because I knew the answer would be discouraging. The players had already figured this out for themselves, I imagine, simply by running their fingers down the many columns of wholly anonymous alumni in Sam Nader's program, perhaps pausing now and then to whisper "Mike Echstenkamper? . . . Tony Ponticelli *who*?" The other option for them was more cheering and probably more useful: to search for the names, on old league rosters, that *do* jump out at you—Wade Boggs, Robin Yount, Lonnie Smith, Damo Garcia, Wally Backman, Jim Rice, Maury Wills, Steve Blass, Jerry Koosman, Mel Stottlemyre, Tony Perez, Pete Rose, and so on, back and back, to Don Zimmer, who played infield for the Elmira Pioneers, and got married in a home-plate pre-game ceremony at Dunn Field on August 16, 1951.

Many of this year's O Yanks had known each other by athletic reputation even before they took the field as teammates. Some had played against each other in college leagues, and Ray Suplee and Blaise Kozeniewski had been on the same University of Georgia team; four of them, by coincidence, had been on the Cotuit team in the Cape Cod League (a sub-pro circuit for promising college ballplayers) last summer. Each of them, I was certain, remembered the exact draft round in which he and each of his teammates had been selected by the Yankees, back in June—ranging from Mike Buddie, a handsome fourth-round pitcher from Wake Forest, and Don Leshnock, a catcher from the University of North Carolina, who had come aboard in the fifth round, down to some teammates, next to them on the field or in the dugout, who had been selected in the twentieth or twenty-fifth or thirtieth round, after hundreds of other prospects were taken off the boards. The Yankees' first pick, Derek Jeter, a high-school shortstop from Kalamazoo, had been sent to their Rookie League club in Tampa for intensive schooling, while their second- and third-round rights had been lost to other major-league clubs as compensation for free-agent players the Yankees had acquired in the off-season. (The Mets' No. 1 pick, Preston Wilson, a high-school shortstop, remains unsigned, and will probably become a college player; he is Mookie Wilson's stepson.)

But none of this mattered now. All these O Yanks were starting out dead level, with a clear shot to succeed or

"An unsparingly honest yet sympathetic portrait of what probably is still the most secretive of American ethnic communities."
—*New York Times Book Review*



"Reads like a detective story that is hard to put down."
—*San Francisco Chronicle*

"Lively, exquisitely detailed prose... wonderfully textured, insightful."
—*Los Angeles Times Book Review*

HarperCollins*Publishers*
Also available from HarperCollins*CanadaLtd.*

Much of the contents of this book appeared originally in *The New Yorker*.

VIRGIN GORDA

Lie on the beach or "Sailaway" to explore the islands. Call 800-223-1108 for a brochure or ask your travel agent

Remington Bronzes
Now available to collectors... Full size, museum quality, Lost-wax, hot-cast, bronze reproductions of 23 works by Frederic Remington

FREE COLOR CATALOG
MUNYON & SONS
1119 Waverly Hts. Dr., Thousand Oaks, CA 91360 Mountain Man
FAX 1 805 496-7842, VISA/MC/AM EX 1 800 289-2850 HT: 29"
FREE SHIPPING - SATISFACTION GUARANTEED $695

GOOD USED BOOKS
Since 1948, thousands of libraries and individuals have been buying regularly; you can too! History, literature, fiction, military, 80 other subjects. Send two dollars for listings of 20,000 titles & prices.... We also operate a book shop (with 35,000 books not in our lists) on Rt. 28 in Ashokan, 9 mi. W. of NYS T'way, exit 19. Open seven days, 10 - 5.
EDITIONS, Desk Y, Boiceville, N.Y. 12412

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fall on their faces in their chosen new profession, and if they needed any reminder of their status it came on payday: eighteen hundred and fifty dollars per month in salary, plus fifteen dollars a day meal money on the road. They were under pressure, I suppose, but it was a kind of pressure that I half envied them when I thought of their major-league counterparts, so many of whom bear an almost visible dollar sign and stream of digits across the back of their uniforms nowadays, and often look worn down by such a weight. It can't be all that bad to be free of big contracts, if only for a little while, in a business that parcels out success and failure in such clear and inexorable increments, and specializes, over and over, in the renewing or discouraging immediate event, the now.

None of the O Yanks, I imagine, would agree. When I talked briefly with Nick DelVecchio, he asked where my wife and I lived. I said New York, and he said, "Is that right? I hope to be living there soon myself." It took me a minute, I must say.

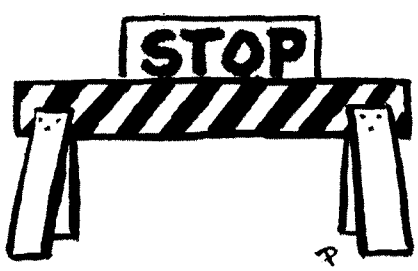
DelVecchio, who hails from Natick, Massachusetts, played on the Harvard varsity for four years, and this spring led the team in home runs, including a blast over the Green Monster at Fenway Park in a game against Boston University. He told me at one point that his time at Harvard had sometimes felt like an interruption on his way into professional ball. "I'm glad I took advantage," he said, "but this"—he gestured around the diamond on which we were standing—"this is where I was heading."

Jack Gillis, the Oneonta manager, told me that learning the routines of pro ball—playing every day, looking out for your equipment, eating right, and getting enough sleep—was a major component of his young athletes' first summer of work. That and the travel. "In college, they've been travelling every other weekend, but here you're jumping on a bus every few days," he said. "You have to learn how to sleep on a bus. That comes with the job."

The wooden bat is the other big adjustment. College teams, without exception, use the aluminum bat, which produces an unsatisfactory *ping* when it makes contact with a pitch but, on the other hand, is virtually one long sweet spot: a pitch fisted off the handle will fly away on a line almost as readily as a full poke at the other end. College batters, as a result, tend to develop an extended-arm, softball sort of swing, while college pitchers, repeatedly stung by the cheap handle hit, give up on the inside pitch altogether. All this must be reversed in Class A ball—"and in a hurry," Gillis said. He thought that a good many of his batters were already on top of this problem, since Yankee scouts tended to prefer prospects who swung the bat with their hands and wrists. One of Gillis's coaches, Bill Schmidt (who would go back to his regular job, as a West Coast scout for the Yankee organization, once the O Yanks' season ended), told me that he thought the post-aluminum adjustment was even more critical for pitchers. "If you come inside—if you can count on that inside pitch—then you don't have to throw ninety-five miles an hour all the time," he said. "You're a *pitcher*."

These conversations had taken place in the home-clubhouse coaches' room at Damaschke Field—a cubicle about the size of a Toyota back seat—but they resumed a couple of days later out on the diamond, where Gillis and Schmidt were holding morning instruction, working with pairs of infielders. The Yankee players wore identical clean shorts, knee socks, spikes, dark T-shirts with a Yankee insignia, and team caps. They were pros, but up close they seemed younger than ever; they looked about sixteen. Gillis, who is stubby and deeply tanned, has a tough, cheerful face and a disarming Gaelic smile. He was in shorts, too, and wore a faded University of North Carolina cap, with blue lettering. He went into coaching right out of Chapel Hill, as a college assistant, and then became head coach at St. Leo College, in Florida. He had worked for the Yankees for the past thirteen years, and was in his second term here at the helm in Oneonta.

Schmidt warmed up a fresh pair of young infielders by tapping soft bouncers, which they fielded while down on their knees—a perspective from which they might pick up the action of the ball more clearly. He got them up again and continued hitting easy bouncers, this side and that, while Gillis intently watched their glove- and footwork. The players' spikes made little chopping sounds on the dirt as they got themselves in position again and again. It was a threatening sort of day, with scraps of rain clouds drooping over the green hills, but any morning baseball workout has a little zing to it: a taste of springtime.



Gillis told me that the Yankees' roving hitting instructor, Joe Lefebvre (it's "Lefay" in his case), had come by a day or two before—his first visit to Oneonta this year. "It's early still, and this time through he mostly just looks," he said. "Then he'll come back later on and maybe make some adjustments."

I wanted Gillis to give me his appraisal of some of his youngsters, but discovered that he was understandably wary about naming favorites. Still, when I mentioned some O Yanks who had caught my eye in the game—Suplee and Leshnock and, in particular, Bob Hinds, the lithe and confident-looking second baseman from U.C.L.A.—his face lit up. "Bob Hinds is some kind of athlete," he said. "You see a player like that and—why, there's no telling what might happen." He broke off and said "Feet, Knowlesie, feet!" to one of his infielders. "You're gettin' lazy. You're just not woke up yet."

I brought up Kozeniewski, who had just come off the field, and Gillis said he was in the process of converting him from shortstop to third baseman, because he had plenty of shortstops in camp this year. "But with that kind of arm, we're projecting him as a pitcher down the line. I think he has a bona-fide two-way shot."

Job conversions are not uncommon at this level, and Gillis, I knew, had had success with a right-handed relief pitcher named Mike DeJean, who had also been a shortstop in college but now threw off the mound in the ninety-mile-per-hour range, and seemed to love the work. DeJean already had five saves for the Yanks.

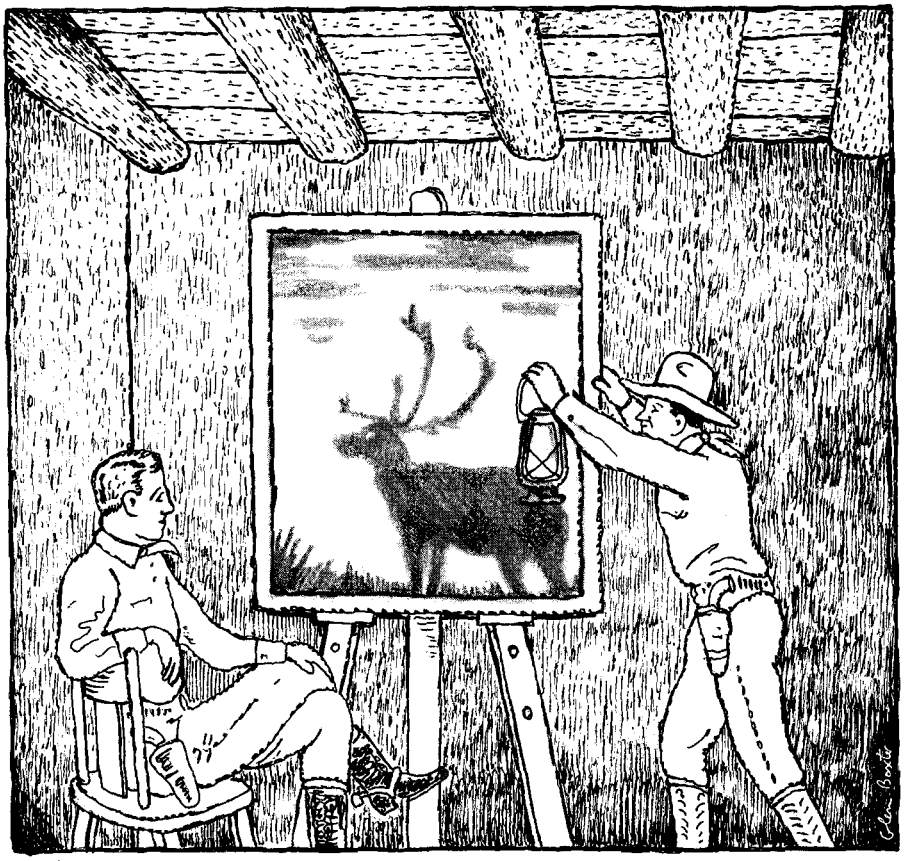
I asked about DelVecchio and his handicap of those short seasons at Harvard. "He'll go as far as that bat will take him," Gillis said. "And he's got some juice in it, I'll tell you that. You know, scouts are always saying, 'Ah, he's got a little pop in his bat but nothing else.' That's what they said

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

about that kid Gene Larkin at Columbia a few years ago, but you take a look now and he's followed that bat all the way to the Minnesota Twins and the World Series. Anything can happen."

He clapped his paws a couple of times. "Good job, Knowlesie, good job! I like those hands."

A light rain had begun to fall, but Schmidt plucked another ball from a pile under the mound tarp, and slapped an easy ground ball a little farther to the next young player's right, testing him a half step more.



"I'M STILL NOT ENTIRELY CONVINCED IT'S A LATE MONDRIAN!" SPLUTTERED ZEKE.

• •

Sam Nader's father arrived in Oneonta in 1911, and got a job as a laborer for the Delaware & Hudson Railway. It turned out to be his life's work. Oneonta was a considerable rail center in those days, and every boy and girl in town knew that the D. & H. yards there boasted the largest roundhouse in the world. Elias Nader and his wife were immigrants from Lebanon, who had found their way to Oneonta thanks to a cousin who had already moved there. There was an established colony of Lebanese Catholics in the Sixth Ward (also known as the Lower Deck), but sometimes the residents were reminded of their special status; Sam can remember seeing Ku Klux Klan crosses burning on the hills in the mid-nineteen-twenties. He was born in 1919, the third of six children. He did odd jobs around town as a boy—everybody in the family worked—but also played baseball whenever he could. He was a seriously smitten Yankee fan, and in 1938 hitched a ride to New York to see the DiMaggio-Gehrig-Gomez Yanks in a World Series game against the Cubs. He became a left-handed pitcher at Oneonta High, and went on to a scholarship at Bates College, in Maine—"a working scholarship, not the other kind," he explained to me. He held down three jobs while at college, but money was still scarce at home, and he had to move back and help out. He returned for another term, but never did graduate. The best thing that happened to him at Bates was taking a speech course, for he already felt drawn to politics. Back home, he played on weekends for Bainbridge, in the Southern Tier League, a semi-pro loop. The war came along, and Sam went off to Europe with a heavy-machine-gun company of the 28th Infantry Division, and saw extended action in the Battle of the Bulge and the Ardennes Forest. Back home again, he went to work for the Bendix Corporation, in nearby Sidney, New York, and stayed for forty-three years, eventually rising to become the company's chief purchasing manager. He married Alice House, whose family on her mother's side had been among the founders of the village of Oneonta in the eighteenth century. The Naders had three children. (Alice Nader, a considerable figure in Oneonta, and an affectionately regarded regular at Damaschke Field on game days, was killed in an accident in March, 1991, when the car she and Sam were in was blindsided by a truck.) Sam was elected and reëlected an Oneonta alderman in the fifties, and ascended to the mayoralty in 1962—a post that must have seemed to have been waiting for him all along. It was a great moment for his mother and father. "They were real Americans," he told me, "and when I was elected mayor they thought I was king of the world. My mother and father are my life heroes—I mean that."

Sensing that the railroads had had their day, even in Oneonta, Mayor Sam campaigned for a good-sized airport and got it built. He was reëlected in 1965. Local programs and landmarks around the city began to bear his name, including Nader Towers, the tallest building in town, which offers middle-income housing for the elderly. He was and still is involved with Opportunities for Otsego, a program for battered wives. Baseball did not elude his attention, to be sure, and when the Red Sox decided to pull their farm team out of Wellsville, New York, in 1965, Sam netted the franchise. There had been an Oneonta club in the Canadian-American League, but it had long since gone under. His father-in-law, Dr. LeRoy House, was installed as president of the Oneonta Red Sox, and Sam took over the public-address microphone at the games. The Boston front office unexpectedly changed its mind after the 1966 season ended, and gave up the Oneonta franchise. Sam got the news by telephone from a friend who was attending the baseball Winter Meetings in Colum-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE
NEW YORKER
DIRECT DIAL

Use our weekly listing to dial directly to advertisers. Call from any phone to reach product and service representatives:

☎

BackSaver
For home and office, BackSaver manufactures 36 doctor-recommended health products to prevent and relieve back, neck, shoulder, wrist and arm pain.
For information call:
1.800.251.2225

The Tremont Hotel
Offering European-style service and intimate accommodations. Located just off the Magnificent Mile in Chicago.
For reservations call:
1.800.621.8133

Costa Rica
Enjoy Costa Rica, an expression of nature.
For information call:
1.800.327.7033

Ramada Renaissance Hotels
Now featuring summer sale rates at 30% to 60% discount in the U.S.A. and Canada.
For information call:
1.800.228.9898

Levenger
Tools for serious readers. Levenger specializes in furniture, lighting, and reading equipment.
For information call:
1.800.544.0880

☎

ADVERTISEMENT

bus, but some hot-wire networking and arm-pulling among Sam's baseball connections enabled him to capture the Yankees as an immediate replacement, establishing the arrangement that persists to this day. (Determined never again to be taken by surprise, Sam has become a fixture at the Winter Meetings, which are baseball's business convention, and appears to know everyone in every lobby.) He became a stockholder and director with the Oneonta Yankees and, after stepping down as mayor in 1970, bought up a controlling interest. The company letterhead, which lists him, on separate lines, as president, secretary, general manager, and director, happily suggests that he has no immediate plans to depart. Sidney Levine, an Oneonta car dealer, is vice-president. John Nader, as noted, is business manager. One of John's sisters, Suzanne Nader Longo, did a spell as general manager, and the other, Alice Nader O'Conner, used to work the concession stand. What comes to mind, inevitably, is a travelling one-ring circus, where the girl in the booth from whom you bought your ticket later turns up, amazingly, in spangled tights on the back of the Percheron, and the ringmaster doffs his top hat after the intermission and then reappears, in a pith helmet, with the lions.

The Naders are an old-fashioned baseball family—"the ideal ownership at this level," a friend of mine, Tom Heitz, said. "They're the prototype." Heitz is the librarian and the chief of baseball research at the National Baseball Library & Archive, an offshoot, or large branch, of the Hall of Fame. The H.O.F. has a season box at Damaschke Field, the nearest outpost of organized ball, so Heitz was speaking also as an Oneonta fan. "I just hope they can survive," he went on. "Minor-league franchises are moving to larger market areas whenever they can these days, and it would be a real loss to the sport if a little community like Oneonta could no longer support a baseball team. It would be a big loss to me, too. I love baseball in that setting, with those hills all around."

When I told the Naders that my wife and I were going up to have lunch with Tom Heitz, John rummaged around in his office and then handed me a fresh paper cup with the Coca-Cola logo on the side: a ballpark soda cup. I produced it for Heitz at lunchtime, and he looked pleased and embarrassed. "We're talking superstition here," he said. A season or two past, it turned out, he had been sitting with Sam at a game in which the O Yanks had fallen behind by three runs—sitting and swilling Cokes. He had jammed three used cups of his into the chain-link fence at the front of the box ("I drink a *lot* of Coke," he said), and when the Oneontas scored a late run he pulled one of them out and said, "That's one of the runs back." Magically, the Yanks scored another run, and then another, tying up the game, as Heitz popped the cups free. Then the Yanks won. "Now I'm stuck," Tom went on. "Whenever I'm there and we fall behind, Sam or John makes sure that I go to work with the cups—and they've got to be from Cokes I've *drunk*. It's worked about five times so far, but I've become a big fan for games when we get ahead by six runs early and then run up the score."

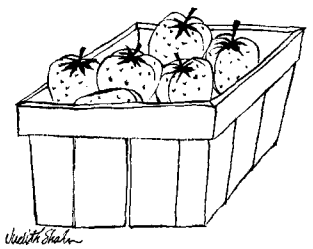
Another local authority, James Konstanty, Jr., told me that small-town business is built on friendship, and that Sam's gregariousness was the ingredient that had kept the team afloat. Konstanty is the son of the Phillies' own Jim Konstanty, the indomitable bullpen stopper who pitched the Whiz Kids to a pennant in 1950; he also owned a sporting-goods store in his home town, Oneonta. Jim, Jr., has a law practice on Oneonta's decorous, old-fashioned Main Street, and is County Attorney as well; he has the same broad torso and wide, cheerfully aggressive face that his father had. It is his theory that almost any enterprise can flourish in a small community if the right person is on hand to make it happen. "Sam Nader is the right person," he said. "Because of him, baseball has become an object of pride to us here. We love to spectate. I don't think anybody from a big city can appreciate what a community event baseball can be. All my life, I've been going to Country Club Chevrolet Night at the park and watching Bill Davis and Paul Donovick throw out the first pitch. They own that dealership, but they're part of the summer here, too. It all goes together."

THE Oneonta Yankee office is a cramped one-room edifice—one doesn't want to say shack—on the third-base side of the boxy wooden home grandstand, and is attained by a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

little three-step stair. Inside, Sam and John take turns at a single overflowing desk at the far end, hedged about with a computer and printer, a much-worn Xerox machine, boxes of programs and flyers, and other sports litter, and by a Louvre gallery of memorabilia. The curtains framing a single window are patterned with replicas of *Liberty* magazine covers. Father or son answers the phone, and the two take turns manning the fax machine and diving out the door on errands ("I got nine more bags of Kwik Dri coming," John announces, reappearing), but still find time to help a visiting writer who is touring the picture gallery. Here's a photograph of Sam, standing behind a seated Joe DiMaggio. There's a poster for Mickey Mantle Night, Sunday August 12, 1973: Yankees vs. Elmira Red Sox. "Joe D. is a great man," Sam murmurs. "Mickey Mantle is—Mickey Mantle." Here's a photo of Dale Long, and down here is Willie McGee, swinging a bat. ("Class of 1977," John says.) Here's a dim, formal-looking photo of the "Oneonta Base Ball Club" of 1910, with the grave-faced, carefully combed young men squaring their shoulders for the cameraman, and, over on the next wall, a big color print of Buck Showalter, which he has inscribed, in flowing script, "Sam—Is a great gentleman of the game, and a big influence on my baseball career." A little farther on, Sam beams out between old grads Mattingly and Pagliarulo. Trophies stand in a cluster on top of a file cabinet—the 1988 John H. Johnson President's Award, the McNamara Cup, and the rest. I lean closer to look at a squad photo of the 1970 club, and discover young John Nader, then a batboy, smiling at one end of the second line. When I get to Showalter's '85 champions, Sam and John whisper some names and numbers: Oscar Azocar, Al Leiter, Troy Evers, Ken Patterson (now with the White Sox), a 55–23 won-lost record, a team earned-run average of 1.87. ("Can you *imagine* that!" Sam says.) They say "Dody Rather!" at almost the same instant—Dody Rather, who went 8–0 that summer, with an 0.31 E.R.A., and threw a no-hitter as well. I know about this already, because our friends Brooke and Peter, who are the reason for my being here in the first place, were in the park that night and told us about it more than once afterward. Dody Rather took his killer knuckle curve with him to the next level up in the Yankee system—a sure shot for the majors, everyone said—but then blew out his arm and disappeared. It's baseball's oldest story.

John took a phone call from Philadelphia, from a party of fans who wanted to know what the weather looked like for the following week, when they planned to stop off on their way to Cooperstown (calls and faxes like this have come in in ever-increasing numbers in recent years), and John said no, they didn't need to reserve for a week night—just walk right in.



I went out with Sam, who had to unload some boxes of souvenir bats from an elderly station wagon, and, on the way, ventured to ask if he thought of himself as an endangered species.

"Well, Bob Rich, up in Buffalo, says I'm the last of the dinosaurs—is that what you mean?" He looked delighted with the label.

Tom Heitz had told me he'd heard that Sam had been receiving sizable financial offers to unload the club, and when I passed this on, Sam said, "Entrepreneurs! People from away! And you know what they'd do as soon as they got here. They'd sell beer! Then they'd want to move out, get along to a bigger population base. I've been told Oneonta is the fourth-smallest city in all of organized ball, but we do pretty good here. We have great support from the Yankees—they've been just fabulous with me. I can't say enough good things about them as an organization. But, you know, we have a summer population of ten thousand here in Oneonta, and last year we drew fifty-three thousand for thirty-nine dates. I was thinking about this the other day, and I figured it out that if the New York Yankees did the same business in *their* town, they'd be pulling in fifty million fans. So I think we're holding our own."

A little later, I walked the field with John—something he does every day. He picked up some scraps of paper that had blown up against the left-field fencing, in front of the twelve-row bleachers. He kept looking up at the sky, which was threatening again. The O Yanks expected an excellent turnout that night, the holiday eve, for a game against the Auburn Astros. The next day, the Fourth, was an afternoon date with the same club, for which a local radio station, WDOS, had bought out the park in advance, as a promotion. John is a thoughtful-looking, soft-spoken man, who holds a Ph.D. in economics. He teaches at the state college in Delhi. Following the family bent, he is also a county representative—an elective post. He confirmed that some offers to buy had come in. Clubs like the O Yanks were being snapped up for investment purposes, he said. Auburn and Elmira, over to the west, are the only other teams in the league that are still community-owned. He said that there seemed to be an increasing appreciation in many quarters for the qualities and ambience of small-town baseball, but that structural forces in the business no longer worked in favor of local ownership. "We make or break our season in ten weeks here," he said. "We only charge three dollars admission, but whenever we have a long road trip coming up, the way we do next week, I have to send a check to the bus company for thousands of dollars."

The O Yankees operated in the black, John went on, but any profits at the end of the year were always put back into the operation—for a whirlpool tub in the clubhouse, enlarged concession stands, and so on. Sam drew no income from the team, and the only two salaried employees were John himself and Bob Zeh, the concessions operator. "It's what you call self-exploitation," he explained cheerfully. "I could make more teaching summer school."

I had long since begun to see the Sam and John Naders and the citizens of Oneonta as the sweet, embattled good guys in a Capra movie—everything in the setting and the script, even the weather, seemed to bear this out—and now John wheeled in the darker part of the plot: the hard, worldly stuff that Jean Arthur had known about all along. The Professional Baseball Agreement administrators—the body that supervises minor-league franchises—were in the process of intensively upgrading all minor-league facilities, he said, and had already embarked upon a detailed, long-term plan to improve fields and stands, lighting, rest rooms, clubhouses, and the

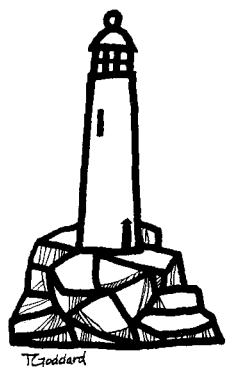
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rest. The requirements apply to all teams, at each level. (Sam, at our first game, had mentioned the coming necessity of providing wheelchair access to all press boxes—and then pointed helplessly at the Damaschke box, perched on top of the grandstand roof and reachable by a narrow, cascading flight of steps. It looked like a tree house up there.)

"I agree with these improvements," John said. "I've been recommending some of them for years. But, realistically, we can't comply. Elmira put their numbers together not long ago, and it came out to six hundred thousand dollars. Here the town owns the facility and would have to pick up most of the tab, and that means more funding out of city revenues, of course—more taxes. I just don't know if the next generation of baseball fans here will care enough about baseball to want to keep it around."

We turned and headed back to the office, and he seemed to brighten a little. "The interest in what we have here is amazing, you know," he said. "I've had three long-distance calls already today about tomorrow's game. The Baseball Odyssey people—you know, the folks who run tours to minor-league parks—have been calling. People turn up and tell us, 'You know, you people don't know what you've got here.' But we do know."

The phone was ringing inside the office, and he hurried off to answer it. I thought of the arriving, appreciative hordes—the last scene in the Capra movie, maybe—but then I remembered what had happened in recent years to spring training, another sweet, small corner of baseball that had been discovered by fans and writers not too long ago, and was now altered beyond all recognition. As Heisenberg has warned us, simply observing a phenomenon can alter its organic nature, and lately, in Arizona and Florida in March, I think I've had glimpses of him, in team cap and shades, angrily sweating out the line of cars stacked up outside the parking lot.



IT rained hard that night—Friday—washing out the game with Auburn, and its gate, and the morning of the Fourth brought more showers. The holiday weekend was turning into a bust. On Sunday, Carol and I said goodbye to Brooke and Peter and drove over to the Berkshires, through the rain, where we were freeloading with some other upland friends. Late that day the weather eased, and we went up to Pittsfield to watch the O Yanks once again—this time in a game against the Pittsfield Mets. We were Oneonta fans by then, of course, but our team, as it turned out, ran into a buzz saw that night—a tough-looking blond right-hander named Jim Popoff, from Cal State–Fullerton, who shut them out, 3–0. Mike Buddie, the O Yanks' starter, pitched well, but Popoff was better, fanning eleven Oneonta batters in eight innings' work. In his previous start, against Batavia, he had fanned nineteen.

Wahconah Park, in Pittsfield, is bigger than Damaschke Field (the Pittsfield Mets drew more than a hundred thousand fans there two years ago, and had pulled in fifty-eight hundred for a game a couple of nights earlier), but it offered many of the same flavors. The kids invited onto the field for a between-innings commotion competed in a comical dance called the Gator, and I saw a young man walking the grandstand aisles dressed in a full tuxedo: a plug for a local bridal shop. One of the fans near us sported a Tanglewood T-shirt. Wahconah also presented a unique local feature, of such interest that I was surprised not to see it mentioned on the Pittsfield roadside nameplate when we drove into town: the diamond faces west. I had somehow heard about this weird skewing in advance (and had also picked up the news that the only other field in organized ball so compassed is at Bakersfield, California), but when a break in the clouds in the fourth inning at last produced the sun itself, just above the trees in dead center, causing the incumbent Oneonta hitter to cringe away in the batter's box, shielding his eyes, I was awed, as at the Reversing Falls, or Pisa. "This ballpark was built with Stonehenge in mind," Carol said.

Three or four Mets scouts sat together behind us in the grandstand nearest home plate, happily aiming their JUGS guns to time their prospect and murmuring over what they saw. Popoff had an odd way of slowing his front leg just before it cricked up into full motion, but the delivery was all of a piece, and explosive in its results. He had a tight slider as well, and an arcing off-speed pitch, but the kid's heat and outstanding control made you whistle. Almost every first pitch was a strike, and by my count he went only once to a two-and-one and once to a three-and-two count all night. One of the scouts, Paul Ricciarini, told me that what we were seeing was a brilliant example of a pitcher cut free from his old college anxieties about the aluminum bat. "He throws that first pitch inside again and again, and because it's always on the black it sets up everything else," he said. "Outstanding prospect."

It wound up 3–0, Mets—one of those one-sided close games, but brusque and pleasing for all that. A two-hour game. I ran into Nick DelVecchio among the downcast departing O Yanks, and he said, "Well, *that* was quick! He was throwing pretty well, but we didn't swing the bats. When the pitcher's spotting that fastball and you get behind on the count, the way we did, it's all over."

Behind the grandstand, outside the home clubhouse, some tall young Mets players stood close to their girlfriends, and one of them leaned over and slurped on the straw of his date's soda. Popoff had a little cluster of writers in tow, holding up their tape recorders, and when I joined them I learned that he had his interview skills nicely honed, just like Nuke LaLoosh. "You just take it as it comes," he said. He had been a twenty-seventh-round pick in the draft this year, which meant that more than six hundred and fifty prospects were more highly considered than he was, but he had blown away those numbers now. The following day, he was dispatched to the Mets team at Columbia, South Carolina—the next step up toward the Show.

On my way out, I fell into conversation with a tall, friendly-looking gent in a red striped shirt. He turned out to be Bill Gladstone, the president of the Pittsfield Mets, and he then introduced me to his wife, Millie. We exchanged exclamations about the pitching we had just seen. They looked and sounded like everyday fans. Gladstone

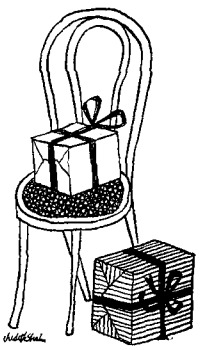
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

told me that he had grown up in Brooklyn, where he was an early devotee of the Dodgers. He retired last year as co-C.E.O. of Ernst & Young, a well-known Park Avenue accounting firm, and this past spring he bought the Pittsfield club, for eight hundred and fifty thousand dollars. "All our lives we've dreamed about owning a ball team someday, and now it's happened," he said. "It's just terrific—we love it."

We chatted a bit more, and when we parted I wished them luck with the Mets. I meant this, but it had come to me, of course, that here was one of Sam's dreaded entrepreneurs, an owner from away. It was confusing, because Bill Gladstone didn't look anything like Edward Arnold or Lionel Barrymore, whose role in the drama he was clearly meant to fill. Maybe baseball wasn't a movie after all. I decided to come back and check on the Gladstones again in about twenty-five years, to see if they were stayers.

RAIN was general in the west and east of New York State that weekend, but on the Fourth itself (the day before our swing over to Pittsfield) the downpours had eased by noon. The sky lightened, and then the drizzle turned itself off, and the dead certainty of a rainout at Damaschke Field that afternoon was lifted by lunchtime: as much of a surprise to us then as it may appear to readers of this tale. The O Yanks announced a doubleheader against the Auburn Astros, to begin at three o'clock, the added game being a makeup of the previous night's washout—a reprieve of all our hopes, except for the conflict it created with Brooke and Peter's mammoth Fourth of July cookout and jamboree, starting at four, to which the élite of Bovina and environs had been invited. Carol and I probed our social consciences for about eleven seconds and heartlessly opted for the grandmother's funeral, and then compounded the felony by luring some other party guests along. As I had expected or hoped, the baseball made all this come out right in the end. In Oneonta, the lowering skies departed by the second inning and were followed by hot sunshine and then a summer breeze, and we in the stands looked at each other in a self-congratulatory way, smiling at our good fortune.

There was a Fourth of July fair in full progress at Neahwa Park, whose grounds encompass Damaschke Field, and some of the balloon-toting youngsters coming along the path in front of the right-field stands had little flowers or birds or stars painted on their faces, from a visit to a booth over there. The front gate to the ballpark stayed open all day, thanks to the WDOS promotion, and there was a holiday flow of ticketless fans and families and young couples and little old ladies in tennis shoes (or LOLITS) and old gents, and a few dogs, slowly moving back and forth in front of us all afternoon. Down in front, Sam Nader was entertaining his daughters and grandchildren, along with a stream of friends and neighbors, and John Nader, in an adjoining box, comically sported a spiky green foam-rubber Statue of Liberty diadem, celebrating the day. Many of the seated fans around us held little flags throughout the game, flourishing them vigorously to celebrate each Yankee base runner. Almost everyone seemed to be wearing a festival touch of red or white or blue somewhere, or combinations of them, in honor of the holiday. Observances of this sort would be going on in ballparks across the country on the Fourth, of course, but the scenes and sounds here at Oneonta didn't feel anything like a big-city game. The music had something to do with it, I decided—comfortable old tapes, washing over us between innings or between pitchers, which made for involuntary little dance twists or shoulder dips, even while you stayed in your seat: "Mr. Bojangles," "Johnny B. Goode," "Help Me, Rhonda," and (again the Beach Boys) "Little Deuce Coupe." We were somewhere between the eighteen-nineties and the nineteen-sixties and cruising, with the SkyDome galaxies away.



In the game, the husky Auburn starter (the visitors' uniforms bore the familiar eland stripings of the parent Houston club), Dwayne Dawson, started out in dominant fashion but seemed to lose his poise and rhythm in the later going, while Kent Wallace, his opposite number, went the other way. Touched up for two runs in the third inning, the young Astros came unhinged in the next stanza, when a wild pitch and a hit batsman and then an errant, hopeless heave of a chopped ground ball into the backstop helped bring around five more runs. Some high-school baseball of this sort was probably to be expected at this level, but I sensed a tinge of embarrassment in the sounds of the local celebration as more and still more Oneonta batsmen came up and got aboard. Similarly, there was applause when the Astros got a lone run home in the seventh, to bring the count to 7–1. That was it for us (doubleheaders in the New York–Penn League are limited to seven innings per game), since our awaiting party obliged us to pass up the nightcap—a better game, we learned later, in which the O Yanks came from behind for a 5–4 win and a holiday sweep. Nick DelVecchio hit a homer.

I had a word with Jack Gillis after the opener, and he told me that he'd been impressed with the poise of his starter, Kent Wallace. "Our scouts tell us he's just going to get better and better now, as the season goes on," he said. (In the weeks since the Fourth, pitching has turned out to be the Oneonta strong suit. At this writing, the team is in first place in its division, leading the Watertown Indians by two games, and the pitchers' combined earned-run average is at a neat 2.44. John Sutherland, who had pitched for the O Yanks on Kids Nite, has been promoted to Greensboro, in the South Atlantic League. Nick DelVecchio has nine homers for Oneonta, but Lou Lucca and Todd Pridy, of the Erie Sailors—Erie is a Florida Marlins farm—are leading all comers with ten each. John Nader points out that Ainsworth Field, the Erie home park, is a bandbox.)

Before that first game ended, I went down to Sam's box to say goodbye. He told me with evident pleasure that a stranger had just stopped by to tell him how much he enjoyed Oneonta-style baseball; the Yanks' game program bears an invitation from the owner to come by anytime and say hello, and the visitor, a young out-of-town doctor, had taken Sam at his word. I found him in the stands—Dr. Brian Martz, a barefoot internist from Long Island City, wearing shorts and a fashionable three-day growth of beard, here in the middle of a little baseball

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLOTHES THAT WORK

Shirts, pants, skirts, shorts, jackets, and footwear, dedicated to function, not fads.

To receive a free catalog, call 1-800-776-4445, Dept. 284.

Smith & Hawken

BOOKS ON TAPE®

World's Largest Selection of Audio Books

- Best Sellers on Cassette
- Full-length Rentals
- Call for Free Brochure

Box 7900-N, Newport Beach, CA 92658

Reg. U.S. Pat. & T.M. Off.

(800) 626-3333

brown•ie (bráuni:) n. 1. A kindly sprite believed to do helpful work at night.

pizzazz (pí-záz´) n. 1. Slang. Zest: flair.

Brown•ie Piz•zaz (Bráuni pí-záz´) n. 1. A decadently rich **pizza-pan chocolate cake** topped with **white chocolate frosting** and **almond bar crunch**, it's **known** to offer complete satiation at any hour of the day. 2. Wrapped with **flair**, it's **helpful** for **gift-giving.**

Deep Dish Brownie Pizzazz $29.95
Net Wt. 43 oz. (2 lb. 11 oz.)

ORDER NOW TOLL FREE!
(800) 258-TART (800-258-8278)
FAX 218-826-6265

THE WELL DRESSED TART
Dept. NY, 137 Main Street
Underwood, MN 56586

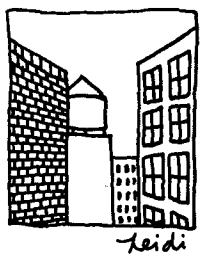
MC/VISA ACCEPTED

Room and not bored in Britain and Ireland

COUNTRY INNS AND BACK ROADS BRITAIN AND IRELAND 7th edition
Completely revised guide to inns, B&Bs, small hotels and places to stay.
JERRY LEVITIN
HarperReference $13.00 paperback
A Division of HarperCollins*Publishers*

holiday. He and his wife, Lauren, and their strollered ten-month-old twins, Brandon and Jesse (who were visiting the fair at the moment), had paid a pilgrimage visit to Cooperstown the day before—I forswore asking him how the kids had enjoyed the tour—and now they were here for a Class A doubleheader. "This is terrific!" Dr. Martz exclaimed. "What can be better?"

He was an authentic fan, it turned out. He had read about Oneonta in the pages of *Baseball America*, an invaluable insiders' journal. In no time, he was earnestly asking me if I thought that the major leagues would go to an extra tier of post-season playoff games in the near future, after the impending National League expansion. "That would be disaster, to my way of thinking," he said. "We should avoid it at all costs."



I absolutely agreed, and only the ending of the first game at this juncture kept us from further worrisome fan conjectures. We shook hands and held up crossed fingers for the rest of the Mets' summer.

There were clusters of autograph-hunting kids around the Oneonta players as they made their way back to the clubhouse for the interval, and in among them I saw a bearded man in his forties, in a tank top, who seemed to have an endless supply of shiny-white new baseballs in a shoulder bag. He would unwrap one, proffer it for an autograph, and then carefully tuck it away again. In all probability, he was a memorabilia speculator—part of a sizable new fan adjunct to the game—who was betting that somewhere down the line, five or six years hence, one of these pristine rookie-year "John Sutherland" or "Blaise Kozeniewski" balls would bring top dollar, after its signer had moved up and become rich and famous.

His name was Michael Meister, and it took but the briefest conversation to learn that his interest in the sport was not just speculative. He and his mother had left their home, in Webster Groves, Missouri, a bare three weeks before, and, laying rubber in their brand-new Thunderbird, had made point-to-point visits to games in St. Louis, in both the Chicago parks, in Milwaukee, Detroit, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, and Baltimore ("twice, that new park is so beautiful"), and on to Yankee Stadium and Fenway Park. In between, they had paid homage to the Kenosha Twins, in the Midwest League, and the Prince William Cannons, in the Carolina League. "We got rained out in Albany yesterday," Meister said, hoarse with energy, "so we made it on up to the Hall of Fame instead. Tomorrow, we go to Buffalo, to that big stadium there, and then it's Cleveland and home again—that's it. Don't you like it that Cleveland's at the very end like that?"

I said that I liked it—I liked it all. I said it was amazing. "What was the best part?" I asked. "Which place was best?"

"Oh, this is the best," he said. "No two ways. This is the best I've ever seen."

His mother now appeared at his side—Nancy Meister, an exuberant blond woman balancing popcorn and sodas and further provender against the rigors of the nightcap. When I wrote down her name in my notebook, she said, "Oh, you're a reporter! Please be sure to say that I'm a sixty-four-year-old serious woman sports fan—it's true. I mean, I have a life subscription to *Sports Illustrated*. It came in the divorce settlement."

This easy, friendly Fourth kept its savor to the end, and the baseball part of it, it turned out, was only a chapter—perhaps not even to be compared with Brooke and Peter's party (where we were welcomed and forgiven), which featured a marquee in a meadow; two grills, with competing delicious emanations; endless wine and beer, and then champagne in honor of a soon-to-be-wed couple; amiable neighbors; three silent teen-age girls; fireflies; an appreciative Boston terrier; and, in the dusk, sparklers interspersed with some mild but demented year-old fireworks that sometimes sent us all scuttling, bent double with laughter. By full dark, we stood in a circle around Peter's enormous bonfire, whose airborne yellow embers were still magically climbing and circling aloft as we guests began at last to take our leave. Before sleep that night, in our motel, I sorted through our country day, which had begun with rain, and saw that no section or particle of it needed to be ranked first among so many pleasures, and that we need not always remember who won.

—ROGER ANGELL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

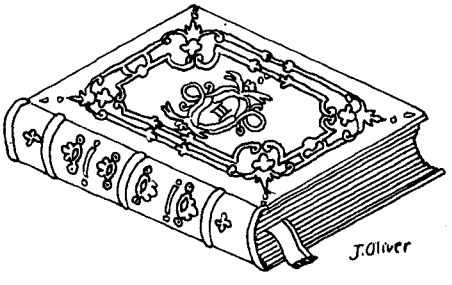
COOLER BY THE LAKE, by Larry Heinemann (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $20). The author of the Vietnam War novel "Paco's Story" has written a brief, tonic comedy about the city of Chicago. His representative citizen is a solid family man and free-lance crook named Max Nutmeg. Although Max has not had steady work since the police riot at the 1968 Democratic National Convention, when he quit his job as a bus driver, he manages to keep his wife and a houseful of mildly demented relatives well stocked with groceries and yard-sale treasures, paying for all this with the proceeds of various scams, black-bag jobs, and confidence schemes. As for plot, the Nutmegs' domestic equilibrium is disturbed when Max comes to possess the wallet of a wealthy North Shore housewife and unaccountably suffers an attack of scruples. Honesty, in Mr. Heinemann's vision of things, turns out to be perhaps the most complicated hustle of all.

THE RIGHT BITCH, by Anna Shapiro (Grove Weidenfeld; $18.95). Tony Schatz is one of those charismatic, talented but lazy, lovable men who are incapable of remaining with one woman. This book is his diary: a vigorously crafted, hilarious, and infuriating record of his cheeky maneuvers, his meditations on art (they're surprisingly absorbing), his glorious erections, and the unswerving truthfulness he inflicts on his current women. There's the wife never quite divorced; the nubile, unself-revealed live-in girlfriend; the plump but sexily brainy ex-lover; and the latest, Celia, the black-eyed bitch of the title, who forgives him and challenges him in ways that none of the others have. Tony shares a studio with his best friend, a successful painter who can't work without the accompaniment of Tony's chattering keyboard, but Tony's own art, his writing, is apparently just a form of masturbation. It's great fun to read, though; one can only marvel at the way this female writer invades the male mind. The book isn't just about how dirty those dirty thoughts really are; it's also about the legitimate struggle to "get a life." Both Tony and Celia manage to get one in the pages of this diary, though whether a life is defined by the quality of the love in it or the quality of the art in it is left open to question.

GENERAL

CAPITOL GAMES: CLARENCE THOMAS, ANITA HILL, AND THE STORY OF A SUPREME COURT NOMINATION, by Timothy M. Phelps and Helen Winternitz (Hyperion; $24.95). This narrative of the Thomas confirmation proceedings by two Washington reporters unfolds with a biography of Justice Thomas. It portrays an ambitious but confused young man moving across the political spectrum from left to right, possibly out of conviction, possibly to make a place for himself in the Reagan and Bush Administrations, which found few ideologically compatible African-Americans. Even so, neither black organizations nor Senate Democrats were eager to oppose the selection of a black man for a seat on the Supreme Court. The authors recount how Anita Hill's charges of sexual harassment surfaced, and present us with a disturbing, mostly unfamiliar tale of how her allegations were almost suppressed and never seriously investigated. Their sedate, factual approach leaves the reader convinced that, as men, the senators were appallingly insensitive to women's feelings about harassment, as some later discovered at the polls.

DOWN FROM TROY: A DOCTOR COMES OF AGE, by Richard Selzer (Morrow; $20). An autobiography written around a visit to the author's native town of Troy, New York, to recapture his boyhood. His father was a widely beloved doctor, who died when the boy was twelve, his mother a singer and an artiste, who could have given lessons in airy eccentricity. Selzer, who recently retired as a professor of surgery at Yale Medical School to write full time, here evokes the sooty Troy of the Depression, with its bars and whorehouses (as seen through adolescent eyes), and describes going with his father on his hospital rounds and into the houses of the poor, where a cooked chicken often served as a fee. He also tells us of a mute love affair with a Korean girl during the war (mute because neither spoke the other's language), of a gruelling trial for malpractice (with an ambivalent outcome), of an inner struggle over the question of helping to end the misery of a young man with AIDS. No matter where he takes us, we follow, because he has the storyteller's gift and a fine ear for language.



THE HEART OF THE SKY: TRAVELS AMONG THE MAYA, by Peter Canby (HarperCollins; $25). Images of the magnificent civilization of the pre-Columbian Maya have screened us from the contemporary reality of the seven million Maya who populate a vast, diverse region spanning southern Mexico, Belize, Guatemala, and Honduras. This peripatetic tour of Maya country familiarizes the reader with much of what has been discovered about the Classic period, but the main intent of the book is to portray the present-day Maya, who, especially in Guatemala, are the object of a campaign of violent subjugation. Mr. Canby is an intrepid journalist-traveller: he describes his encounters and adventures—which range from comical to harrowing to ethereal—with a companionable, literal vividness, and he brings great sympathetic energy to the task of showing us the Maya men and women who let him explore their world.

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Gainesville (Fla.) Sun*]

ON THIS DATE

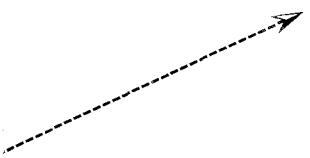
IN 1870 ADA H. KEPLEY of Effingham, Ill., became America's first female.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If you find it difficult
to talk about, write:

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How to talk about AIDS
P.O. Box 303
Hartford, CT 06141

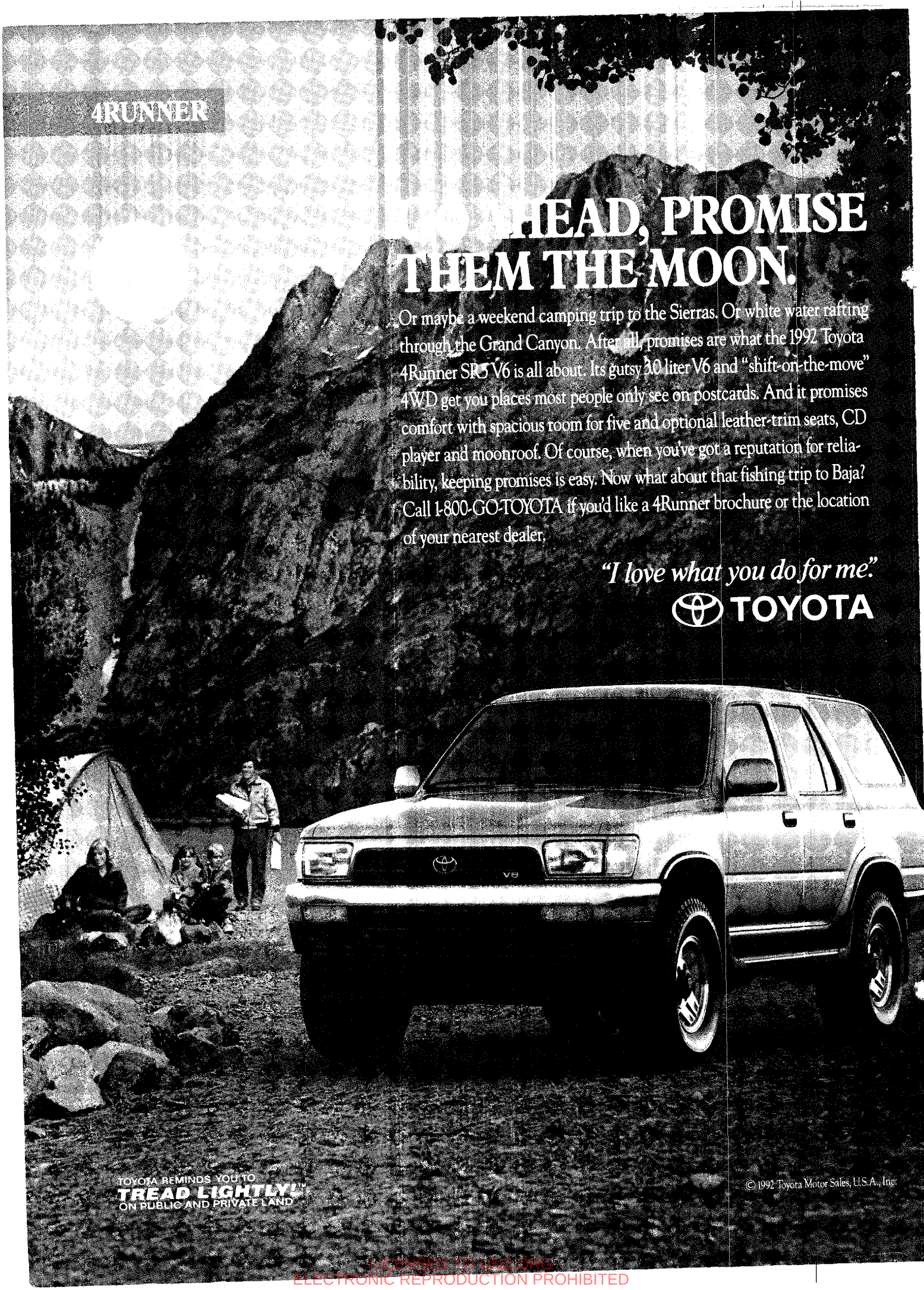


Ætna

A policy to do more.

© 1991 Aetna Life and Casualty Company

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


4RUNNER
HEAD, PROMISE
THEM THE MOON.
Or maybe a weekend camping trip to the Sierras. Or white water rafting through the Grand Canyon. After all, promises are what the 1992 Toyota 4Runner SR5 V6 is all about. Its gutsy 3.0 liter V6 and "shift-on-the-move" 4WD get you places most people only see on postcards. And it promises comfort with spacious room for five and optional leather-trim seats, CD player and moonroof. Of course, when you've got a reputation for reliability, keeping promises is easy. Now what about that fishing trip to Baja? Call 1-800-GO-TOYOTA if you'd like a 4Runner brochure or the location of your nearest dealer.
"I love what you do for me."
TOYOTA
TOYOTA REMINDS YOU TO
TREAD LIGHTLY!™
ON PUBLIC AND PRIVATE LAND
© 1992 Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED